MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1988

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends:

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students to the Mountain. Bread Loaf is a lot more than a School; it is a community of shared intellectual, social and recreational engagements.

You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish, to attend the evening lectures, the writing workshops, the picnic at the Frost Farm, receptions, films and plays, or to use the tennis and volleyball courts, Johnson Pond, and the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase meal tickets at the Front Desk whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loafers for a meal. Lack of space makes it impossible for us to accommodate student children at meals. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with Hugh Coyle to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been an honored tradition since 1920 to pay the School $1.00 a class hour to help the secretaries meet their routine office expenses at Bread Loaf. This fee has not gone up in 68 years, and must now be the 1920 equivalent of $15. Jim Lobdell, the Theatre Production Manager, would welcome your assistance in mounting our dramatic productions. You are encouraged to try out for a part in our plays: Red Noses or our other productions. I suggest you write your landlord (copy to me) on arrival and advise him or her as to how you found your accommodations. Keep a copy of the letter if there are problems.

The spirit of this invitation is meant to be warm and real, but we should recognize that it can also be abused. The rights of resident students can unintentionally be infringed upon by visitors. Dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, by annoying students and faculty in the Barn, or worse, being left unattended in cars. My tone is not meant to be querulous, but it is my responsibility to create an educational environment which supports the central purpose of the School.

I'm pleased that Greg Blackburn is again running our informal weekday all-day-child-care program, Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements with Greg by completing the enclosed Croutons form and sending it to the Bread Loaf office. The fees are minimal and the program terrific. The Blackburns are also planning social gatherings for off-campus Bread Loafers as soon as School starts - cookouts, etc.

I hope we can make the summer a truly enjoyable one for you and your family.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

Summer 1988

Dear Bread Loaf Parents,

Attending classes at the Bread Loaf School of English is hard enough. Attending classes while at the same time attempting to provide for the needs of a young child can be more trying than it need be.

For the past several years, a child-care program called "Croutons" has lessened the burden on students. Each year we have tried to make Croutons better. Starting out as a five or six child play group run by twelve-year-olds and furnished with a few paintbrushes, Croutons has grown to such proportions that the School now provides facilities complete with a playground at Dragon's Den, a mile from the School.

This program will again be directed by Greg Blackburn, husband of senior Bread Loafer Cathy Blackburn. Greg holds a Ph.D. in early childhood, curriculum development, child development and reading. The Blackburns are parents of a 13 year-old daughter, Stephanie. Greg plans to involve the Croutons in creative writing, dramatics, cooking, music, reading, swimming, art, games, a field trip (possibly), and lots and lots of fun.

Hours are set for 8:15 to 4:45. The rates below are for the first child in each family. The cost for each additional child from the same family will be one-half the stated rates.

Full day bringing own bag lunch. . . . . (available Mondays & Wednesdays only)	$ 6.50
Full day without lunch	5.50
Full morning with bag lunch. . . . . (available Mondays & Wednesdays only)	4.50
Morning only (8:15 - 12:45).	3.50
Afternoon only (1:45 - 4:45)	2.50

There will be no restrictions on age. The very young children will be accepted if their parents can provide a playpen or other suitable place in which the baby can be safely tended.

Children frequently like to bring special things to share with their friends at Croutons, and also take home special things they have made. Please provide him/her with a fairly sturdy plastic bag with handles that can also be used to hold a change of clothing, an old shirt or smock for painting days, swim suits, towels, diapers, bottles, blankets, toys, etc.

It would be helpful to have an idea of how many children may be in attendance this summer. If you are planning on having a child cared for on a regular basis, please send the attached registration form by June 15 to the Bread Loaf office.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/eh

CROUTONS

Please mail this form to: The Bread Loaf School of English
Tilden House
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

Children's names and ages

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

Parent's name and home address

_____

_____

_____

RELEASE AND HOLD HARMLESS AGREEMENT

In consideration of Middlebury College, The President and Fellows of Middlebury College, and its employees or agents making the Croutons' facilities at Bread Loaf available to me and my son/daughter _____ (Name) _____ (Name), I agree on behalf of myself and my son/daughter _____ (Name) _____ (Name), to release, hold harmless and forever discharge Middlebury College, The President and Fellows of Middlebury College, its employees or agents from any and all claims, demands, liability, right, or causes of action of whatsoever kind or nature, arising from or in any way connected with, any injuries, death, losses, or damages which might be sustained in connection with the use of the Croutons' facilities at Bread Loaf, excepting gross negligence and with the assurance of reasonable care. I agree on behalf of myself and my son/daughter _____ (Name), to indemnify and hold harmless Middlebury College, The President and Fellows of Middlebury College, and its employess or agents from any claim or demand on account of injury, loss or death arising out of use the Croutons' facilities at Bread Loaf, excepting the gross negligence and with the assurance of reasonable care.

I understand and acknowledge that this release and agreement constitutes a binding promise by me on behalf of myself and my son/daughter _____ (Name), to fully discharge Middlebury College, The President and Fellows of Middlebury College, and any of its employees or agents from any and all injuries, death or loss arising out of or connected with the use of the Croutons' facilities at Bread Loaf, excepting gross negligence and with assurance of reasonable care.

Date: _____

_____
Signature or Parent or Guardian

_____
Witness

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 24, 1988

Dear Fellow Waiters:

As I haven't yet seen a list of the 1988 Bread Loaf Wait Staff, I have no idea of rookies and veterans (one summer is all it takes) we have with us this summer, but your Assistant Head Waiter, Jeff Bridgers and I, welcome you aboard, old hand or new. I got a "looking forward to the summer" postcard from Jeff about a month ago, which means he had his act together long before I did. If I had asked him to write this letter, perhaps you would have the attached Waiter rules committed to memory by now.

Actually this letter is intended to reassure those new waiters who are anxious about being able to do the job, or worried that the commitment will eat away all their precious study time this summer. On the first score, be assured that if you have washed a dish, poured a cup of coffee, or carried a cafeteria tray you can wait tables at Bread Loaf. I have attached a list of rules and suggestions for waiters expertly revised by my predecessor Tom Scanlan; if they calm you, terrific; if they further intimidate you, put them aside and wait until you arrive on the Mountain Monday, June 27th, when the kitchen staff and we old hands will make all crystal clear.

On the issue of your studies, having managed to squeeze in a third course while waiting table last summer, I can safely say that Dickinson and dirty dishes do mix, that there is time to be both a serious scholar and waiter at Bread Loaf. Waiting probably takes an additional hour and one-half a day that you wouldn't spend at meals anyway. And any waiter will tell you that she's had as many inspirations for papers over coffee before the doors open as she's had during hours in the Bread Loaf library.

I should add that the benefits of being a member of the "Waiter Elite" at Bread Loaf far outweighs the inconveniences. It is a bit like living with a foreign family in a foreign country, rather than being a tourist. Not that the Bread Loaf community isn't welcoming to all, but I think you'll find yourself immediately absorbed into a very special circle of people. I know I did. Jeff and I look forward to seeing old and new faces on the Mountain in just a few short weeks.

Cordially,

Kathy

Kathy Havard
Head Waiter

INFORMATION FOR WAITERS

THE GOLDEN RULE

Attendance. A former Bread Loaf head waiter is fond of quoting Woody Allen's observation that "90% of life is showing up." The School assumes that in accepting a waiting contract you plan to wait at every meal. If for any special reason you must have a meal off, see the head waiter. Every week each waiter normally receives one full day free from his or her waiting duties in addition to receiving the breakfast of the following day off. Near the end of each week waiters should sign up for time off for the next week. The head waiter will post a days off sheet. Occasionally a waiter may need to hire someone to work in his or her place. Each waiter must assume responsibility for hiring and paying his or her substitute. A list of substitutes will be available.

Being courteous is just as important as "showing up." Try to remember these suggestions.

- Waiters should lend each other a hand whenever possible, particularly toward the end of the meal. Everyone occasionally falls behind schedule; waiter cooperation will help everyone finish more quickly.

- When you have your station completely set up, you may need to help someone else set his station.

- Courtesy, patience, and efficiency are extremely important to a smoothly run dining hall.

- The head waiter will be glad to help in any way she can with problems pertaining to the job. But do not expect the head waiter (or any other waiter) to overlook the unsatisfactory performance of a waiter. A waiter who fails to do his or her job jeopardizes not only his or her position but also the morale and cooperative spirit of a traditionally close-knit and mutually supportive group.

- Treat the kitchen staff courteously and cooperate with them completely.

- Remember: Do not seek efficiency at the expense of dining hall etiquette, regardless of the conduct and etiquette of the people you serve. If you have a problem with a customer, discuss it with the head waiter and she will do her best to alleviate the problem.

- In the past, waiters have adopted different styles of waiting. Courtesy is most important. Trying too hard to be efficient can produce unwanted results ranging from the mildly embarrassing plight of having extra drinks on your hands to the uncomfortable awareness that you have been rude to a fellow Bread Loafer.

THE LOGISTICAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE DINING HALL AT BREAD LOAF

- The door of the dining hall is kept open for fifteen minutes after the start of each meal (thirty minutes at breakfast) during which time guests are permitted. After the door closes, no guests are normally admitted.

- Each waiter will serve two tables of six or three tables of four each.

- Stations will be changed periodically so that no one will have easier posts than others for any length of time.

- Those waiting at the faculty table and the children's table should go to the head of the serving line in the kitchen.

- Any visitors eating in the dining hall must buy a meal ticket at the Inn desk, and give it to the head waiter at the door.

- The dining hall is to be run as an inn: it is not a college cafeteria. There is no guest menu, but meals are individually served and should be served properly. The customer is always right. If you do not think so, tell the head waiter, not the diner.

- While you are eating, the head waiter will announce the stations for the meal. She will post the assignment sheet so that you may check it in case you miss the announcement.

A QUICK GUIDE TO WAITING ON TABLES, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE

- Serve food from the left; beverages from the right. Remove plates from the left. Some tables are very close together and hard to squeeze between, but try not to lean across guests to reach for plates.

- Wait until all guests at a given table are finished with a course before bringing the next one unless some of those at the table were very late arrivals or a guest requests to be served before the others.

- Do not remove silverware or side dishes from a guest's place until he or she is finished with that course. Wait a moment before taking the plate, rather than snatching it away the minute the fork is set down.

- Be sure to ask whether anyone would like seconds. (After checking with servers in the kitchen.) At the end of the main course clear bread, butter, jam, etc. Guests may have seconds on beverages. Hot coffee seconds are normally served by pitcher.

- At the end of the meal you may clear the place of the individual as soon as he or she is finished eating completely. If the person wishes to linger over a beverage, that is fine, but you may continue to clear the rest if he or she is finished. Never clear while people are still eating unless they are very nearly finished, for others at the table may well feel rushed.

- If there is a question in your mind about what someone wants, ask the guest.

- Do not allow dishes and garbage to stack up on trays. Remove them quickly to the kitchen so that dishwashers can finish their work more quickly.

- Scrape and stack dishes according to size. Separate silverware on the tray to save time.

WAITING DUTIES SPECIFIC TO BREAD LOAF, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE WAITED BEFORE, BUT NOT AT BREAD LOAF

- Try to keep your waiting jacket clean. You will change jackets twice each week (Wednesday and Sunday). Do not take someone else's jacket if you misplace yours of if someone accidentally takes yours.

- It is a good idea to keep in your jacket a small pad and pen for taking breakfast and beverage orders.

- After you have eaten and returned your dishes to the kitchen, you should put on your waiter's jacket and check the menu posted in the kitchen to see that you have put out the correct settings for the meal. (Waiters occasionally enjoy a broader bill of fare than regular diners. Also, last minute changes may be made in the menu.)

- Following each meal, waiters should set places for the next meal. Tables should be thoroughly wiped with damp sponges or cloths. Place a fresh paper place mat at the center of each table. Each table should have reasonably full salt and pepper shakers, a bowl of sugar, a sugar spoon, a candleholder with a candle long enough to burn through the evening meal, an ash tray, napkins, and silverware. Put out dinner napkins at dinnertime only.

- Be sure to put out butter, catsup, relish, jelly, crackers, etc. when they are offered. You may need to put out serving spoons. Make sure there is a tray stand near your table. Make sure you have a pen and paper with which to take orders.

- The waiters serving as busers for the meal are responsible for pouring drinks in the kitchen while other waiters are setting stations.

- A few minutes before bell time the head waiter will let you know that you should have your station set up. When she announces that it is bell time you should be at your station. Light candles for dinner a few minutes before bell time.

- Make sure windows are propped open and fans are on during warm weather.

- Waiters sometimes forget that they are expected to wait for the graduation banquet which takes place the evening of the day following final exams. Waiters must spend several hours the morning of the banquet preparing the dining hall for the dinner. If you plan to leave prior to the banquet let the head waiter know and plan to hire a substitute. Waiters who leave prior to the banquet forfeit tips.

- Be sure to empty liquids into the sink before putting dirty glasses and cups on the rack.

- You will need to wipe off your tray with a sponge or cloth after returning dirty dishes to the kitchen. Keep your tray clean. Blobs of jelly, lumps of gravy, and streams of milk not only mar the aesthetic appeal of your shiny tray, but also make for an unreliable grip on a trayful of fragile dishes.

- Be sure to put silverware in the appropriately labeled soaking basins. Do not throw silverware at the water. Splashing the dishwasher is forbidden. Occasionally waiters may have to fill in for dishwashers.

- Busers will assist waiters in returning dirty dishes, but each waiter is primarily responsible for busing his or her own station.

- Do not put untouched food, clean plates, or clean silver on the same tray with dirty dishes.

- No seconds of dessert will be served. Before bringing desserts from the kitchen, ask the people at your tables how many wish dessert. Bring only that number. Use underliners with small dessert dishes and with the dishes in which boiled eggs are served.

- Containers for unused butter, catsup, crackers, pickles, etc. will be on a counter in the kitchen. Please do not throw out unused condiments.

- After a meal has been served, tables cleared and reset, check to make sure there is nothing further to do before you leave. Make sure no trays have been left on stands in the dining hall. Trays are to be cleaned and stacked in the kitchen. Check to see whether you can help someone set his or her station. No waiters are to leave the dining hall until <u>all</u> stations are in order. If you have a class immediately following a meal, you may leave in time to get to class. It is not always necessary to leave the dining hall early in order to make it to class on time.

- Be sure to hang your jacket in the proper room. Do not leave it draped over a chair in the dining hall.

- Do not leave extra silverware, napkins, cloths, sponges, etc. at stations between meals. Do not "hoard" silverware.

- At breakfast, serve beverages right away. A buser will help serve refills of coffee.

- All food and beverages should be brought from the kitchen on a tray. If you have a small order (one cup of coffee), you may want to use one of the small trays. Return small trays to the kitchen so that others may use them. Do not accumulate trays at your station. You will usually have two tray stands. You should have no more than two trays.

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WAITERS SHOULD NOT DO....

- No smoking in the dining hall or kitchen except at the waiters' table and then only during waiters' mealtime.

- No drinking before serving tables.

- Do not run in the dining hall or kitchen.

- There is no tipping until the end of the session. All tips will be divided evenly among the waiters.

- Waiters and guests may not use kitchen facilities for their personal use. Do not ask to do so. (Ice, for example, is for meal time use only. You may purchase ice at the snack bar in the Barn.)

- Never leave books, food, plates, glasses, or eating utensils in the waiters' dining area. Try to keep the back tables reserved for waiters and kitchen staff clean. Do not expect someone else to do the job for you.

- Do not cluster in groups or sit down while guests are eating. Do not retire to the waiters' table to smoke or eat. Stay by your station. If there is a lull during a meal, it saves time to get your napkins and silver for the next meal.

Dear

We're heading up the home stretch with a hundred new Bread Loafers this summer and another full house, too. Many of our newcomers will again be traveling from Remotesville to get to our edge of civilization. They must be reassured from the moment they stumble onto the Front Porch. As you know, we have a wonderful tradition of having about a dozen Bread Loafers assist me as Green Ribbon Greeters on Opening Day - June 28 - as we go through the necessary hassle of settling in.

I would be grateful if I could call on you Tuesday from mid-morning until the evening meal to act as a Green Ribbon Greeter. It would be helpful if you could arrive on Monday, the 27th so that we could have a brief orientation meeting among ourselves after dinner (served at 6). If you could help out, the School would be pleased to extend you an honorarium of $25 for your generous commitment.

I hope you can arrive a day early. A collect call to the Bread Loaf office (802-388-3711, Ext. 5418) or a quick note would be helpful for us in making arrangements. Many thanks.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/jad

GREEN RIBBON GREETERS - BREAD LOAF

1988

Eileen Clark

Tom Crochunis

Tom Edgar

Danny Paul

Stuart Robinson

Joanne Tulonen

Barbara Lynch

A SEMI-COMPLETE GUIDE TO FOOD, FUN, FRIVOLITY, FRUGALITY, ETC IN MIDDLEBURY AND SURROUNDING AREAS

We hope that this little publication will be helpful to new and returning Bread Loafers and their families. The listing is certainly not comprehensive, but perhaps will serve as a jumping-off point.

Happy exploring!

Cathy and Greg Blackburn

Thanks to Vermonters: Hugh Coyle
Elaine Hall
Shelley Harrison
Betsy Seidel

for their input!

FOOD

A&W -Try a cold root beer float. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

AMIGOS MEXICAN RESTAURANT - Mild, hot, or incendiary. (4 Merchants Row, Middlebury)

BAKERY LANE - Delicious baked goods (Across the street from the Grand Union, Middlebury)

BLUEBERRY HILL - Elegant, secluded dining, need reservation, fixed menu (Ripton)

CALVI'S - Wonderful homemade ice cream treats! Stop by for a break when exploring Middlebury's great shops. (Main Street, Middlebury)

CHINESE RESTAURANT - Opening this summer in the Cartmell Complex (Middlebury)

DOG TEAM TAVERN - Down home and reasonable. Wonderful sticky buns with all meals! (Dog Team Road, 3 miles North of Middlebury)

EMILIO'S - Great subs and deli sandwiches. (College and Main Streets, Middlebury)

FIRE AND ICE - Fantastic salad and bread bar, children's menu, reasonable. (26 Seymour Street, Middlebury)

KITCHEN SHOP - Very special sandwiches, including vegetarian (Try the Gobbler) - lunches. (Main Street, Middlebury)

LEMON FAIR - Middlebury's oldest traditional diner, reasonable. (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

LYON'S PLACE, LTD. - Small shop specializing in submarine sandwiches, Ben and Jerry's ice cream and creemies. Order a small creemie unless you want to be eating it the rest of the day! Try the cheesecake, too. (6 College Street, Middlebury)

MARY'S RESTAURANT - "Yankee Magazine's Favorite Restaurant in All of Vermont." A very special dining experience. Wickedly delicious Sunday brunch. (11 Main Street, Bristol)

McDonald's - Sure to squelch your mid-summer Big Mac Attack. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

MIDDLEBURY INN - Lovely Sunday Brunch (all you can eat) for $6.50. (Court Street, Middlebury)

MISTER UPS - Excellent food. Be sure to ask for a table on the deck overlooking Otter Creek. Great Sunday brunch. Reasonable. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

Otter Creek Cafe - Great gourmet soups, breads, salads, desserts. Has received rave reviews. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

PAISANO'S - Fine Italian food. (86 Main Street, Middlebury)

PIZZA CELLAR - Great pizza (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

ROSEMARIE'S - Wonderful Italian food. Semi-expensive. Twenty minutes from Middlebury (Routes 17 and 116, Bristol)

ROSIE'S - Good local color restaurant/diner. Reasonable. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

THE SALVAGE YARD - Bar/Restaurant. Great sandwiches - try the Monte Cristo. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

SUGAR HOUSE RESTAURANT - Good family restaurant. Nice salad bar. (Route 7 North, Middlebury)

SWIFT HOUSE INN - Elegant dining. Thursday through Monday 6-9 p.m. Reservations only. (North Pleasant St. (Rt.7), Middlebury)

WAYBURY INN - Elegant dining. New England Inn atmosphere. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

WOODY'S - Try the spring rolls! Nice atmosphere. Ask to be seated on the deck which overlooks the Otter Creek. Great food. (5 Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

ZACHARY'S - Serves great pizza and hot subs. (Washington Street next to Grand Union, Middlebury)

FUN

BOOK SHOPS -

ALLEY BEAT - Used books and records (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

BREADLOAF BOOKSHOP - Great used book shop. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

POOR RICHARD'S USED BOOK SHOPPE - Fine selection. Be sure to see the friendly resident cat and fish. (Main St. by the bridge, Middlebury)

THE VERMONT BOOK SHOP - Old time flavor book shop with creaky wooden floors. Records, tapes and CD's - expansive jazz collection. (38 Main Street, Middlebury)

SPECIAL EVENTS

FESTIVAL ON THE GREEN - July 3-9

- IT'S MIME, IT'S MUSIC, IT'S MAGIC, IT'S DANCE, IT'S FREE -

Sunday, July 3 - Afternoon: Pipes and Drums of St. Andrews, The Bennington Puppets.
Monday, July 4 - Evening: The Bayley-Hazen Singers, Middlebury Community Players and special surprise event to celebrate the Fourth.
Tuesday, July 5 - "Brown Bag" - Jon Gailmor
Evening: Dick McCormack, Nisht Geferlach Klezmer Band.
Wednesday, July 6 - "Brown Bag" - Masonic Clowns
Evening: Ham Branch Bluegrass, Gidget and Ghandi
Thursday, July 7 - To be announced
Friday, July 8 - "Brown Bag" - FROG JUMPING CONTEST
Evening: Fat Tones, Metropolitan Brass Quintet
Saturday, July 9 - Evening: Vermont Jazz Ensemble
STREET DANCE - A MUST.

ADDISON COUNTY FIELD DAYS - New Haven - A Vermont Country Fair held early August. Watch for the dates.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY FOLK ARTS FESTIVAL - Button Bay State Park, near Basin Harbor, Vermont, August 5 - August 7.

MOVIE THEATRES

Burlington Theatres - Lots of first-run movies. Check the Free Press

Campus Theatre - Bargain nights Monday and Tuesday ($2.00) (Main Street, Middlebury) 388-4841

Dana Auditorium - Foreign films listed in "This Week at Middlebury" (Middlebury College - Sunderland)

Ilsley Library Kid Series - Check the Addison Independent or the Valley Voice

FRIVOLITY

ANTIQUE SHOPS - Dotted across the Vermont countryside. Great places to explore.

BEN AND JERRY'S FACTORY STORE - Ice Cream factory. Tours every hour. "Udderly" incredible gift shop. (Route 100, Waterbury)

BRISTOL MINI-GOLF - Bristol Commons Inn, Jct. 17 and 116, Bristol. Sat. & Sun. Noon till 10:00 p.m., Mon. - Fri. 5-9.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT - Population 40,000. Largest city in the state. Home of the University of Vermont. Explore the Church Street walking mall and the original Ben and Jerry's multi-level ice cream shop.

CONTRA DANCING - Second and fourth Fridays - check the Valley Voice for times and locations.

FROG HOLLOW CRAFT CENTER - All Vermont crafts. Offers exhibits, demonstrations, classes. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

KIDSPACE - A Must for the kids. Giant wooden structure with swings, slides, etc. (Mary Hogan School, Court Street, Middlebury)

ILSLEY LIBRARY - Fine community library. Excellent children's collection. $10 non-resident fee which is refunded when you leave. (Main Street, Middlebury)

MIDDLEBURY RECREATION DEPARTMENT - Swimming pool, tennis courts. Fittness Trail. Summer classes (ballet, tennis, etc.) Court Street, Middlebury. Call 388-4041 for information. (Register for courses at the Municipal Building, Middlebury, Vermont) Office Hours 8:30-5:00 M-F.

RUTLAND, VERMONT - Population 20,000. Second largest city in the state. A real Vermont experience. Be sure to see the dog statue by Mia Farrow's brother.

WOODWARE/HARVEST HILL/BUSY ACRES - Wood products, Vermont dried flower and herb shop, unique food, great gift ideas. (Route 7, Middlebury)

MUSEUMS

BASIN HARBOR MARITIME MUSEUM - Dedicated to the preservation and exploration of Lake Champlain heritage. Wed. - Sun. 10-5. 802-475-2317 Basin Harbor, Vermont.

VERMONT FOLKLIFE CENTER - Wonderful displays of Vermont folklife and art. Gamaliel Painter House (Court Street, Middlebury) Weekdays 9-4.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM - Fantastic replica of early American community. Covers several acres. Plan to spend the whole day. Expensive, but well worth it - adult $9.00, child $6.00. (Route 7, Shelburne, Vermont - 40 minutes North of Middlebury)

SHELDON MUSEUM - Local history. Henry Sheldon House as it was in mid-1800's. Fine early Middlebury portraits, furniture, clocks and a carpenter's workshop. Early Victorian garden. Gift Shop. (Park Street, Middlebury) Mon. - Sat. 10-5. Last tour starts 4:15. Admission $2.50 adult, .50 child.

SERVICES

BANKS

Chittenden Bank - Court Street, Middlebury 388-6316
Lobby Hours - Mon.-Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6
Drive-up - Mon.-Thurs. 8-5, Fri. 8-6

National Bank of Vermont - Main St., Middlebury 388-4982
Lobby Hours - Mon.-Thurs. 9-3, Fri. 9-6
Drive-up - Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-6 (Located next to Fire Station on Seymour Street, Middlebury.

GROCERY STORES - Middlebury

A&P, Middlebury Plaza, Route 7, Middlebury (open 24 hours)
Grand Union, Washington Street, Middlebury (open 24 hours)
Greg's Meat Market, Seymour Street, Middlebury
IGA, Route 7, Middlebury
Middlebury Natural Food Co-op - Washington Street, Middlebury
Paisano's Fish Market - fresh fish - Main Street, Middlebury

HAIR CUTS - ETC.

Bud's Barbershop (Good local gossip)
Heads Up Hairstyling - 34 North Pleasant Street
Joe's Barbershop (More good local gossip)
Lady Fair - 34 Main Street
Le Salon de Vie - Court Street, Middlebury
Pauline's - Merchants Row
Under Cuts, Inc. - Washington Street, opposite Grand Union

COPY SERVICES - MIDDLEBURY

Main Street Stationery
Middlebury Print and Copy (9 College Street)
Middlebury College Library

DRY CLEANERS AND LAUNDRY FACILITIES

Desabrais Laundry (Village Court, Court Street, Middlebury)
Mountain Fresh Cleaning (Washington Street, near Grand Union)

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE

Pat Schmitter - Swedish/Esalen Massage
42 Court Street (388-6113)

Jo Anne Davies - Integrative-Rosen Bodywork &
Swedish/Esalen Massage.
Have table, will travel (758-2287)

POST OFFICE - Middlebury, Vermont

8-5 Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri.
8-12 Wed. (no afternoon hours)
10-12 Sat.

FRUGALITY

Ben Franklin 5 & 10 - Main Street, Middlebury

Bass Shoe Factory Outlet - (3 locations) two in Burlington, one in Rutland.

Danform Shoe Factory Outlet - Burlington

Dexter Shoe Factory Outlet - Burlington and Rutland

Dunham Shoe Factory Outlet - Burlington and Rutland

Timberland Shoe Factory Outlet - Burlington and Rutland

Little Red Shoe House - Cartmell Complex, Middlebury

Charleston Mill Store - Great buys on sweaters. (Route 7, Middlebury)

Cheese Factory Outlet - 2 locations

Burlington - Pine Street Hinesburg - Route 116

Peg's Thrift Shop - Merchants Row, Middlebury

Round Robin - Beautifully run second hand clothing shop. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

July 4, 1988

Bread Loaf School of English

Dear New Bread Loafer:

Since you are spending your first summer on the Mountain, it might be helpful in allaying any anxieties to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at the School of English.

Grade	Description
A+, A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement, an entirely creditable effort.
B-	Passing work.
C	An unsatisfactory performance.
F	Fails to complete work of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in the class.

The normal expectation for first-year students at Bread Loaf is that about half of the final course grades will be B or B+, but many students start out with lower grades on their first papers. It is not at all unusual for students to get a C or C+ at first and a B or B+ for a final grade.

You would not be at Bread Loaf if I had any doubts about your intellectual ability or your preparation. If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. See me. First papers of first-year students are no indication of any final assessment. If you start off with an A+, remember there is no way for you to improve.

May this please be the first and last word on a subject which has never yet gotten to the meaning of an educational experience. More important than grades is the assessment of each instructor will place in your file if you elect to sign the Waiver of Confidentiality, which I have attached. I pay little attention to specific grades on a Bread Loaf transcript, but I evaluate these detailed and perceptive letters, which are available as part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School. Please note that certain faculty members will withhold this written assessment of you do not waive your rights, and this often leaves me unable to write such a letter of recommendation for you.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PLACEMENT AND READMISSION RECORDS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

The policy of Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf School of English regarding the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 is as follows:

Students or former students have the right to inspect and review all Placement, Admission, and Readmission Records placed in their files after 1 January, 1975, unless they sign the Student's Waiver Statement attached. Placement Records are letters of recommendation written by the Director of the School of English. Admission letters are the letters submitted by your references at the time of your acceptance at the School. Readmission Records are comments submitted each summer by your instructors regarding your performance. These comments are used by me for determining readmission and for preparing letters of recommendation.

If the Student's Waiver Statement is not signed, your instructors will be advised that comments they may submit cannot be held confidential. The School will defer to the wishes of any instructor who does not submit an evaluation under those circumstances, and this fact will be noted in your file. Under this circumstance, the School will not be under obligation to write a detailed letter of recommendation on your behalf, and readmission will be determined only on the basis of your grades.

Please sign the blue waiver form on the appropriate line and return it to the Secretary's Office immediately. Feel free to stop by with any questions or concerns you may have as well.

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

STUDENT'S WAIVER STATEMENT

I hereby waive my rights to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975, with the understanding that:

1. Letters of recommendation containing evaluations from my instructors at Bread Loaf will be forwarded to an institution, organization, or private party only upon my request. The institution, organization or private party receiving this letter of recommendation will be instructed not to permit any other party to have access to the information without my written consent.
2. This waiver will remain in effect until I notify, in writing, the Office of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, at which time letters of recommendation will be removed from my file.

Date: _____ Signature: _____

DECLARATION NOT TO WAIVE MY RIGHTS

I hereby decline to waive my right to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975.

Date: _____ Signature: _____

THE BREADLOAF THEATER PROGRAM

1988

Theater is always lively at Breadloaf and this summer will be no exception. There will be three productions and one non-credit workshop; in addition, of course, there will be classes in dramatic literature, acting and playwriting. A company of nine professional actors and a full time staff is waiting for the most important ingredient - you - so we can all get started.

At Breadloaf, theater is by the community and for the community. Everyone is welcome to participate - students, staff, faculty, husbands, wives and children. All are invited to audition for the plays, come to rehearsals, work back stage, or just come and enjoy the productions, which are free.

AUDITIONS for the summer's productions will be held this Wednesday night at 7:30, in the Little Theater. We will be casting for two productions, and there will be twelve good roles for men and ten for women available. You don't need to prepare anything - just come at 7:30. (If you can't make, it, you may also come Thursday at 7:00 -- but please come Wednesday if possible.)

The plays this summer are:

EVERYMAN: Wednesday, July 6, 7:30 in the Little Theater. This will be a staged reading of the medieval drama. The Acting Ensemble will try to show why this play is still as funny, strange and moving as it was six hundred years ago.

An Original Work based on the lives of women writers in Paris during the 20's: Wednesday, July 20, 7:30 outside the Little Theater. This piece, adapted from writings by Gertrude Stein, Anais Ninn, Djuna Barnes and others will use a cast of five female students, and will be directed by Cindy Rosenthal and Jerry Hurlbutt.

RED NOSES, by Peter Barnes: Thursday-Sunday, August 3-6, at 8:30 in the Little Theater. This comic extravaganza was first produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1985; our production will be the American East Coast premier. The play is set in 1348 at the height of the plague. A company of players comes together determined to make people laugh even in the darkest of times. They sing, dance, juggle, make fools of themselves, but never forget that life is terribly difficult and that death is constantly near. There are excellent roles for men and women (note: older men and women are needed too).

In addition, Barry Press will lead a workshop in Improvisation and Writing. This will be open to all students, and will be announced soon in the Crumb.

If you're interested in stage management or working behind the scenes of the productions please let us know. You can come to auditions, or you can drop in to the theater office at the rear of the Little Theater any time. We are especially eager to find at least two good stage managers. The stage manager for RED NOSES - a big and important job - may use the work to receive course credit.

We hope you'll join us this summer.

Alan Mokler

For the Theater Staff and
The Acting Ensemble

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 5, 1988

Dear Senior:

Today at 2:00 in the Blue Parlor is a meeting of seniors for this summer.

Part of the agenda will be to elect a Class President, Commencement Speaker and Hooder.

If you find yourself unable to attend this meeting, please stop by the Secretary's Office and cast a vote for the positions listed above.

From 1:45 to 2:00 measurements for caps and gowns will take place.

There is a list of seniors on the bulletin board beside the Secretary's Office for your perusal.

Come and help plan your senior year.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 29, 1988

TO: Members of the Bread Loaf Community

FROM: Randy Kapelke
Asst. to the Assistant

Congratulations everyone! You have been elected to the esteemed position of Fire Marshall. As we all know, the buildings at Bread Loaf are old, and they are wood. If there is a fire alarm at Bread Loaf, it is rarely, if ever, a drill. Thus, in light of your appointment, it would be great if you could take note of the following Fire Marshall duties.

--Find the nearest exits from your room.

--Know the people on your hall. If there is an alarm, check to make sure everyone is responding to it.

--Leave all personal possessions behind you. I know they're tempting, but life must come before stuff.

--In case of smoke, crawl on your hands and knees out of the building. Smoke climbs, but some carpets have toxic substances. Don't crawl too low.

--Be aware of the fire extinguisher(s) on your floor.

That's all there is to it. It's late in the summer, but it's never too late for a fire. Thanks for helping out.

July 25, 1988

TO: Bread Loaf Students

FROM: Paul Cubeta

For a number of years Bread Loaf teachers have received grants to study language and learning in their classrooms and schools with grants provided by the Rockefeller Foundation, the Fund for the Improvement of Postsecondary Education, the Lyndhurst Foundation, and Middlebury College. Many Bread Loaf teachers who have conducted inquiries have published their stories and reports and have received local and national recognition for their work.

In 1987 we established a different framework for supporting classroom inquiries. Bread Loaf teachers who complete qualitative research projects, who attend the 1989 session (Vermont or Oxford), and who report on what they have learned by July 1, 1989, will be eligible for awards of up to $500 (over and above financial aid awards) to be made in July on our annual Awards Night.

This year's awards went to:

Donald Hudson	Charles Osewalt
Susan Jones	Pamela Parker
Pamela May	Brian Potter
Patricia McGonegal	Sarah Reeve
Daniel Meier	Margaret Villarreal
Donna Niday	

Next March we will send all teachers who request them guidelines for writing an informal interim report that will serve as their application for an award. As in the past, we will support case study and other qualitative research approaches. We want to encourage projects that include students as co-researchers and co-authors of reports and articles.

Aside from an announcement in Bread Loaf and the Schools, we will not issue other calls for proposals. If you plan to apply for an award, please remember to write for the guidelines in March.

We are proud to be able to recognize, support, and celebrate teachers whose work contributes so greatly to the Program in Writing and to the quality of education in their own classrooms and communities.

PMC/ees

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

August 8, 1988

I would appreciate your joining me for wine and cheese on Tuesday, August 9 at 5:00 in Treman to talk about Bread Loaf at Oxford with students interested in going over next summer.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

1988 Students Who Have Attended Oxford

Sarah Albano
Brenda Armstrong
Bari Attis
Theresa Baker
Sarah Becker
Cathy Blackburn
John Cobb
Louis Colasanti
Thomas Crochunis
Lucinda Damon
Nancy Dillon
Margaret Donnelly
Angela Ferguson
Margaret FIelders
Kathy Havard
Linda Henry
Joseph Holtermann
Rae Iverson
Debra Johnson
Sharon Krauss
Barbara Lynch
Joan Manley
Elizabeth Marshall
Daniel Meier
Susan Merrick
Charles Miller
Lauren Muller
Honora Neal
Deane O'Dell
Denise Ostrow
Pamela Parker
David Perry
Peter Platt
Brian Potter
Harry Proudfoot
Jennifer Reed
Ken Reed
Patricia Reed
Robin Reid
Wilbur Sowder
Edward Stansfield
Molly Stevens
Suzanne Taylor
Douglas Teague
Kym Tiffany
Alice Truax
Terri Vest
Edward Walpin
David Waters
Jennifer Wheat
Raymond Williams
Lucy Wollin

MEMORANDUM

July 11, 1988

TO: All Bread Loafers

FROM: Paul Cubeta

SUBJECT: Minorities in your Classes

If you teach minority students, please give me the total number in your classrooms this past year.

Could you please break out this number by non-white ethnic groups (Asians can be considered for our purposes as one group). I'd like the number in each group and the percentage it comprises of all your students. Estimates will, of course, be necessary in most cases.

I'd be grateful if you could return this questionnaire to the Bread Loaf Office by Friday afternoon.

Thanks so much for your help.

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 13, 1988

If you teach a substantial number of Native American students, please join us on Friday, July 15 in Barn 1 at 4:30 P.M.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
TEACHERS OF
NATIVE AMERICANS
1988

Pamela Atchison
Michele Barger
Eileen Clark
Joyce Dustin-Demientiéff
Julie Gabica
Larry Gavin
Gary Griffiths
Cathy Harris
Andy Hedmann
Dave Hedrick
Dennis Lenssen
Ardith Maddoux
Deane O'Dell
Candace Otterwoman
Pamela Parker
Sarah Reeve
Pamela Rennhack
Larry Seeley
Michael Thompson
Marsha West

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Dear Off-Campus Bread Loafer:

As you know, we try hard to maintain a responsible off-campus housing list for your convenience. Some owners are wonderfully cooperative and fair, but we have discovered others who seem to be taking advantage of you and us. We'd like with your help to make sure that those who are treating Bread Loafers unfairly are not assisted by us.

Would you please return this evaluation of your accommodations to assist next year's Bread Loafers.

1. Please identify and describe your accommodations.

   a. Owner

   b. Description and location of house or apartment

   c. Rental fee

   d. Distance from School

2. Are you renting this place in 1988?

3. Please evaluate acco-modations.

   a. What are its advantages and drawbacks?

   b. Would you recommend that we list this place again? (Since there are so few places available, does coming to Bread Loaf outweigh the disadvantages of the place? Or would you recommend that we simply not list the place?)

4. Comments, complaints, compliments:

Many thanks,

Paul Cubeta
Director

elh

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

August 1, 1988

Dear Bread Loafer:

I'd very much appreciate your assessment of Bread Loaf 1988: The program, the faculty, life on the Mountain. You know that faculty are reappointed largely on the basis of my impressions, conversations with students and other precariously imprecise modes of judgment. Yet nothing is more crucial to the future of the School than the high quality of its Bread Loaf teachers. Your frank assessment of your faculty is, therefore, very much needed.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

1. Evaluation of literature and theatre faculty and courses (If you are taking a writing course, I'd appreciate your using the other evaluation sheet to comment on our Program in Writing.)

2. Assessment of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)

3. Recommendations

Name _____
(Optional)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

August 1, 1988

Dear Bread Loafer in the Program in Writing:

Even though I've already imposed on you for your help in evaluating this summer on the Mountain, I would be immensely grateful if you could give me your assessment of the Program in Writing so that we can improve the Program in 1989.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

1. Your writing course-methods, demands, instructor

2. The value of your experience for yourself and for your school

Name_____
(optional)

ENTERTAINMENT

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Program for Summer of 1988

Monday, July 4	Faculty Reading - Carole Oles	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 6	Theatre - Staged Reading "Everyman"	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 11	Bryan Wolf Associate Professor of American Studies and English, Yale University The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture "Confessions of a Closet Ekphrastic: Literature, Painting and Other Unnatural Relations"	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 13	Faculty Presentation - Eliot Wigginton	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 18	Faculty Reading - David Huddle	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 19, 20	Theatre - "Our Paris"	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 25	Faculty Reading - Robert Pack	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Monday, August 1	Faculty Reading - Corrine Jacker	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday August 4, 5, 6, 7	Red Noses by Peter Barnes (preview - Wednesday, August 3)	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, August 13	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:15 p.m.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

FILMS 1988

Friday, July 1	TESS
Friday, July 8	ON GOLDEN POND
Friday, July 15	FAHRENHEIT 451
Saturday, July 16 (Supp. Desires)	MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL
Friday, July 22	MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON
Friday, July 29	BEING THERE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Messenger	Carol Elliott
God	Carol Elliott, Anne Scurria, Brian McEleney, Warren Keith, Cindy Rosenthal
Death	Jonathan Fried
Everyman	Jim Lobdell
Fellowship	Barry Press
Cousin	Brian McEleney
Kindred	Anne Scurria
Maid	Cindy Rosenthal
Goods	Carol Elliott
Good Deeds	Cindy Rosenthal
Knowledge	Warren Keith
The River of Repentance	Anne Scurria, Carol Elliott, Jonathan Fried, Barry Press
Five Wits	Anne Scurria
Strength	Barry Press
Beauty	Carol Elliott
The Doctor	Brian McEleney

Directed by Stephen Berenson

Theatre Staff

Director	Alan Mokler
Scenic and Lighting Designer	Walter Boswell
Costume Designer	Ellen McCartney
Technical Director	Ezra Delaney
Assistant to Designer, Properties Master	Drayton Foltz
Costume Drapers	Alison Quam, Gayle Veronica Fisher
Master Electrician	Charles Tisdale
Carpenter	David Curley
Production Stage Manager	David Waters
Technical Assistants	Eileen Clark Tom Crochunis Ben Danson Martha Donovan Elizabeth Marshall Peggi McCarthy Candy Otter Woman Terri Vest

Special thanks to Drayton Foltz for his assistance with this project

The Bread Loaf Acting Ensemble

presents

EVERYMAN

Wednesday, July 6, 1988

EVERYMAN is performed without intermission

OUR PARIS

conceived and written by

Jerri Hurlbutt

and

Cindy Rosenthal

directed by Cindy Rosenthal

a play with music

based on the words

of

Djuna Barnes
Hilda Doolittle
Janet Flanner
Anais Nin
Gertrude Stein
and
Alice B. Toklas

Tuesday and Wednesday

July 19, 20, 1988

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Janet Flanner	Lucy Maddox
Djuna Barnes	Nan Reed
Alice B. Toklas	Ellie Dwight
Gertrude Stein	Kelly Jewett
Anais Nin	Lauren Muller
Hilda Doolittle	Jerri Hurlbutt
Basket II	Carol Elliott

Choreographer	Robin Ellis
Piano Player	Mark Wright
Chanteuse	Cindy Rosenthal
Stage Manager	Robin Ellis

Special thanks to: Corrine Jacker
Clark Reed
Martha Donovan

Theatre Staff

Director	Alan Mokler
Scenic and Lighting Designer	Walter Boswell
Costume Designer	Ellen McCartney
Technical Director	Ezra Delaney
Assistant to Designer, Properties Master	Drayton Foltz
Costume Drapers	Alison Quam Gayle Veronica Fisher
Master Electrician	Charles Tisdale
Carpenter	David Curley
Production Stage Manager	David Waters
Technical Assistants	Eileen Clark Tom Crochunis Ben Danson Martha Donovan Elizabeth Marshall Peggi McCarthy Candy Otter Tail Woman Terri Vest

PROGRAM NOTE

"What I try to do with my plays is to show a world seemingly without purpose; but in order to stay sane and survive you have to conduct your life as if there were a purpose to it. If you can conduct your life in that way...I suppose that is the definition of courage and a good life."

-- Peter Barnes

Like the theater of Jacobean England, like the modern theater of Peter Weiss and Jean Genet, Peter Barnes's theater is a theater of the extreme. Barnes presents his audiences with the experience of a world spinning toward chaos. And yet Barnes is hardly a playwright of the "absurd." For if our world is a grotesque one, the fault lies in ourselves, in the bewitching dreams of authority we allow to rule us. Barnes's plays are often compared to Jacobean drama, and the theatrical exuberance, verbal richness, and vertiginous morality of Red Noses recalls the theater of Jonson, Marston, and Middleton--all of whom Barnes has adapted for the stage. Yet as allegories of contemporary society, Barnes's plays also recall the "political" theater of Edward Bond, Howard Brenton, Caryl Churchill, or Pam Gems. Finally, though, Barnes remains a "maverick and a magpie," whose distrubing historical pastiche resists and exceeds our labels.

Peter Barnes, born in 1931, has had a distinguished career in British theater, radio, television, and film. His major plays include The Ruling Class, The Bewitched, Laughter!, and Red Noses. He has written a number of monologues for stage and radio, collected as Barnes's People.

CAST

Flote. . . . . .Brian McEleney*

Mistress Bells . . . . . Carol Elliott

Toulon . . . . . .Warren Keith*

Marguerite . . . . . .Anne Scurria*

Brodin . . . . . Barry Press*

Rochfort/Pope Clement VI . . . . .Jonathan Fried*

LeGrue . . . . . .Stephen Berenson*

Bembo. . . . . .Ann Siegle

Frapper. . . . . Jim Lobdell

Boutros #1 . . . . . .Danny Paul

Boutros #2 . . . . . .Michael Goldfine

Scarron. . . . . Cindy Rosenthal*

Druce. . . . . .Gilberto Sanchez

Grez . . . . . Tom Crochunis

Flagellant #1. . . . . .Christopher B. Karwowski

Flagellant #2. . . . . Wahn Yoon

Archbishop Monselet. . . . . Jim Hunt

Patris/Viennet . . . . . Myron Berkman

Sabine/Leper #2. . . . . .Jerri Hurlbutt

Mother Metz/Mme. de Bonville/
Leper #3/Peasant . . . . . Lona Dittmar

Moncriff/Mistral/Guard . . . . . David Perry

Evaline/Camille/Leper #1 . . . . . Rosie Gaynor

Bonville/Vasques/Guard . . . . . Harry Proudfoot

Dr. Antrechau/Herald/Guard . . . . .Joshua Swift

Bigod/Pellico/Peasant. . . . . .Charlie Miller

LeFranc/Peasant. . . . . Bill Sowder

*These actors appear courtesy Actors' Equity Association

THEATRE STAFF

Director. . . . . Alan Mokler

Scenic & Lighting Director. . . .Walter Boswell

Costume Designer. . . . . Ellen McCartney

Production Stage Manager. . . . David B. Waters

Assistant Stage Managers. . . . . Tom Edgar
Linda Henry
Cheryl Potter-Otto

Technical Director. . . . . .Ezra Delaney

Assistant to Designer,
Properties Designer . . . . . Drayton Foltz

Costume Drapers . . . . . Alison Quam
Gayle Veronica Fischer

Shop Foreman, Sound Operator. . . . . Ray Inkel

Master Electrician. . . . . Chuck Tisdale

Production Carpenter. . . . . .David Curley

Technical Assistants. . . . . .Eileen Clark
Tom Crochunis
Ben Danson
Martha Donovan
Elizabeth Marshall
Peggi McCarthy
Candy Ottertail Woman
Terri Vest
Susanne Gentry

Volunteers. . . . . .Sue Potter
Stephanie Blackburn
Kaye Evans
Bess Huddle
Rachel A. Donadio
Jeremy Gooch

Theatre Coordinator . . . . . Jim Lobdell

Original Music Composed by Gary Levinson

Pianist and Arranger . . . . . Mark Wright

Trumpet. . . . . Michael Youmans

SPECIAL THANKS

Susan Wanner

Barbara Elias

Middlebury Junior High School

Royall Tyler Theater

Norma Page, Skihaus

Paul Cubeta

Dick Forman, Wright Theater

The Friendly Folk at the Front Desk

Elaine Hall & Hugh Coyle

Tim Taylor & the Madrigalists

Woody, Randy & Eric

William Worthen

Act I - 90 minutes

Act II - 85 minutes

There will be one ten-minute intermission.

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents

RED NOSES

by

Peter Barnes

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

August 4, 5, 6, 7, 1988

Little Theatre

8:30 P.M.

STATISTICS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS (92)

Alvarez-Weaver, Deborah
Atchison, Pamela
Austin, John
Bailey, Elaine
Berkman, Myron
Bethke, Peter
Bottelli, Suzanne
Brown, William
Campbell, Carolyn
Clark, Daniel
Cogan, Peter
Conklin, Laura
Corrigan, Corinne
Cregan, Mary
Davis, Leland
Dibble, Susan
Dittmar, Lona
Duffy, Shannon
Dustin, Andrea
Dwyer, Michael
Ellis, Robin
Emmert, Rock
Evans, Craig
Farrell, Lisa
Ferebee, Ellen
Finch, Anna
Gavin, Larry
Gaynor, Rosemary
Gentry, Brian
Gray, Nancy
Greenebaum, Katherine
Griffith, Gary
Hage, Mark
Harris, Cathy
Hartley, Susan
Hedman, Andrew
Hedrick, David
Hopkins, Christopher
Hunt, James
Jones, Bonnie
Kalthof, Bettina
Karwowski, Christopher
Leiby, Jeanne
Lenssen, Dennis
Lipton, Emma
Lisle, Jennifer
Lynch, Michael
Martin, Cynthia
Mason, Edith
Matika, Alison

McAlister, Mary

McGarry, Gloria

Mitchell, Margaret

Mohrman, Gregory

Morgo, Esther

Mueller, Paul

Mullins, Hilary

Newton, Peter

Obel-Omia, Michael

Otter Woman, Candace

Reed, Nancy

Reeves, James

Rogers, Elizabeth

Rosen, Margaret

Rosenberg, Adam

Rosenberger, Nancy

Rosmus, Mary

Rowe, Bruce

Sanchez, Gilberto

Seymour, Josie

Smith, Steven

Southworth, Peter

Strekalovsky, Jane

Strich, Michael

Stumbo, Carol

Szewczyk, Michael

Taylor, Timothy

Thompson, Micheal

Tyler, Morris

Virostek, Leslie

Voorhees, Jeanne

Warner, Susan

Webbley, Edwin

Werner, Elizabeth

West, Marsha

Wilson, Barbara

Winkley, Robert

Withers, James

Wood, Susan

Wood, Willy

Yoon, Wahn

Youmans, Michael

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1988

SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

The Lillian Becker Scholar - Sarah Reeve

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholar - Joseph Holtermann

The Pauline Feicht Decker Memorial Scholar - Carol Galletly

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholar - Kevin Cummins

The John M. Kirk, Jr., Memorial Scholar - Daniel Meier

The Lawrence B. Holland Memorial Scholar - Stephen McKibben

The Challenger Award - Raymond Williams

The Charlie Orr Memorial Scholarship - Daniel Paul

Anonymous - Brenda Armstrong

The Mark Wilson Memorial Scholarship - Michael Obel-Omia

The Norman Christensen Memorial Scholarship - Jeffrey Maas

The David Thornbury Memorial Scholarship - Richard Somma

The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship - Ardith Maddoux

The Margaret G. Fielders Endowed Scholarship - Suzanne Taylor

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1988
WAITERS/WAITRESSES (34)

Sarah Albano
Andrea Baier
Jeffrey Bridgers (Co-Assistant Head Waiter)
Edward Brown (Co-Assistant Head Waiter)
William Brown
Kevin Cummins
Lucinda Damon
Lisa Farrell
James Fauls
Anna Finch
Carol Galletly
Michael Goldfine
Nancy Gray
Katherine Greenbaum
Katherine Havard (Head Waiter)
Joseph Holtermann (Part-time)
Jeanne Leiby
Alison Matika
Stephen McKibben
Darla Meeks
Esther Morgo
Lauren Muller
Hilary Mullins
Peter Newton
Daniel Paul
David Perry
Adam Rosenberg
Lynne Shea
Megan Shea
Garrett Sullivan
Joshua Swift
Kathryn Wilde
Wahn Yoon
Stuart Robinson (Part-time)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states: (according to printout)

Alaska	3
Arizona	5
California	12
Colorado	4
Connecticut	15
Delaware	1
Florida	4
Georgia	2
Idaho	1
Illinois	1
Indiana	1
Iowa	1
Kansas	3
Kentucky	3
Maine	7
Maryland	2
Massachusetts	30
Michigan	6
Minnesota	6
Missouri	4
Montana	3
Nevada	2
New Hampshire	11
New Jersey	8
New York	31
North Carolina	4
Ohio	4
Pennsylvania	6
Rhode Island	1
South Carolina	1
South Dakota	2
Tennessee	1
Texas	3
Utah	1
Vermont	27
Virginia	8
Washington	9
Wisconsin	7
Wyoming	1
Federal Republic of Germany	1
The Netherlands	1

(39 states represented and
2 foreign countries + Washington DC)

Total student enrollment	245
Men students	100
Women students	145
Former students	152
New students	93
Number of courses	35
Total number of faculty	24
teaching one course	13
Number of course changes	101
Cancellations	79
1988 M.A. degree candidates	32
M.A. from Oxford	14
1988 M.Litt. degree candidates	4
M.Litt. from Oxford	4
Prospective 1989 M.A. candidates	27
Prospective 1989 M.Litt. candidates	1
Scholarship students	137
Mary Reynolds Babcock	22
Hazen Foundation	6
Internation Paper Award	5
New York Times Award	4
Polaroid	8
Candidates for Midd. M.A.	193
Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	9
Candidates for M.M.L.	0
Undergraduates	5
Continuing Education	30
Undesignated	9
Off-campus students	44
Pre-1983 B.A. or B.S. degree	138
Average age of students	33
Median age of students	30
Under 21	0
21-25	46
26-30	89
31-35	34
36-40	26
41-50	41
51 & over	9

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

GENERAL STATISTICS

Private school teachers	80
Public school teachers	102
College & Jr. College teachers	8
Other:	
Undergraduates	5
Graduate students	19
Ph.D. students	8
Unemployed	14
Other occupations	16
Teachers of Native Americans	24
Working for 9 credits	6
Working for 6 credits	226
Working for 3 credits	11
Auditors	2

APPENDIX A

Profile Comparisons of School of English at Bread Loaf and Lincoln College, Oxford - 1988

	Bread Loaf	Oxford
Enrollment	245	78
Student Average Age	33	34
States Represented	30	46
Foreign Countries Represented	2	6
Student/Faculty Ratio	12:1	6:1

	Bread Loaf		Oxford	
Occupations	No.	%	No.	%
Private school teachers	80	32	18	23
Public school teachers	102	41	36	46
College & Junior College	8	3	8	10
Undergraduate students	5	2	6	8
Graduate students	19	7	3	4
Ph.D. students	8	3	0	0
Unemployed	14	6	3	4
Other occupations	16	6	4	5

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1920 - 51
1921 - 84
1922 - 102
1923 - 112
1924 - 100
1925 - 105
1926 - 106
1927 - 130
1928 - 115
1929 - 116
1930 - 129
1931 - 111
1932 - 103
1933 - 62
1934 - 74
1935 - 163
1936 - 179
1937 - 192
1938 - 175
1939 - 173
1940 - 225
1941 - 237
1942 - 137
1943 - 63
1944 - 72
1945 - 97
1946 - 135
1947 - 173
1948 - 194
1949 - 207
1950 - 188
1951 - 165
1952 - 146
1953 - 115
1954 - 139
1955 - 121
1956 - 121
1957 - 122
1958 - 130
1959 - 161
1960 - 192
1961 - 192
1962 - 195
1963 - 206
1964 - 211
1965 - 225
1966 - 222
1967 - 224
1968 - 208
1969 - 213
1970 - 224
1971 - 219
1972 - 215
1973 - 200
1974 - 219
1975 - 197
1976 - 184
1977 - 206
1978 - 200 +(Oxford - 59)
1979 - 197 +(Oxford - 53)
1980 - 212 (+Oxford 58)
1981 - 242 (Oxford - 64)
1982 - 254 (Oxford - 64)
1983 - 243 (Oxford - 83)
1984 - 233 (Oxford - 72)
1985 - 243 (Oxford - 79)
1986 - 258 (Oxford - 83)
1987 - 249 (Oxford - 80)
1988 - 245 (Oxford - 78)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

FACULTY LOAD

Armstrong, Michael	16	16
Britton, James	16	16
Buell, Lawrence	43	20 + 21 (+1 - 126) (+1 - 125)
Cazden, Courtney	9	9
Danson, Lawrence	24	17 + 17
Donadio, Stephen	25	13 + 11 (+1 - 126)
Elliott, Carol	12	12
Freedman, Jonathan	30	19 + 10 (+1 - 126)
Goswami, Dixie	21	20 (+1 - 126)
Heath, Shirley Brice	19	19
Huddle, David	32	19 + 12 (+1 - 126)
Jacker, Corinne	11	11 (+3 - 125)
Macrorie, Ken	21	13 + 8
Maddox, James	17	16 (+1 - 126)
Maddox, Lucy	21	19 (+2 - 126)
Martin, Nancy	10	9 (+1 - 126)
Moffett, James	30	17 + 13
Mokler, Alan	23	22 (+1 - 125)
Oles, Carole	9	9
Pack, Robert	18	15 (+2 -126)(+1 - 125)
Paster, Gail Kern	25	19 + 6
Sadoff, Dianne	20	20
Wood, Michael	32	23 + 8 (+1 - 126)
Worthen, William	16	8 + 8

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

COURSE ENROLLMENTS

2.	Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction	Macrorie	13
3.	Writing About Learning	Goswami	20
5.	Poetry Writing	Oles	9
6.	Fiction Writing	Huddle	12
18.	Playwriting	Jacker	11
28.	Shakespeare: The Late Plays	Danson	17
32.	Milton	Paster	6
35.	The Essay	Heath	19
37.	Contemporary Fiction	Wood	23
39.	Contemporary American Short Story	Huddle	19
48.	Renaissance Drama	Danson	7
50.	Puritanism and the American Renaissance	Buell	20
55.	Modern Criticism	Wood	8
60.	Shakespeare on the Stage	Mokler	22
73.	Hope and Doubt in the Poetry of Woordsworth, Keats, Hardy and Hopkins	Pack	15
74.	From Victorian to Modern	Freedman	19
93.	Modern Drama	Worthen	8
117.	Faulkner	Donadio	13
119.	Studies in European Fiction	Donadio	11
125.	Independent Summer Project		6
126.	Independent Winter Project		6
129.	Introduction to Acting	Elliott	12
150.	Narrative and Desire	Sadoff	20
154.	Post War British Drama: 1945-1985	Worthen	8
167.	The English Language Through American Literature	Heath	10

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

COURSE ENROLLMENTS

172.	The Stories Children Write	Armstrong	16
173.	Telling the Stories of Our Lives	Britton	16
174.	Connections: Thoughts and Modes of Language	Martin	9
177.	Voice, Genre and Dilemmas of Teaching	Cazden	9
184.	The Literature of the American Environment	Buell	21
192A.	Ways to Writing, Ways of Writing	Moffett	17
192B.	Ways to Writing, Ways of Writing	Moffett	13
199.	Making Yourself Up	Maddox	16
202.	Writing Teachers' Case-Histories	Macrorie	8
208.	Cultural Criticism	Freedman	10
210.	Representations of Class and Gender in Early Modern Literature	Paster	19
211.	Native American Literature	Maddox	19

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
UNDERGRADUATES
1988

Peter Bethke	Middlebury College
Ellen Ferebee	Columbia University
Rosemary Gaynor	University of Minnesota
Christopher Karwowski	NSSR/Lang College

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE ALUMS
ASSOCIATED WITH THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1988

Staff

John Canaday '83
David Vetter '83
Hugh Coyle '83
Tim Taylor '83 (Staff and student)
Doug Woodsum (Woody) '82
Randall Kapelke '89
Eric Sanborn '89

Students

Sarah Albano '87
Andrea Baier '85
Peter Bethke '89
Edward Brown '83
David Cole '83
Corinne Corrigan '81
Mary Cregan '78
Kevin Cummins '83
Andrea Dustin '88
Katherine Havard '82
David Hedrick '85
Christopher Hopkins '87
James Hunt, Jr. '65
Susan Merrick '83
Michael Obel-Omia '88
Cheryl Potter-Otto '83
Gay Regan '67
Adam Rosenberg '88
Mary Stevens '81
Jane Strekalovsky '61
James Thompson '87
Leslie Virostek '88
Edward Walpin '87
David Waters '81

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

STUDENTS TAKING THREE COURSES (7)

Louise Burnham
Linda Churchill
Larry Gavin
Jeffrey Maas
Joan Manley
Audrey Mochel
Kenneth Reed

STUDENTS TAKING ONE COURSE (7)

Jeffrey Bridgers
Lisa Farrell
Joseph Holtermann
Cheryl Potter-Otto
Gay Regan
Timothy Taylor
Tracy Winn

INDEPENDENT WINTER READING PROJECTS

1988

Louise Burnham:	Toni Morrison	Freedman/Lucy Maddox
Becky Godwin:	First Person Singular (Fiction)	Huddle/Pack
Nicholas Otten:	The Emerging American	Donadio/Buell
Daniel Toomey:	Irish Poetry After Yeats	Jim Maddox/Pack
Lucy Wollin:	The Matiere of India in British Literature	Lucy Maddox/Wood
Louis Colasanti:	Coming to Terms: Practical and Theoretical Considerations for Teaching, Writing, and Learning	Goswami/Martin

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

INDEPENDENT SUMMER PROJECTS (5)

1988

Tom Crochunis	Mokler/Jacker
Jerri Hurlbutt	Jacker
Cheryl Potter-Otto	Jacker
Meredith Morgan	Pack
Nicholas Otten	Buell

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1988

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS (46)

Cathy Jane Blackburn
* Benjamin Lee Bolté
* Edward Standish Bradford III
* Robert Lavery Broad
Louise Campbell Burnham
Emily Chamberlain
* Karl Porter Christiansen
Eileen Marie Clark
John Stephen Cobb
Louis M. Colasanti
John E. Cound
* Stephanie Cravedi
Nancy A. Dillon
Margaret Wetherbee Donnelly
Angela Dawyn Ferguson
Rebecca T. Godwin
Lynne Elise Heckman
Linda M. Henry
* Andrea Dominique Hohlwein
Joseph Eugene Holtermann
Rae Newcomb Iverson
* John Paul Krpicak
* Margaret Elaine Lester
John Charles Longwith
* Marsha Robinson Looysen
Joan Bergsma Manley
* Lesley Brooks McDonnell
Charles Spencer Miller
Meredith M. Morgan
Lauren S. Muller
Denise L. Ostrow
Daniel M. Paul
David Marshall Perry
Harry A. Proudfoot
* John Paul Ranahan
Kenneth A. Reed
Ellen Eifrig Rennard
* Ronald S. Somers
Edward Howe Stansfield
* Robert A. Stern
Mary V. Stevens
* Terry Allen Tiernan
Kym Tiffany
Jeffrey R. Tortomasi
Joanne Louise Tulonen
David Burnham Waters

* Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford August 6, 1988

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1988

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF LETTERS (8)

Brenda Armstrong
* David Randall Dougherty
* Mark Godfrey
Nicholas G. Otten
* Marilyn Warren Taylor
Suzanne M. Taylor
* Denis John Wadley
Lucy A. Wollin

* Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford August 6, 1988

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1989

PROSPECTIVE SENIORS

M.A.

Barri Attis
Theresa Baker
Edward Brown
William Brown
Linda Churchill
Martha Conovan
James Fauls
John Haile
Katherine Havard
Debra Johnson
George Johnson
Sharon Krauss
Marie-Helene Lane
Charleen Letsen
Barbara Lynch
Audrey Mochel
Irene Nicastro
Deane O'Dell
Cynthia Porter
Philip Post
Patricia Reed
Lawrence Seeley, Jr.
Megan Shea
Joel Simon
Jane Steiner
Douglas Teague
Daniel Toomey
Edward Walpin
Diana Westbrook
Raymond Williams
Mark Wright

M.Litt.

Carol Hayes
John Linter
Patricia Woodward

Teachers
at the Bread Loaf School of English
in the Program of Writing
Summer 1988

Name	School	Location-City/State (Home)
Pamela Atchison	Alberton School	Missoula, Montana
Sheila Alexander (OX)	Howard Bishop Middle School	Gainesville, Florida
Lee Michele Barger	Hood Canal School	Sumner, Washington
Joseph Bradfield	Sibley-Ocheyedan High Sch.	Sibley, Iowa
Marti Buckingham	Meeteetse High School	Meeteetse, Wyoming
Mark Campbell (OX)	Osage Junior High School	Osage, Iowa
Eileen Clark	Pelican City School	Pelican, Alaska
John Cound	Mission Valley High School	Topeka, Kansas
Lucinda Damon	State Univ. of NY-Buffalo	Buffalo, New York
Reva Cousino	Mt. Abraham Union High School	Bristol, Vermont
Joyce Demientieff	Port Alexander School	Port Alexander, Alaska
Lona Dittmar	Hanover High School grad/Kansas State University	Hanover, Kansas
Ronald Dodge (OX)	Seappoose High School	Saint Helens, Oregon
Michael Dwyer	Otter Valley Union High School	Rutland, Vermont
Robin Ellis	Fairview High School	Camden, Arkansas
Cara Elmore (OX)	Shelby Senior High School	Lawndale, North Carolina
Rock Emmert	Forest Park High School	Ferdinand, Indiana
Geraldine Fincannon (OX)	Holma Junior High School	Columbia, South Carolina
Barbara Frick	Presque Isle High School	Presque Isle, Maine
Juliane Gabica	Albert Lowry High School	Winnemucca, Nevada
Larry Gavin	Redwood/Falls Norton High Sch.	Belview, Minnesota
Michael Goldfine	Penn State University	Havertown, Pennsylvania
Vicki Grace (OX)	Red Rock Public Schools	Braman, Oklahoma

Andrew Green	Canaan Memorial High School	Vergennes, Vermont
Gary Griffith	Page Unified School District	Page, Arizona
Geraldine Gutwein (OX)	Cheyenne Eagle Butte	Lead, South Dakota
Mark Hage	Northfield Jr/Sr High School	Montpelier, Vermont
Cathy Harris	St. Francis Indian School	St. Francis, South Dakota
Andrew Hedman	Shasta High School	Redding, California
Linda Henry	Little Wound School	Kyle, South Dakota
Julie Hile (OX)	The Garrison Forest School	Columbia, Maryland
Donald Hudson	New Glarus High School	Verona, Wisconsin
Rae Iverson	Mt. Mansfield Union HS	South Burlington, Vermont
Debra Johnson	Hinsdale High School	Vernon, Vermont
George Johnson	Waukesha North	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Jeffrey Johnson	Mt. St. Joseph's Academy	Bismarck, North Dakota
John Kasel (OX)	Summit High School	Frisco, Colorado
Mark Kelly	Madawaska High School	Fort Kent, Maine
Brenda Jo Koster (OX)	St. Francis Community HS	St. Francis, Kansas
John Krpicak (OX)	Youngstown State University	Youngstown, Ohio
Den Latham (OX)	Salem-Tamassee School	Salem, South Carolina
Dennis Lenssen	Kotlik School	Kotlik, Alaska
Charlene Letsen	North Brunswick High School	Wilmington, North Carolina
Marsha Looysen (OX)	Minot High School	Minot, North Dakota
Ardith Maddoux	Chinle High School	Chinle, Arizona
Edith Mason	Brunswick Senior High	Lawrenceville, Virginia
Pamela May (OX)	Sevier County High School	Pigeon Forge, Tennessee
Mary McAlister	Westside High School	Anderson, South Carolina
Dorothy McCard (OX)	Soldotna Junior High School	Soldotna, Alaska
James McCullough	Petoskey High School	Petoskey, Michigan
Meredith Morgan	Landmark College	Putney, Vermont

Paul Mueller	Bisbee College	Bisbee, Arizona
Honora Neal	Mesa College	Grand Junction, Colorado
Donna Niday (OX)	Belmond High School	Belmond, Iowa
Deane O'Dell	McGrath High School	McGrath, Alaska
Susan Oestreicher	Middleburg High School	Jacksonville, Florida
Candace Ottertail Woman	Plenty Coups High School grad.-E Montana College	Pryor, Montana
Kathryn Overbeck	Telluride Public School	Telluride, Colorado
Pamela Parker	Eastern Washington University	Spokane, Washington
Cynthia Porter	Elk Lake High School	Montrose, Pennsylvania
Brian Potter	Malad Jr/Sr High School	Malad City, Ohio
David Powlison	Essex Junction Educational Ctr	Underhill, Vermont
Harry Proudfoot	Westport High School	Somerset, Massachusettes
Kenneth Reed	Crystal River High School	Crystal River, Florida
Patricia Reed	Pequea Valley High School	Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Sarah Reeve	Owyhee High School	Owyhee, Nevada
Pamela Rennhack	Siren High School	Siren, Wisconsin
Richard Robbins	Sequim High School	Sequim, Washington
Margaret Rosen	Clarke County High School	Berryville, Virginia
Bruce Rowe	Hartford Central School	Granville, New York
Robert Schnelle (OX)	Glemson University	South Natick, Massachusettes
Lawrence Seeley	Red Mesa High School	Cortez, Colorado
Josie Seymour	Freeport Middle School	Brunswick, Maine
Daniel Sharkovitz	Martha's Vineyard Reg. HS	Vineyard Haven, Massachusettes
Ann Siegle	North Branch High School	North Branch Minnesota
Gretchen Simons (OX)	Star Valley High School	Fairview, Wyoming
Steven Smith	Outlook School	Outlook, Montana
Richard Steggerda	Mt. Abraham Union High School	Bristol, Vermont

Jane Steiner	Fort Atkinson Senior HS	Jefferson, Wisconsin
Kimberly Stover (OX)	Columbus North High School	Columbus, Indiana
Carol Stumbo	Wheelwright High School	McDowell, Kentucky
Terry Tiernan (OX)	Norwood-Norfolk Central School	Madrid, New York
Joanne Tulonen	Kearsage Regional High School	New London, New Hampshire
Terri Vest	Twinfield Union	Montpelier, Vermont
Susan Wanner	Mt. Abraham Union High School	Charlotte, Vermont
Marsha West	Forks Jr/Sr High School	Forks, Washington
Diana Westbrook	Highland Springs High School	Richmond, Virginia
Kathryn Wilde		Tucson, Arizona
Raymond Williams	Franklin County High School	Rocky Mount, Virginia
Magdalena Villarreal(OX)	Limestone High School	Limestone, Maine
Susan Wood	Estill County Middle School	Richmond, Kentucky
Willy Wood	East Prairie High School	East Prairie, Missouri

1988 Program in Writing Students

Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation

Sarah Albano	Southern Pines, North Carolina
Sheila Alexander	Gainesville, Florida
William Brown	Atlanta, Georgia
Cara Elmore	Lawndale, North Carolina
Geraldine Fincannon	Columbia, South Carolina
Den Latham	Salem, North Carolina
Charleen Letsén	Wilmington, North Carolina
Edith Mason	Lawrenceville, Virginia
Pamela May	Pigeon Forge, Tennessee
Mary McAlister	Anderson, South Carolina
Beverly McColley	Virginia Beach, Virginia
Darla Meeks	Louisville, Kentucky
Cynthia Porter	Chesapeake, Virginia
Ken Reed	Crystal River, Florida
Margaret Rosen	Berryville, Virginia
Lewis Saunders	Rome, Georgia
Michael Strich	Christchurch, Virginia
Carol Stumbo	McDowell, Kentucky
Gary Sullivan	Charlotte, North Carolina
Diana Westbrook	Richmond, Virginia
Raymond Williams	Rocky Mount, Virginia
Susan Wood	Richmond, Kentucky

(22)

1988 Program in Writing Students

Edward W. Hazen Foundation

Michele Barger	Sumner, Washington
Joyce Demientieff	Port Alexander, Alaska
Geraldine Gutwein	Eagle Butte, South Dakota
Dennis Lenssen	Kotlik, Alaska
Ardith Maddoux	Chinle, Arizona
Sarah Reeve	Owyhee, Nevada

(6)

1988 Program in Writing Students

International Paper Company Foundation

Ronald Dodge	Scappoose, Oregon
Robin Ellis	Camden, Arkansas
Mark Kelly	Fort Kent, Maine
Josie Seymour	Brunswick, Maine
Marsha West	Forks, Washington

(5)

1988 Program in Writing Students

New York *Times* Foundation

Pamela Atchison	Missoula, Montana
Brian Potter	Malad City, Idaho
Steven Smith	Outlook, Montana

1988 Students in Massachusetts

Polaroid Foundation

Susan Dibble	Springfield
James Hunt	Marion
Alison Matika	Winchester
Daniel Meier	Cambridge
David Perry	Brookline
Daniel Sharkovitz	Vineyard Haven
Sarah Smith	Marion
Elizabeth Werner	Brookline

(8)

EXAMS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Declined to Waive Rights to Inspect File
1988

Mark Hage
Kelleher Jewett
Elizabeth Marshall
Margaret McCarthy
Margaret Mitchell
Hilary Mullins
Pamela Parker
Nancy Rosenberger
Gilbert Sanchez
Suzanne Taylor

EXAM SCHEDULE - 1988

8:30 classes -- Thursday, August 11 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

37.	Contemporary Fiction	M. Wood	Room A
93.	Modern Drama & Theatre Theory	W. Worthen	Room 4
167.	The English Language...	S. Heath	Room 2
184.	Literature of American Environ.	L. Buell	Room 1
199.	Making Yourself Up	J. Maddox	Room 6
208.	Theory & Practice Cultural...	J. Freedman	Room 3

9:30 classes -- Thursday, August 11 from 2 - 5 p.m.

28.	Shakespeare: The Late Plays	L. Danson	Room 1
150.	Narrative and Desire	D. Sadoff	Room 6
210.	Representations of Class...	G. Paster	Room A

10:30 classes, Friday, August 12 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

35.	The Essay	S. Heath	Room A
50.	Puritanism & American Renais...	L. Buell	Room 2
55.	Modern Criticism	M. Wood	Room 3
74.	From Victorian to Modern	J. Freedman	Room 6
154.	Post-War British Drama	W. Worthen	Room 4

11:30 classes -- Friday, August 12 from 2 - 5 p.m.

32.	Milton	G. Paster	Room 4
48.	Renaissance Drama	L. Danson	Room 3
119.	Studies in European Fiction	S. Donadio	Room 2
211.	Native American Literature	L. Maddox	Room 6

129.	Introduction to Acting	C. Elliott	Room A

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 7:30 - 10:00 p.m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 7:30 - 10:00 p.m.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1988

NO EXAMS GIVEN

2.	Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction	Macrorie
3.	Writing About Learning	Goswami
5.	Poetry Writing	Oles
6.	Fiction Writing	Huddle
18.	Playwriting	Jacker
39.	Contemporary American Short Story	Huddle
60.	Shakespeare on the Stage	Mokler
73.	Hope and Doubt in Wordsworth, Keats, Hardy & Hopkins	Pack
117.	Faulkner	Donadio
172.	The Stories Children Write	Armstrong
173.	Telling the Stories of Our Lives	Britton
174.	Connections: Thought and Modes of Language	Martin
177.	Voice, Genre, and Dilemmas of Teaching	Cazden
192.	Ways to Writing, Ways of Writing	Moffett
202.	Writing Teachers' Case-Histories	Macrorie

COMMENCEMENT

July 30, 1988

To The Graduating Class of 1988
At Lincoln College, Oxford:

Congratulations from the senior class at Bread Loaf.

We well appreciate the years of scholarship which have brought you to this remarkable evening under the spires of Oxford; and we hope that the few hours of this ceremony will be for you a fitting summation, a momentous beginning, and a fond memory. We believe that it was good study with good friends and our best faculties that led us, on both sides of the Atlantic, to this degree of mastery; and we wish for you even more -- wisdom and joy in years to come.

To those of you who will be returning to Bread Loaf in the coming weeks, we offer our welcome; and to all of you, as we stand in respect, we offer our prolonged applause.

Nick Otten
for the senior class at Bread Loaf

sent via BreadNet

"Cross-Section":

Class-President's Speech for the Senior Banquet,
Bread Loaf, August, 1988

by Nick Otten

Some journeys are stronger -- and stranger -- than others.

There is a story about two people on the elevator at the Smithsonian Institution. One says, "I haven't seen you for awhile." And the other says, "Yes, I've been out of town for a few weeks." The first one says, "Oh, really, where did you go?" And the other says, "The Cayman Islands." And the first one says, just a little puzzled, "Where is that?" And the second one says, "I have no idea, we flew."

For most of us, the journey to Bread Loaf is not like that. Even if we flew, we had to land at Burlington "International" Airport and then take a country bus-ride -- or even a taxi, as one of our class did one year. As the cab drove south to Middlebury, she looked across Lake Champlain and asked the driver how high those mountains were, off to the right. He said, "I don't know -- that's New York."

But most people drive to Bread Loaf, and that usually means crossing America, one way or another. Down from Alaska, maybe; or up from the South; over from New Hampshire or up from the city. For me, it is an easy 2-day drive: get on Interstate 70, make a left at Columbus, a right at Cleveland, and go to a Breadloafer's house in Albany. At breakfast, talk about last year, then drive up to Bread Loaf for the first lunch of the summer -- consisting mostly of getting up from the table and hugging people.

From where I start, in St. Louis, it is not necessary to drive across the whole country, of course. It's already about 2 days east of the purple mountain majesties, right on the edge of the fruited plains. We call it the Midwest, but the distance-between becomes for me, as for all of us who start the journey to Bread Loaf, a place to change, a crossing-section.

Along the way, things change slowly. Across Illinois nothing seems to be happening, but somewhere in Indiana, the shifting begins. The Cardinals' Sunday-afternoon baseball game suddenly fades out in the 8th inning, and with a little adjustment of the radio dial, turns into the Cincinnati Reds in the 9th. Oaks and locust trees give way to more and more pines, humidity and heat slowly dissipate, the optical illusion of endless corn-rows is occasionally replaced by the tidy tangle of grapevines. For a little while, the north horizon-line becomes Erie -- a straight blue line of lake that looks higher than the land. One day, 2 or 3 chicken hawks float lazily on a thermal; two days later, a

kingfisher sits patient on a wire, watching a Vermont pond. Along the way, Ohio looks like Missouri, only somehow bigger; Pennsylvania looks somehow like Colorado, only softer. The whole experience is in between, in a crossing.

At the end of the drive, as if in a story, I see thunderheads and a rainbow behind the hills at the Hudson River. When I park at the pre-arranged cross-roads, a light sprinkle begins to fall. I almost cannot feel it, but when I look west, I can see it aslant the sunlight.

I have arrived in a new state of mind. I knew it already, way back in Indiana, walking into a McDonald's restaurant. I saw a man and instantly recognized his face -- from back home probably, but where? I sat down and ate, watching him, trying to figure it out. He had an authoritative face, almost noble: wavy gray hair, long bushy sideburns, a long serious nose, hard eyes -- an old news editor's face, maybe, or a professor's.

But not his body! A fully developed beer-gut, a Harley-Davidson tatoo on each arm, a black denim vest and black denim pants, a white t-shirt, white socks, and black Chinese shoes. He was with another man who looked very similar. As they stood up, I saw their motorcycles through the window, a Harley and a big Kawasaki. Why did I know this man, I wondered. A 50-year-old biker. Some hippie bookstore owner? A poet? Then I knew, instantly. His head looked exactly like portraits of Ralph Waldo Emerson. I could only shake my head at my thoughts, as he donned his black helmet and straddled his Harley. His companion foolishly drove off without any helmet -- just like that hard-headed Bronson Alcott might have.

This is what begins in the cross-section. Back-home begins to fall away.

Wherever you come from to get to the top of this mountain in the middle of a mountain-state, your mind starts to change. Come down from north of here and you pass the Ready Funeral Home (you know it could be pronounced Reed-y, but you check your speed, anyway). Up from Boston, you get a glimpse of a sign that says MYSTIC BUILDING WRECKING; or coming up from a completely southern state, you meet a car with a North Carolina license that reads "YEA-OHIO."

Wherever you came from, you arrived at this strange place, where, as one Breadloafer said, the days are long and the weeks are short, where the leaves begin to turn in August -- and it took you about five years to get here. In those years, little Doug Handy grew very tall; crazed 35-year-olds contracted volley-ball, tennis, or rock-n-roll mania; you literally sweated over your papers; you saw some of the best theater you will ever see in your life; your mailbox mate or Oxford friend became a tragic memory; Alan & Carol, and Tracy & Nino got married up here; some of your hair turned

gray; and ancient Hayhenge rose and fell.

In those years, you have probably eaten five or six hundred meals in this room (and drunk enough coffee to lower the water table) -- some people may not have eaten that many communal meals in their own homes yet. But this is not home.

Bread Loaf is an Inn, a meeting-place, a cross-section. Bread Loaf is not the center of our lives; it's always here -- and it's gone.

Maybe we are a bit like Rip Van Winkle, disappearing into the mountains to return years later, very much changed. But the difference is that Rip ran away from home before the Revolution and came back after it was all over -- and he came back thoroughly confused. We have come to the mountain to clear our heads.

In our mountain-retreat we fell in love again with learning, and we fell in love again and again with our teachers' minds -- the best compliment we can give you. In this exotic place, we really got to turn our heads. I still remember my excitement when I first started teaching school, and how I anticipated having intellectual discussions at lunchtime every day. Instead, people dissected their students -- or their sandwiches. But here at Bread Loaf, every meal is likely to become a literary experiment. Just reading The Crumb is a linguistic adventure. And, as someone has pointed out, this is the only place in the world where all the waiters are smarter than you are.

We came up here to learn, ourselves, and to teach ourselves to teach others better. Unlike Rip, we have not been daydreaming or sleeping, but sharpening our pens to start the Revolution -- every September.

Before we go, we want to give Bread Loaf....
[one sentence on the gift]

And we want our long-suffering families, our patient families to understand. We do love Bread Loaf, but we know we cannot remain here. We are coming home now, grateful for your love and faith in us. We're better, we hope. Wiser, we hope.

All this coming and going, crossing and changing, brings us now to the inevitable Robert Frost quote. He said in any number of ways that "nothing gold can stay" and that we all have miles to go before we sleep. He also said, from a paradise of mountain birches, very much like Bread Loaf, something that seems to apply to all of us at this moment, somewhat altered, as we all are:

> We'd like to get away from home awhile
> And then come back to it and begin over.

1988

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

CATHY JANE BLACKBURN
•BENJAMIN LEE BOLTÉ
•EDWARD STANDISH BRADFORD III
•ROBERT LAVERY BROAD
LOUISE CAMPBELL BURNHAM
EMILY CHAMBERLAIN
•KARL PORTER CHRISTIANSEN
EILEEN MARIE CLARK
JOHN STEPHEN COBB
LOUIS M. COLASANTI
JOHN E. COUND
•STEPHANIE CRAVEDI
NANCY A. DILLON
MARGARET WETHERBEE DONNELLY
ANGELA DAWYN FERGUSON
REBECCA T. GODWIN
LYNNE ELISE HECKMAN
LINDA M. HENRY
•ANDREA DOMINIQUE HOHLWEIN
JOSEPH EUGENE HOLTERMANN
RAE NEWCOMB IVERSON
•JOHN PAUL KRPICAK
•MARGARET ELAINE LESTER
#JOHN CHARLES LONGWITH (in absentia)
•MARSHA ROBINSON LOOYSEN
JOAN BERGSMA MANLEY
•LESLEY BROOKS McDONNELL
CHARLES SPENCER MILLER
MEREDITH M. MORGAN
LAUREN S. MULLER
DENISE L. OSTROW
DANIEL M. PAUL
DAVID MARSHALL PERRY
HARRY A. PROUDFOOT
•JOHN PAUL RANAHAN
KENNETH A. REED
ELLEN EIFRIG RENNARD
•RONALD S. SOMERS
EDWARD HOWE STANSFIELD
•ROBERT A. STERN
MARY V. STEVENS
•TERRY ALLEN TIERNAN
KYM TIFFANY
JEFFREY R. TORTOMASI (in absentia)
JOANNE LOUISE TULONEN
DAVID BURNHAM WATERS

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

BRENDA ARMSTRONG
•DAVID RANDALL DOUGHERTY
•MARK GODFREY
NICHOLAS G. OTTEN
+•MARILYN WARREN TAYLOR
SUZANNE M. TAYLOR
•DENIS JOHN WADLEY
LUCY A. WOLLIN

•Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 6, 1988

#Degree conferred March, 1988

+Awarded posthumously

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

SIXTY-NINTH SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony

THE LITTLE THEATRE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1988

8:15 P.M.

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

PAUL M. CUBETA

Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

CAROL V. ELLIOTT

Lecturer and Guest Director
Program in Theater and Dance
Princeton University

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts
and
Master of Letters

OLIN ROBISON

President, Middlebury College

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists

Recessional

Commencement Address

Bread Loaf School of English, 1988

Carol Elliott

President Robison, Director Cubeta, my distinguished colleagues on the faculty, members of the extraordinary Class of 1988, fellow Bread Loafers, friends:

This is a terrifying experience. Actors, you know, commonly suffer from a nightmare in which they make a confident entrance onstage only to discover they are in the wrong play. It goes something like this:

* * * * *

The Commencement Speaker's Nightmare

A single spotlight appears on stage.

Speaker makes an entrance and slowly realizes she doesn't know where she is.

-Uh-oh. Where am I? Who am I? I don't know my lines.

She notices her academic gown and studies it carefully.

-And what am I doing in this costume? And could someone please tell me what the designer had in mind when she came up with a hat like this? I mean, if you didn't know, what shape head would you guess goes with a hat like this?....

Class President Nick Otten stands.

-This is Presidente Dominicos Theotocopoulos Juaquin Jesus Maria Alfredo Lujan Placido Domingo. You will give the Commencement address or be locked in room with Rod McKuen and Barry Manilow.

Several faculty members wearing red noses appear.

The Ghost of Commencement Past appears: This is the Ghost of Commencement Past. Turn it down.

The Speaker screams uncontrollably.

Spotlight out.

* * * * *

Despite this catharsis, the fact remains that tonight this stage is terra incognita. I usually stand here as an actress, not a speaker, although now I wish more than anything that I were naturally eloquent because there are powerful things which could be said tonight. This is one of life's moments. An important milestone has been reached by the graduates, something significant has been accomplished, family and friends are here to celebrate, another magical Bread Loaf summer is ending, and we, mysteriously transformed at some level, are all about to separate and return to our other worlds. And if we're lucky, when we get to the bottom of the Mountain, we will be like the character Betty at the end of Cloud Nine, capable of embracing that part of ourselves and lives we left behind. No question about it, life is strong in this theatre tonight. Can you feel it? It's almost palpable. I feel like my two year old daughter who, when she's overwhelmed with excitement and gets tongue tied says, "Oh, mom, I have so many words in my mouth but I can't get them out."

(I get out my bells and ring them.)

There, that's better. As many an actor would tell you, "That's a language I can understand: someone else's."

From the moment President Nick Otten asked me to speak to you this evening, I've felt like a character in search of a script. In my desperation I read past commencement speeches, hoping to find in those words, my words, but no such luck. What reading those speeches did make me realize, however, was that I was a member of an exclusive club, henceforth called the Double H Club: so called because we all share the Honor and the Horror of standing before you at this dias on this stage on a night like no

other. So although there was some comfort in their words--misery loves company--the truth is they were in fact a very small comfort - on par with the comfort we are asked to take from the knowledge that we all must die. Like so many things in life, I was going to have to find my own way out of the thicket.

Then I realized something which surprised me: Many of the Double H gang had become, over the years, my very close friends. I realized how much had changed in my life. After all, when I first came to Bread Loaf as a student in 1972, I idolized the faculty. They were great teachers and scholars from great universities who taught and gave memorable commencement speeches and they were wise. They knew much and I felt truly happy and honored to sit at their feet. What I admired most about them was their facility with words; they were comfortable in the world of words, and to me, words were everything. It's an easy mistake to make. Even now, I admire and envy anyone who can command language. Who can deny what a wondrous thing it is to hear a great teacher talk, gracefully illuminating ideas you feel but have no words for and a great class gives you the cozy sense that life is, after all, an intelligible experience. That there is a way out of the thicket.

And now that I have slipped onto the faculty and am privy to a new perspective on the lives of my colleagues and friends - can we talk? - I am still in awe of them, in some ways, more so. They do know so much. They love words even as they wrestle with them. And I still feel truly happy and honored to sit at their feet, but what I know now is that even the feet of great teachers and scholars can grow ripe inside a Reebok on a hot summer day. I feel a bit like Nina in Chekhov's <u>The Seagull</u> when she first meets famous people and is surprised to find that they "cry, fish, play cards,

laugh, and lose their tempers just like everybody else." The lesson is one I keep learning over and over: no one has a corner on the truth. We all share the same struggle. We all have smelly feet.

It's surprising to me how, after all these years at Bread Loaf, I still feel out of place in the world of words. I feel a kinship with old Sorin when he confesses in the final act of The Seagull: "When I was young, I wanted to speak well--and I spoke abominably. I mean---I mean to say--- I--er--- this and that. Sometimes I'd go on like that for hours, till I was in a regular sweat."

(I ring my bells.)

Nine nights ago I stood on this stage and discovered what it was to be and to act without words. In this summer's production of Red Noses I played the role of Sonnerie, a mute who communicates by ringing bells. (I ring my bells.) It was both frustrating and liberating to be wordless in a play brimming over with words, words, words. Like my fellow red noser, Frapper, I learned that "behind the words are other words inaudible, and behind those words, there is silence."

As an actor and a character I was reminded that language is not the only conduit for thought or feeling, that to be a mute among speakers is not to be incommunicado, that to be an actor among academics is to say I can ring bells, and that to be a silent woman among many men is to be both poetic and powerful. Playing this role also reinforced a basic acting principle: acting is energy embodied. That is why actors are essential to plays. Without actors, plays aren't plays - they are dramatic texts. In my acting class I talk alot about energy. It's one of those things that's hard

to describe, harder to teach, and harder still to do, but energy is what happens when acting works. If the actor is able to tap the spirit latent in a script and invest it with her own energy, the appropriate visceral and spiritual energy, something lives. As Miss Gertrude Stein said, "Something happens." A palpable current charges through the theatre - an immediate human energy enlivens the playwright's words. Energy is the actor's wordless yet audible idiom.

A student stopped me in the dining hall the other day. She said, "This summer I saw you play a dog and a mute on stage. Do you ever do speaking roles?" "Yes, I do," I replied. "In fact, they're among my favorites." One of my all time favorites was played on this stage nine nights plus nine summers ago: the role of Nina in Chekhov's The Seagull. In many ways I was very much like the character I was playing. Many of her words might also have been mine: "I enjoy acting. I revel in it. The stage intoxicates me. And when I'm on stage I feel I'm peerless." And yes, it's even possible that I might have thought these sentiments too: "For the happiness of being an actress I'd put up with the disapproval of my relatives and friends, endure poverty and disappointment, live in an attic, eat nothing but dry bread. I'd suffer agonies from realizing my own shortcomings..." (Obviously, Nina hadn't spent a summer in Vermont or her list of agonies might have included dealing with black flies.)

When we first meet Nina she is a very definition of naivete. Kostya, a tortured young writer, is passionately in love with her and he has written a play in which she is to be the solo performer. It is his first play; it is her acting debut, and her acting, as might be expected, is bad - she's young, inexperienced and untrained. Add to this the fact that she is going to perform this play in front of Kostya's mother, a famous actress and her

lover Trigorin, a famous writer. Add to that the fact that she is about to act in a play she doesn't like. She complains to Kostya right before the play begins, "Your play is too hard to act in. There are no living people in it and there's practically no action in your play. And I think a play should always have love in it." Any actor who judges a play harshly is an actor who is quite likely to fail in its performance. Like any creative act, acting must be borne of love.

I'd like to roughly recreate how I performed that young girl performing her speech. It's been nine years, remember, and even then it was a stretch for me to play a teenager, so please be kind. And it's meant to be funny - that's a hint.

"Man and eagle, lion and quail, deer, geese, spiders, the silent fish dwelling in the deep, starfish and tiny creatures invisible to the eye, these and every form of life, every form of life, every form of life, has ended its round of sorrow and become extinct. For thousands of centuries the earth has borne no living creature. In vain now does this poor moon light her lamp. No longer do the cranes wake and cry in the meadow; and in the linden groves the hum of beetles is no longer heard."

Poor Nina. She wants to act in a play about love and she is handed Kostya's abstract mournful vision of the apocalypse. She has no way of responding to it. Unlike most actors, however, Nina gets a second chance to speak Kostya's words. We hear her say those words again in the last scene of the play, when she is two years older. During those two years much happens to Nina. She runs away from home, is disowned by her family, has a love affair with Trigorin who leaves her, she has a baby, the baby dies. In other words, she lives, she sees the wedge of darkness. All the while she has been pursuing her acting career. We are told that her acting is bad, melodramatic, but that it shows some spark of talent.

Act IV. It is a dark and stormy night. One lamp is burning; the room is dimly lit. The wind howls in the chimney. Kostya, now a published writer, sits agonizing over his writing, convinced he has no talent. Suddenly Nina appears at the door, completely distraught, her life in pieces. The lovers have not spoken for two years. During the course of the scene, Kostya begs her to stay with him. She cannot because she must pursue her acting, and even more importantly, she doesn't love him. But she does yearn for their sweet innocent days together. Her parting words to him are

> "Remember how beautiful it used to be Kostya? Remember? Our feelings for each other were like sweet exquisite flowers. Remember? Man and lion, eagle and quail, deer, geese, spiders, the silent fish dwelling in the deep, starfish and tiny creatures invisible to the eye, these and every form of life, every form of life, every form of life has ended its round of sorrow and become extinct. For thousands of centuries the earth has borne no living creature. In vain now does this poor moon light her lamp. No longer do the cranes wake and cry in the meadow, and in the linden groves the hum of the beetle is no longer heard."

These are Nina's last words. After an impulsive embrace, she runs out into the night and onto her difficult life.

By allowing Nina to repeat these words, Chekhov dramatizes Nina's transformation in the most theatrical way possible. As in many Shakespearean plays, what happens in the play within the play illuminates the whole play. Within the context of a play, we, the audience, watch a character, an actress, perform a role better off stage than she previously performed it in character on stage. If Nina is a heroine, and perhaps the only one CHekhov created, it is because she has the capacity to recycle her experiences into her art and she has faith in her potential. Her naive words from Act I become prophetic: "I'd suffer agonies from knowing my own

shortcomings." And since Kostya destroyed his play and will soon destroy himself, the only vestige of his play lives on in Nina. How generous a playwright Chekhov himself must have been to conceive of entrusting the life of a script to an actor. In the most literal sense, the actor embodies the script. It's as if Chekhov is saying now that Nina has experienced life, she has earned the right to own those words.

Identifying as I do with Nina, I often wonder what happened to her. I like to think she came to Bread Loaf, married Alan Mokler, had a beautiful child named Joy, became an actress, wrote a case study of herself for Dixie's class, and one day delivered the Commencement Address. And if she's really lucky she'll meet someone named Paul Cubetavich who'll nurture An Acting Ensemble called the RSC: the Ripple and Spread Company.

Thank you, Paul, for nurturing the Ninas and the Kostyas of the world. And for recognizing that the printed word and actors' energies complement each other. Thank you for recognizing that all forms of human expression can be celebrated on one plot of green land beneath this brave o'erhanging firmament.

(I ring my bells.)

Dear graduates, thank you for this honor. As a fellow Bread Loafer who once sat where you sit now I know and appreciate this honor doubly. Thank you. I wish I could give each of you a lasting present to take home with you. If I could do such a thing, I would divide Nina's naivete into equal portions and give you a wee bit of it. That naivete might help you to remain curious about the world, and arm you against cynicism, which is after all nothing but a nasty form of egotism. I'd also give you a set of bells

to remind you that human expression takes many forms and then I might give you a red nose to wear now and then so you're reminded that we live in a Chekhovian world: people stumble along in life as best as they can, rarely paying attention at the right moment, making the same mistakes over and over again, forever colliding with their own lovable and appalling humanity.

We're forever learners and we never know anything for sure. Milan Kundera believes that the Earth is the Planet of Inexperience. He says, "Inexperience is a quality of the human condition. We are born one time only, we can never start a new life equipped with the experience we've gained from a previous one. We leave childhood without knowing what youth is, we marry without knowing what it is to be married, and even when we enter old age, we don't know what it is we're headed for: the old are innocent children of their old age."

Life's journey is a solitary one - we have to find our own way out of the thicket. But if we learn nothing else at Bread Loaf, we learn that we can share that struggle; friendship and love are profound. As teachers we all try to communicate what we think we know, and if we're lucky, what we communicate will give some comfort, some enlightenment, to someone who happens to be paying attention at just the right moment, and is ready to hear our message. Unless we share our energies, however, unless we ripple and spread, we'll be alone.

No one has a corner on the truth. We all share the same struggle. Everyone has smelly feet.

We need not be alone.

(I ring my bells.)

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

September 26, 1988

President Olin Robison
Old Chapel
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

Dear President Robison:

I am pleased to submit the Annual Report of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English for the sixty-ninth summer (June 28 - August 13) at the Bread Loaf School of English in Vermont and the eleventh summer (June 28 - August 8) at Lincoln College, Oxford, and the second for Bread Loaf in the nation's schools during the academic year.

The consequences of the $1,550,000 grant from Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity (1 January 1986 - 30 June 1991) to improve the writing proficiency of youngsters in grades 1-12 are now beginning to be realized. The $250,000 committed to the nation's schools during this academic year are only a small part of the larger design:

1. The Bingham Trustees have requested that Bread Loaf with its unique resources serve as the spoke of the wheel for coordinating their total writing grants of five-million dollars. Consequently representatives of Foxfire (Rabun Gap, Georgia), Teachers and Writers' Collaborative (New York City), and the Leslie College Writing Project (Massachusetts), met at Bread Loaf this summer to discuss ways in which our ventures could be reinforced to make a more significant national contribution to the improvement of writing in the nation's schools. Foxfire will pay the expenses for its teachers from Kentucky to come to Bread Loaf. It will also make grants of $500 or more available to all Bread Loaf rural teachers who wish to engage in classroom research during the school year. Teachers and Writers Collaborative will advertise Bread Loaf publications and share its knowledge for reaching school audiences across the country - its primary mission. The School will annually host at Bread Loaf these Bingham recipients.

Bread Loaf's Writing Projects, many of which I will visit this year, include the following - to mention only a few:

Boothbay Harbor, Maine - Writing to Learn. This project, which has involved elementary school teachers, grades 3 to 8, will culminate in December with a book Writing to Learn, edited by Nancie Atwell and published by Heinemann. In the next two

summers Ms. Atwell will establish summer workshops at Boothbay to train teachers from anywhere in the country in using children's' literature to enhance writing proficiency. At least 16 teachers and 405 students were involved in the first phase of the project. Undoubtedly more will be engaged in this new effort which will command a larger national outreach.

Kents Hill, Maine - Larry DeBlois is working with 12 teachers and 280 students in a consortium of four schools in the Kingfield area. Elementary and junior high students are writing for publication. It's already been shown here and elsewhere that when students write to unfamiliar audiences of peers, they take an increased interest in both their subject and the mechanics of expression, and the quality of their writing improves substantially.

Cook, Minnesota - Bill Durbin involves 208 students (7-12) in using BreadNet to establish writing exchanges with students in Wilsall, Montana, a small ranching community of 200, and New City, New York, a suburb of New York.

Bethel, Maine - The writing project in Bethel has already extended from K-12 and is unique in involving parents, teachers of all subjects, and school administrators in monthly writing sessions at the home of Will and Marguerite Graham. The Bethel News monthly has a page of student writings, made as its contribution to their community project.

Seneca Falls, New York - Cindy Myers has almost single-handedly reshaped her school's writing curriculum (K-12). Her project involved nine teachers and 620 students. Like the Grahams, Cindy has made frequent presentations on behalf of Bread Loaf including the annual meeting of the Rural Educational Association in Lake Placid and the National Council of Teachers of English in San Antonio.

Bath, Maine - Using laptop computers, Mary Chris Reese and David Ingmundson have demonstrated what high school students can do in taking control of a student publication - community interviews, cultural histories, personal narratives, etc. Their involvement in all aspects of the process of editing has made Kaleidoscope more than the usual student publication. Their work has been incorporated into a regular high school course "Getting Into Print."

Harwell Primary, Oxfordshire, U.K. - As our first international project, students of Bread Loaf teachers in Vermont and elsewhere will engage in writing exchanges with their peers at Harwell Primary, where Michael Armstrong, a member of the Bread Loaf faculty, is Headmaster.

In all of these projects teachers undertake classroom research, evaluate their data and seek professional modes of publication for themselves and their students. Many of their analyses will appear in the second edition (1989) of Reclaiming the Classroom, edited by Dixie Goswami, Coordinator of the Bread Loaf Program in Writing, and published by Boynton Cook/Heinemann.

2. Probably the most far-reaching impact of the Writing Grants Projects will be the consequences of our establishing the first rural computer network in elementary and secondary schools which is used entirely for the purposes of student writing. Two years ago it was a national network. Now we have established exchanges in Israel and Lima, Peru. BreadNet, the inspiration of William Wright, Technical Director of Computation for the Bread Loaf School of English, started with a grant from the Apple Education Foundation which brought 23 Apple IIe's to Middlebury College and led to the establishment of our Apple Cellar at Bread Loaf in 1984. Bill Wright with his Bingham collaborators in South Dakota, Montana, New Mexico, Connecticut, and New York, is writing a book on the effect of telecommunications on the teaching of writing. Its prospectus has already been favorably reviewed by Heinemann, the largest publishers of elementary and secondary school texts. Wright, who consults with AT&T, IBM, National Geographic, and other businesses, has testified on Capitol Hill at hearings of the National Committee on Educational Assessment. With his support, Bread Loaf received this summer 15 IBM PS/2s which we expect to be on permanent loan. With the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation paying for their financial aid at Bread Loaf, three teachers in North Carolina and Virginia are developing writing projects using IBM equipment. The North Carolina Department of Education is working with Bill Wright and these teachers in designing projects which can provide curriculum plans in writing for the entire state. I shall spend several days next month with these educational officers. As is frequently the case, there is an assumption among secondary school administrators that computers are strictly resources for computer, math and science classes. Bread Loaf is trying to disabuse these myopic educators, but it is not an easy task.

A new project this year will be the establishment of a Native American Network in which BreadNet will connect a variety of Native American communities in Alaska, Nevada, Washington, South Dakota, Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona with each other as well as with other schools on BreadNet. Although young Native Americans may enjoy sharing their writing and experiences with those of other tribes, it does them no service to limit their exchanges to talk with their peers throughout the country. In fact, that would seem almost to support their image as second class citizens. At the moment, Bread Loaf teachers work on reservations or communities inhabited by the following tribes: Skokomish, Tlingit, Tsimpshean, Haida, Navajo, Hopi, Apache, Sicangu, Oglala Sioux, Yu'pik, Athabascan, Crow, Shoshoni, Paiute, Quillente, Hoh, Makah, and Quinault. The Edward A. Hazen Foundation this past year provided the financial aid for these teachers to attend Bread Loaf. The School will ask for a grant

renewal once this project is in place. We also intend to seek federal funding while I'm in Washington during the current year for major program support in their schools.

Over 100 Bread Loaf students will be linked on BreadNet with Apple IIe's and compatible systems this year. We are funding computer writing projects in: Chattanooga, Tennessee; Wilsall, Montana; Kyle, South Dakota - a reservation of Oglala Sioux; New City, New York; Socorro, New Mexico; Greenwich Academy (Connecticut); Kearsarge, New Hampshire; the Atrium Elementary School in Cambridge, Massachusetts; Franklin County High School in Rocky Mount, Virginia; North Brunswick High School in Wilmington, North Carolina; and Shelby Senior High in Shelby, North Carolina. Projects include Voices Across the Wires, the only electronic magazine produced by students in this country. Twice a year one school is designated as having responsibility for receiving contributions, making editorial decisions, editing and producing the magazine. This year Bread Loaf established a telecommunications program called WORKSHOP, in which students on BreadNet put up their stories which were then critiqued by their colleagues across the country. Bread Loaf teachers also carried on their own dialogue so there were conversations going on among these isolated Bread Loaf teachers as well as among their students. Thanks to the underwriting of much of the telecommunication costs from UNISON, the expense of this activity has been minimal but the implications are far-reaching. UNISON will continue to make a grant in kind to BreadNet by offering free packet switching time from rural communities to major cities and other reduced access rates at off-hours for up- and down-loading.

3. Bread Loaf has made a major three-year commitment to the South Carolina Rural Writing Network ($275,000), in which Ike Coleman serves as Project Director. With luck, the hours that Charles Kuralt's team has spent taping aspects of this project both on the Bread Loaf campus and in Salem-Tamassee will result in a 10-20 minute segment on CBS Sunday Morning News soon. Schools in Laurens, Salem-Tamassee, Clemson, Easley, and Gilbert have been involved in writing projects including the publication of a Foxfire-like cultural history of Gilbert and student writing exchanges. First results of test scores show that this project is making a difference particularly with students who are judged at risk.

4. The Cross-Age Tutoring Project in South Carolina, with sites at Pawley's Island, Benedict, Branchville, Rock Hill, and Salem-Tamassee involves at-risk students in high school tutoring youngsters in elementary school in reading and writing. This project, which this year is under the leadership of Ken Alston, Head of the Department of Physical Sciences, Benedict College, is confirming Shirley Heath's discoveries that students who are involved in cross-age tutoring show a significant increase in state-mandated testing scores. The Spunk Foundation made a grant of $30,000 to supplement Bread Loaf's work this past year. Benedict College has entered into an agreement Bread Loaf providing $7,750 for Bread Loaf's $4,350 so that black Education majors at Benedict could become tutors for high school students.

5. One of the most noteworthy undertaking of the Writing Grants Project this past year has been the establishment of a new publication Bread Loaf and the Schools, made possible by the combined energies of Susan Walker in South Carolina and our incomparable Norma Rollet. Now that we have successfully produced three issues dealing with descriptions and analyses of many of our projects, we will establish a subscription list in an effort to make the publication essentially self-sustaining.

Two hundred and thirty-two teachers and at least six thousand students were involved in these writing projects, which engaged not just classrooms but whole schools and even entire communities, according to a poll we took last spring.

6. A year ago Middlebury College officially entered into a partnership with Phillips Andover Academy to support secondary school writing teachers in urban Massachusetts through summer workshops, modeled in the Bread Loaf manner. Middlebury received $3,000 for expenses for eight of these teachers during their visits to Bread Loaf classes. Andover has raised $169,000 for this project which next year will coordinate the efforts of secondary school teachers from disadvantaged urban communities in Massachusetts to improve the teaching of writing. They will attend a one-month summer workshop at Andover and visit Bread Loaf on occasion. This past summer one of those teachers became a regular Bread Loaf student, supported by a grant Bread Loaf received from the Polaroid Foundation.

7. In recent weeks, thanks to the energetic commitment of Hiroshi Miyaji and John Elder, Bread Loaf has entered into an alliance with the Shumei Gakuen junior high and high schools in Tokyo, established and endowed by Hiroshi Kawashima. Bread Loaf agrees to admit perhaps four or five Japanese teachers from his schools each summer as auditors. (The $12,000-15,000 in costs will be met by Mr. Kawashima.) The board of directors of the Shumei schools has already offered appointment to four Bread Loaf teachers. The program is underway with these Bread Loafers going to Saitama-ken this month on a salary of 300,000 yen ($2,500) a month, travel to and from and within Japan, and living accommodations. As a gesture of gratitude for Bread Loaf's commitment to the teaching of English, writing, and curricular development in his schools, Mr. Kawashima has endowed a chair in Oriental Studies at Middlebury for a million five hundred thousand dollars. Bread Loaf will seek other ways of encouraging tokens of support. I will, for example, propose that we connect those teachers to BreadNet.

8. Two years ago when Dr. Alberta Arthurs, Director of Arts and Humanities at the Rockefeller Foundation, advised me that the Rockefeller Foundation could not extend its support beyond the $300,000 it had given us from 1978 to 1986, she promised to include the School of English in two major projects then under consideration by the Foundation:

1. An effort to improve the writing skills of students in an entire state.

2. A writing and learning project focused on a major urban center.

Dr. Arthurs has been true to her commitment. With the support of Dixie Goswami, I committed Bread Loaf Writing Grant funds to South Carolina for a start-up program, the South Carolina Rural Writing Network. It then became a pilot project for the Rural Education Alliance for Collaborative Humanities. This project has now been funded for three years for $525,000 to support the teaching of writing and critical literacy in all forty-two rural counties of South Carolina. The Bread Loaf projects are considered as the master project for this program, which has also been supported by the South Carolina Council on the Arts, Clemson University, and the South Carolina Governor's Office. Bread Loaf teachers from South Carolina can apply for participating grants in this project. Three have already successfully done so for $15,000. With the conclusion of the Bread Loaf/South Carolina Rural Writing Network, our School projects will be incorporated into this larger state project to ensure a longevity not otherwise possible.

This past spring the Rockefeller Foundation gave the public school system of San Francisco $475,000 to support writing and learning over the next three years. Funding of $36,000 a year was incorporated into that project for San Francisco teachers to attend Bread Loaf in 1988 and 1989. Shirley Heath, a member of the Bread Loaf faculty, serves as primary consultant. This project pays all Bread Loaf expenses of tuition, board and room for six to eight teachers. The participants judged the first summer of our partnership to be such a success that most have applied for readmission. It was our intent that they would attend only one summer since all have Master's degrees. Their presence at Bread Loaf significantly increased the cultural range of our community since many teach youngsters who have just arrived from Southeast Asia or who belong to minorities not otherwise represented at Bread Loaf.

9. This past year the North Central Regional Educational Laboratory (NCREL), a consortium of seven northcentral states funded by the United States Education Department, established an alliance with the Bread Loaf School of English to create a network of secondary school teachers to support classroom writing research. The rural teachers, selected by Bread Loaf in the usual competition, have their tuition and travel paid by NCREL. They are supported during the coming school year by NCREL. NCREL will pay expenses for Dixie Goswami and me to attend a meeting of these teachers in Elmhurst, Illinois and to assist them in developing their projects. All are connected to BreadNet. NCREL funded $5,420 in financial aid for these teachers at Bread Loaf this summer and is holding over $10,000 for project support during the current year. The project will be renewed and probably expanded for the Bread Loaf summer 1989 and the ensuing academic year. Now I hope to use NCREL as a pilot program to

encourage the other seven Regional Educational Laboratories to create similar programs with Bread Loaf.

I provide far more detail than anyone needs to establish two points:

1. Bread Loaf's commitment to cities, states, and regions has become even in one year far more extensive than anything envisioned when the School made its commitment to its Writing Grants projects in 1986.

2. A new source of revenue has been found to provide financial aid for rural teachers at Bread Loaf now that our most loyal donors like Rockefeller and Lyndhurst have discontinued support. Funding from these various enterprises does now not always come to Bread Loaf as grants. The Comptrollers Office instead sends tuition bills to these project directors. But the consequences are the same: the pressures on the Bread Loaf financial aid budget are reduced, and Bread Loaf is drawing on a constituency more diverse than any that assembles at any other graduate school in English.

In addition to these new ventures in the teaching of writing, Bread Loaf has been fortunate in receiving last month $160,000 for one of eleven NEH Institutes for secondary school teachers next summer. Bread Loaf will select twenty rural teachers of theatre who will attend Bread Loaf, as degree candidates if they elect, with NEH, as usual, providing tuition, board and room, travel, books and $250 a week for expenses. Teachers will take two courses in theatre. This is the only Institute which NEH permitted to be both an integral part of a graduate school while maintaining its own identity. Teachers will be regular members of the Bread Loaf student body. There will be other Bread Loaf students in their classes. Any other strategy would have divided Institute from School. At least ten members of the Institute will be encouraged to invite to their rural communities during the subsequent school year members of the Acting Ensemble, the Director of the School of English, and members of their theatre faculty, as schedules permit, to participate in classroom theatre activities. They will be developing the model established at Bread Loaf, where members of the Acting Ensemble take an active part in more than half of all classes on the Mountain. This is an incredible opportunity for rural teachers, whose responsibility for theatre consists usually of putting on "the play" in the high school gym - an activity sponsored with as much enthusiasm as the publication of the senior class book. I've been advised that Bread Loaf may receive several hundred applications for the twenty positions.

The November annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English in St. Louis has been dedicated to James Britton, a United Kingdom pioneer in teaching the process of writing in the schools since 1950 and a member of the Bread Loaf faculty for nine summers. Bread Loafers will conduct four panels during the three-day meeting. Eight teachers and more

than fifty current Bread Loaf students are already registered as participants and attendees. This will probably be the largest meeting of Bread Loaf teachers ever held off the Mountain campus. The high visibility that Bread Loaf will receive in St. Louis should have some impact on the quality of our applicant pool and on the recognition that Bread Loaf is attempting to establish as an innovative force in secondary school education in the areas of writing, learning, and reading.

With all of Bread Loaf's new year-long adventuring, I should not in an Annual Report subordinate the summer activities of our campuses in Vermont and at Lincoln College. The Mountain campus enrolled 245 students, our capacity, and 78 went to Oxford. As Middlebury's largest graduate program, the School could enroll only five undergraduates in Vermont and six at Oxford. The School graduated its largest class - 54 candidates. Because more students than ever are returning as Master's candidates, the number of new students continues to run lower than the historic norm: 93 in Vermont and 11 at Oxford last summer. Competition for acceptance, therefore, remains keen with only one of about three qualified students admitted. The student body was drawn from 43 states and eight foreign countries. Thirty-six students came from the southeast, 67 students from west of the Mississippi to provide an ethnic and geographic mix richer than we have customarily achieved at Bread Loaf. Our students' homes literally span the continent from Presque Isle, Maine, to the mouth of the Yukon in Alaska, from the Bering Sea to Port St. Lucie, Florida, from the Montana/Canadian border to Mexico. The School could admit only one graduate student from the Universitat in Mainz. I regret that a number of candidates submitted by both Mainz and Nanterre were not acceptable because of their lack of distinguished credentials. I recognize the difficulty that this circumstance caused Ed Knox, and I hope that these programs can continue to be strong because their administrators will realize that Bread Loaf cannot accept candidates who do not meet its requirements.

Even though I could not devote as much time to fund raising for Bread Loaf as I would have liked, we were fortunate in receiving continuing grants from the following public and private foundations: Mary Reynolds Babcock now in its second year, International Paper Company (eight years), New York Times (five years), J. R. Barker. New sources of funding came from the Spunk Foundation for $30,000 in support of the cross-age writing project in South Carolina, the Edward Hazen Foundation for Native American teachers ($10,000) and the Polaroid Foundation ($7,760) to support teachers from impoverished communities in Massachusetts (the last grant achieved solely because of the generosity and support of Susan Veguez).

The following is the tabulation of gifts and grants received by the School, most of which are in response to my Tin Cup Letter to 2981 alumni and attendees.

	This Year Donors	As of 6/30/88	Last Year Donors	As of 6/30/87
Annual Giving	116	$ 6,642	189	$ 8,967
Expendable Grants				
Babcock, Barker, Bingham, General Mills, Hazen, Hunt, International Paper, New York Times, Polaroid, Spunk	12	129,905	12	141,050
Endowments				
John M. Kirk, Jr. Memorial Scholarship	2	5,000	2	5,000
Robert Frost Chair of Literature	8	2,785	12	523
Charles J. Orr Memorial Scholarship	71	2,845	134	10,307
George Anderson Book Fund	39	3,004	44	2,072
Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture	14	508	18	583
Reginald & Juanita Cook Scholarship	34	1,981	36	1,270
Wylie & Lucy Sypher Scholarship	221	15,119	44	1,927
Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholarship	52	4,013	64	4,005
Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship	4	525	3	600
John M. Kirk, Jr., Chair of Medieval Literature	2	2,000	3	4,114
The Frank & Eleanor Griffiths Chair in Literature	1	2,000	--	--
Anthony Penale Fund	2	704	1	100
Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity	1	51,667	1	30,000
Raymond Waldron Scholarship	--	--	1	1,000
Margaret Grant Fielders Endowed Scholarship	1	4,000	1	2,000
Bread Loaf School of English Endowment Fund	6	3,410	--	--
	458	$ 99,559	362	$ 58,501
TOTALS	586	$236,106	584	$235,377

As of June 30, 1988, the book value of the Endowment of the Bread Loaf School of English is as follows:

	Principal
Frost Chair	$ 16,456
Griffiths Chair	79,749
Kirk Chair	156,366
Anderson Book Fund	40,943
Drew Lectureship	11,503
Kirk Scholarship	75,511
Cook Scholarship	75,260
Sypher Scholarship	54,816
Holland Scholarship	72,338
Downey Scholarship	9,001
Waldron Scholarship	12,017
Shaughnessy Scholarship	5,267
Decker Scholarship	15,887
The Penale Fund	30,429
Orr Scholarship	33,256
Mr. Bingham's Trust	154,068
Fielders Scholarship	6,049
Bread Loaf Endowment	3,410
	$852,326

Middlebury can, I believe, be proud of the support it receives from its constituency each year. Nearly 29% of all our alumni/alumnae and 15% of our attendees on our mailing list made a contribution last year along with 15% of Bread Loaf friends. These 604 donors again created a record for any graduate school offering a Master's degree in English.

In addition, Bread Loaf received a discretionary grant of two Apple printers and had on loan from IBM 15 IBM PC's for use at Bread Loaf and six in our schools in North Carolina.

Although the Program in Writing continues to place a substantial burden on our financial aid resources, we've been fortunate this past year in having our students apply for local funding - another indirect support of the financial aid budget.

a. Twenty-five new teachers this year received $1,880 in tuition scholarships.

b. This summer Bread Loaf met from outside sources $54,880 or 41% of the $135,000 expended on financial aid in Vermont excluding scholarship endowment income.

c. One hundred thirty-seven students or 56% of the enrollment received average grants of $986 on fees of $2,785. This amounted to 65% of need.

d. Forty-seven of 78 students or 60% were awarded $62,450 or 43% of total need to study at Oxford.

With the deteriorating dollar and the increased cost of travel and books, significant financial aid must be provided so that Bread Loafers can study at Oxford, particularly those who are in the degree program. Oxford has successfully overcome its earlier image as a program only for students teaching at private schools which subsidized their tuition. The College can be proud of the fact that this summer, for example, more minorities (eight blacks, two Native Americans) studied both in Vermont and at Oxford than ever before. Twenty-four teachers of significant populations of Native Americans studied at Bread Loaf and, of course, many teach in schools with significantly black populations. For the first time we also could reach out to other minorities through our delegation from San Francisco.

Despite the heat, intense even by Bread Loaf standards, the summer seemed to be an especially productive one. Only one student, a Harvard undergraduate, failed out of 323. An unusually large number of the faculty have accepted appointment for next summer, and the number of students who has reapplied suggests that for the next few years entering classes will be small and highly competitive.

I was privileged not only to spend two weeks at Lincoln College, but also to conduct my first Commencement there since 1983. This year's program, despite economic pressures, was only a few short of capacity enrollment. It was ably directed by John V. Fleming, Professor of English and Comparative Literature and former Chairman at Princeton, and a frequent member of the faculty of Bread Loaf since 1982. Because Oxford now offers courses in writing, literature and theatre, it replicates, but in the Oxford tradition of seminars and tutorials, the intellectual experience of Bread Loaf in Vermont - except for the fact that Davison Library is not to be considered a match for the Bodleian, three minutes from Lincoln. Seventy-two graduate students and six Middlebury undergraduates participated in fifteen courses, attended at least eight Shakespearean and Renaissance plays and heard four visiting lecturers. The seminar on Shakespeare, "On the Page and On the Stage" had an opportunity at Stratford to meet with actors, directors and designers. The Wordsworth seminar spent four days in the Lake Country with Stephen Gill, their instructor and a member of the Wordsworth Trust. All but one member of the faculty accepted reappointment upon invitation. At the Oxford Commencement 18 students, a record number, received their Master of Arts or Master of Letters degree. It was the first in which the new Rector, Sir Maurice Shock, delivered the welcome. More than two dozen parents, spouses and friends flew to Oxford to attend Commencement - a tribute to

the significance of that celebration and one I was proud to have participated in.

I am grateful for the support and opportunity which few members of the Middlebury faculty have been privileged to receive in carrying out so wide a range of responsibilities which now directly affect during the academic year hundreds of schools and many thousand students. With Washington, D.C. as a part-time base, I hope during the coming year to have the opportunity to make Bread Loaf's imprint upon these schools an indelible one.

Respectfully submitted,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

cc: Provost Peterson
Treasurer Ginevan
Vice President Leeds
Dean McCardell
Associate Provost O'Brien
Dean Emerson
Ms. Veguez
Mr. Goswami

APPENDIX A

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Balance Sheet for 1988 Programs
and
Academic Year 1988-89

INCOME		EXPENSES	
Student tuitions (VT)*	$460,600	Salaries (VT)	$219,500
Student Comprehensive Fee (OX)	210,600	Salaries (OX)	46,200
Gifts to Endowment to 6/30/88	99,559	Financial Aid (VT)*	135,050
Gifts to Annual Giving to 6/30/88	6,642	Financial Aid (OX)	62,450
Expendable Grants to 6/30/88	129,905	Program (VT)**	65,750
Income on Endowment to 6/30/88	36,691	Program (OX)**	196,475
	$943,997		$725,425

Excess of income over expenditures of $218,572

*Board and room encluded from income/expenditures

**1988-89 fiscal year approved budget

BREAD LOAF

I will arrive by bus at the Middlebury Bus Station ☐

I will arrive by private car at Bread Loaf ☐

at..... on.....
hour of day day of week and month

Name.....

In order to facilitate transportation arrangements, please return this card before..... .

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753

Nu Way Linen Port Henry, New York

BREADLOAF

Name _____
Last First

Address _____
Street

_____
City State Zip

6 week session $38.00

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1987-88

1988

DIRECTOR'S BOOK

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Introduction and Basic Information

Basic Information Sheet
Address List
1988 Schedule of Classes
Program for the 1988 Summer

Letters to the Faculty

Reserve Books
IWRP - Students/Professors
M.Litt. Exam Letter
Dear Bread Loafer and Attachments
Rental of Regalia
Memo to Theatre Staff
Assistant to the Director's Letter to the Faculty
Letter regarding grades with attachments
Memo regarding Auditors
Memo regarding Theatre Program
Memo regarding Mid-session
Memo regarding Exams
Memo regarding Faculty Guests
Information for Faculty on Copyright Compliance

Letters to the Students

Dear Bread Loafer Letter (including Off-campus)
Medical Forms
Insurance Letter
New York Times Subscription
Linen Service Letter
Arrival Card
Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends Letter
Croutons
Dear Bread Loaf Waiter/Waitress (including instructions)
Green Ribbon Greeter Letter
1988 Green Ribbon Greeters
Semi-Complete Guide to Food, Fun, Frivolity, Frugality, Etc.
Dear New Bread Loafer Letter regarding Grades
Statement of Family Educational Rights
Waiver Statement
Memo regarding Theatre Program
Memo regarding Senior Meeting
Memo regarding Fire Precautions
Memo regarding Classroom Research Support Grants
Memo regarding Oxford Meeting
1988 Students who have attended Oxford
Memo regarding Minority Students
Memo regarding Native Americans
1988 Bread Loaf Teachers of Native Americans

Evaluation - Off-campus Housing
1988 Off-campus Bread Loafers
Evaluation - Bread Loaf Assessment
Evaluation - Program in Writing

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Scholarship/Financial Aid Reports
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Undergraduates
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Independent Projects
M.A. Candidates
M.Litt. Candidates
Prospective Degree Candidates for 1989
Program in Writing Students - 1988
Program in Writing Students, by years (1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc.)
Program in Writing Students - Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation
Program in Writing Students - Hazen Foundation
Program in Writing Students - International Paper
Program in Writing Students - New York Times Company Foundation
Program in Writing Students - Polaroid Foundation

Exams

Declined to Waive Rights
Memo regarding Proctoring Exams
No Exam Given List
Exam Schedule - 1988
Exams

Commencement

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Class President's Remarks - Commencement Dinner Talk
Procedures for Commencement
Commencement Program
Commencement Address

Annual Report of the Director

Tin Cup Letter

The Crumb

The YEAST

OXFORD

Correspondence

- Address List
- Dear Bread Loafer Soon to be at Oxford (February)
- Dear Bread Loafer at Lincoln College (May)
- Medical Information
- Insurance Sheet
- Information Sheet
- Maps of Lincoln College
- Bus Schedules
- Letter regarding Green Ribbon Greeters
- Museum Road Letter
- Evaluation - Oxford
- Evaluation - Program in Writing
- Letter regarding M.Litt.

Statistics

- First year students
- Scholarship/Financial aid report
- Named Scholarships
- General Statistics
- Enrollment Figures
- Faculty Load
- Course Enrollment
- Continuing Education
- Undergraduates
- Independent Winter Reading Project
- M.Litt. - Areas of Concentration

Commencement

- Program

Paniculum

INTRODUCTION AND BASIC INFORMATION

Deductions Worksheet

NOTE: Use this Worksheet only if you plan to itemize or claim other deductions.

1. Enter an estimate of your 1987 itemized deductions. These include: home mortgage interest, 65% of personal interest, charitable contributions, state and local taxes (but not sales taxes), medical expenses in excess of 7.5% of your income, and miscellaneous deductions (most miscellaneous deductions are now deductible only in excess of 2% of your income) . . . 1 $ _____
2. Enter: { $3,760 if married filing jointly or qualifying widow(er) / $2,540 if single or head of household / $1,880 if married filing separately } . . . 2 $ _____
3. **Subtract** line 2 from line 1. Enter the result, but not less than zero . . . 3 $ _____
4. Enter an estimate of your 1987 adjustments to income. These include alimony paid and deductible IRA contributions . . . 4 $ _____
5. **Add** lines 3 and 4 and enter the total . . . 5 $ _____
6. Enter an estimate of your 1987 nonwage income (such as dividends or interest income) . . . 6 $ _____
7. **Subtract** line 6 from line 5. Enter the result, but not less than zero . . . 7 $ _____
8. **Divide** the amount on line 7 by $2,000 and enter the result here. Drop any fraction . . . 8 _____
9. Enter the number from Form W-4A Worksheet, line G, on page 1 . . . 9 _____
10. **Add** lines 8 and 9 and enter the total here. If you plan to use the Two-Earner/Two-Job Worksheet, also enter the total on line 1, below. Otherwise **stop here** and enter this total on Form W-4A, line 4 on page 1 . . . 10

Two-Earner/Two-Job Worksheet

NOTE: Use this Worksheet only if the instructions at line G on page 1 direct you here.

1. Enter the number from line G on page 1 (or from line 10 above if you used the Deductions Worksheet) . . . 1 _____
2. Enter "1" if you are married filing a joint return and earnings from the lower paying jobs held by you or your spouse exceed $3,000. Otherwise enter "0" . . . 2 _____
3. **Subtract** line 2 from line 1 and enter the result here. If you entered "1" on line 2 and combined earnings from all jobs are less than $40,000, enter the result on Form W-4A, line 4, page 1, and **do not** use the rest of this worksheet. Otherwise, continue . . . 3 _____
4. Find the number in **Table 1** below that applies to the **LOWEST** paying job and enter it here . . . 4 _____
5. If line 3 is **GREATER THAN OR EQUAL TO** line 4, **subtract** line 4 from line 3. Enter the result here (if zero, enter "0") and on Form W-4A, line 4, page 1. **Do not** use the rest of this worksheet . . . 5 _____
6. If line 3 is **LESS THAN** line 4, enter "0" on Form W-4A, line 4, page 1, and enter the number from line 4 of this worksheet . . . 6 _____
7. Enter the number from line 3 of this worksheet . . . 7 _____
8. **Subtract** line 7 from line 6. . . . 8 _____
9. Find the amount in **Table 2** below that applies to the **HIGHEST** paying job and enter it here . . . 9 $ _____
10. **Multiply** line 9 by line 8 and enter the result here . . . 10 $ _____
11. **Divide** line 10 by the number of pay periods each year. (For example, divide by 26 if you are paid every other week.) Enter the result here and on Form W-4A, line 5, page 1 . . . 11 $

Table 1: Two-Earner/Two-Job Worksheet

Married Filing Jointly		All Others	
If wages from **LOWEST** paying job are—	Enter on line 4, above	If wages from **LOWEST** paying job are—	Enter on line 4, above
0 - $6,000	0	0 - $4,000	0
6,001 - 10,000	1	4,001 - 7,000	1
10,001 - 13,000	2	7,001 - 11,000	2
13,001 - 16,000	3	11,001 - 14,000	3
16,001 - 20,000	4	14,001 - 17,000	4
20,001 - 23,000	5	17,001 - 23,000	5
23,001 - 26,000	6	23,001 - 30,000	6
26,001 - 29,000	7	30,001 and over	7
29,001 - 35,000	8		
35,001 - 50,000	9		
50,001 and over	10		

Table 2: Two-Earner/Two-Job Worksheet

Married Filing Jointly		All Others	
If wages from **HIGHEST** paying job are—	Enter on line 9, above	If wages from **HIGHEST** paying job are—	Enter on line 9, above
0 - $30,000	$300	0 - $17,000	$300
30,001 - 47,000	500	17,001 - 28,000	500
47,001 and over	700	28,001 and over	700

Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice.—We ask for this information to carry out the Internal Revenue laws of the United States. We may give the information to the Department of Justice for civil or criminal litigation and to cities, states, and the District of Columbia for use in administering their tax laws. You are required to give this information to your employer.

☆U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1987-183-373 E.I. 43-0787287

1987 Form W-4A

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service

What is Form W-4A? This form is an easier way to figure your withholding than the 4-page 1987 Form W-4. If you have already given your employer a Form W-4 this year, **do not** file a new Form W-4A unless you wish to change your withholding.

Caution: Form W-4A may cause more or less tax to be withheld from your wages than you wish because it adjusts your withholding only for pay you receive after it takes effect. If not enough tax was withheld earlier in the year, you can increase your withholding by reducing the allowances claimed on line 4 of the form or by requesting that more money be withheld on line 5 of the form.

Exemption From Withholding—Important Change in Law. If you are a dependent of another person (for example, a student who can still be claimed on your parents' return), you are not exempt if you have any nonwage income (such as interest on savings) **and** expect your total income to be more than $500.

What Do I Need To Do? Exempt employees can skip the Worksheet and go directly to line 6 of Form W-4A. All others must complete lines A through G. Many employees can stop at line G of the Worksheet.

Nonwage Income? If you have a large amount of income from other sources (such as interest or dividends), you should consider either using the 1987 Form W-4 or making estimated tax payments using Form 1040-ES. Call 1-800-424-3676 (in Hawaii and Alaska, check your local telephone directory) for copies of the 1987 Form W-4 and **Publication 919**, "Is My Withholding Correct?"

When Should I File? File as soon as possible to avoid underwithholding problems. If you do not file by October 1, 1987, your allowances may be adjusted to "1" if single or "2" if married and your take home pay may be reduced.

Two-Earner Couples? More Than One Job? To figure the number of allowances you may claim, combine allowances and wages from all jobs on one worksheet. File a Form W-4A with each employer, but do not claim the same allowances more than once. Your withholding will usually be more accurate if you claim all allowances on the highest paying job.

W-4A Worksheet To Figure Your Withholding Allowances

A Enter "1" for **yourself** if no one else can claim you as a dependent . . . . . **A** _____

B Enter "1" if:
1. You are single and have only one job; or
2. You are married, have only one job, and your spouse does not work; or
3. Your wages from a second job or your spouse's wages (or the total of both) are $2,500 or less.

. . . . . **B** _____

C Enter "1" for your **spouse** if no one else claims your spouse as a dependent . . . . . **C** _____

D Enter number of **dependents** other than your spouse that you will claim on your return . . . . . **D** _____

E Enter "1" if you want to reduce your withholding because you or your spouse is at least **age 65 or blind** and you do not plan to itemize deductions . . . . . **E** _____

F Enter "1" if you want to reduce your withholding because you have at least $1,500 of **child or dependent care expenses** for which you plan to claim a credit . . . . . **F** _____

G Add lines A through F and enter total here . . . . . ▶ **G** _____

- If you plan to **itemize or claim other deductions** and wish to reduce your withholding, turn to the Deductions Worksheet on the back.
- If you have **more than one job or a working spouse** AND your combined earnings from all jobs exceed $25,000, or $15,000 if you are married filing a joint return, turn to the Two-Earner/Two-Job Worksheet on the back if you want to avoid having too little tax withheld.
- If **neither** of the above situations applies to you, **stop here** and enter the number from line G on line 4 of Form W-4A below.

---------- **Cut here and give the certificate to your employer. Keep the top portion for your records.** ----------

Form **W-4A**
Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service

Employee's Withholding Allowance Certificate

▶ **For Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice, see reverse.**

OMB No. 1545-0010
1987

1 Type or print your full name

2 Your social security number

Home address (number and street or rural route)

City or town, state, and ZIP code

3 Marital Status
☐ Single ☐ Married
☐ Married, but withhold at higher Single rate
Note: *If married, but legally separated, or spouse is a nonresident alien, check the Single box.*

4 Total number of allowances you are claiming (from line G above, or from the Worksheets on back if they apply) . . . **4**

5 Additional amount, if any, you want deducted from each pay . . . . . **5** $

6 I claim exemption from withholding because (check boxes below that apply):

a ☐ Last year I did not owe any Federal income tax and had a right to a full refund of **ALL** income tax withheld, **AND**

b ☐ This year I do not expect to owe any Federal income tax and expect to have a right to a full refund of **ALL** income tax withheld. If both **a** and **b** apply, enter the year effective and "EXEMPT" here . . . . ▶ Year 19

c Are you a full-time student? . . . . . ☐ **Yes** ☐ **No**

Under penalties of perjury, I certify that I am entitled to the number of withholding allowances claimed on this certificate or, if claiming exemption from withholding, that I am entitled to claim the exempt status.

Employee's signature ▶ **Date** ▶ , 1987

7 Employer's name and address **(Employer: Complete 7, 8, and 9 only if sending to IRS)**

8 Office code

9 Employer identification number

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1988

Dear Colleague:

Since the rental costs of academic regalia for Commencement Night have become so exorbitant, may I please ask you to bring your cap, gown, and hood, if you own them.

Yours,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

Summer '88 Health Form, Short Version*

CONFIDENTIAL

Name (please print) _____
Last First

Summer Program_____

Social Security Number_____

*For any Middlebury College undergraduates and any students who attended a Middlebury College summer program in 1986 or 1987 and who have a Health Form on file at the Parton Health Center: You may complete and return this form in lieu of the two-page white Health Form.

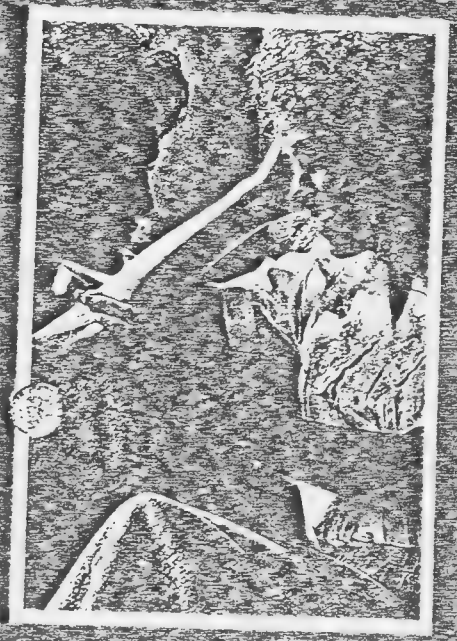
☐ No changes in my health condition since summer 1987.

☐ Health changes which would not yet be recorded at Parton Health Center. (Please list specific diagnosis, medication or other treatment regimen, name and address of caregiver, and any other details which would help us care for you.)

_____ _____
Signature Date

Please return this form to:

George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753



Making SEX Safer

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Health Services

June 1, 1988

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Bread Loaf School of English

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a 47% increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics indicate that roughly 1 in 200 Americans have been infected by the virus (HIV) which causes AIDS and are potential carriers. Most of these people do not know they are carriers. Information publicly available suggests, at least statistically, that there are probably AIDS carriers among us. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Bread Loaf.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we inform you of the policy guidelines at Middlebury College.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning students with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has establised a committee of four people whose responsibility it is to do this. For the 1988 summer session these individuals are:

1. Jane Lorentzen, R.N., Bread Loaf Nurse, Cornwall Infirmary
2. Laurie Brown, M.S.N., C.R.N.P., Nurse Practitioner
3. Ruth K. Grant, M.D., College Physician, Parton Health Center
4. Gary Margolis, Ph.D., Director of Counseling and Human Relations

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an AIDS-related condition should consult with either the college Health Center or their own physician, AND with one of the individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

AIDS...

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW

Concerning SEXUAL HARASSMENT

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
CARR HALL
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

[illegible] Program _____

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

Name _____
LAST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

_____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
[illegible]quent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
[illegible]zziness or fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
[illegible]ussion					Kidney Stone				
[illegible]evere head injury					Albumin or blood in urine				
[illegible]ead or neck X rays or [illegible]iation treatments					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
[illegible]ncers [illegible]arette Smoking					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
[illegible]earing loss					Shoulder dislocation				
[illegible]ear, nose & throat trouble					Knee problems				
[illegible] trouble other than need for [illegible]lasses					Recurrent back pain				
					Excessive alcohol or drug use				
[illegible]igh blood pressure					Neck injury				
[illegible]heumatic fever					Back injury				
[illegible]eart Trouble					Broken bones				
[illegible] or pressure in chest					Swollen or painful joints				
[illegible]hortness of breath [illegible]ystic breasts					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitus				
[illegible]ain					Paralysis				
[illegible]emonia					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
[illegible]ronic cough					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
[illegible]ulosis or Positive TB test					Thyroid trouble				
[illegible] or cancer					Serious skin disease				
[illegible]evere or recurrent abdominal [illegible]					Pilonidal cyst				
					Obesity				
[illegible]ernia					Mononucleosis				
[illegible]lcer (duodenal or stomach)					Anemia				
Intestinal trouble					Immune Deficiency Syndrome				
Self induced vomiting					HTLV III Assoc Disorder				
Frequent vomiting					Malaria				
[illegible]ladder trouble or [illegible]					Serious depression				
					Learning disability				

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

June 1, 1988

Health Services

Dear Student,

We are pleased to welcome you to the 1988 session of the Bread Loaf School of English. Please help us to anticipate and meet your health needs by completing one of the enclosed confidential Health Forms and returning it to: Parton Health Center, Carr Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753. A physician's or psychotherapist's statement outlining the details of any chronic condition or ongoing health and/or psychological problems will assist us in providing optimal care. Our Health Center handles most primary health care needs, but the College cannot guarantee that all health care needs will be met on the Mountain or in Middlebury.

The summer program is an intensive one and can be stress-producing. If you have had or are now experiencing stress-related physical or emotional symptoms, e.g. head/stomach aches, sleeping problems or depression, please consult your health care provider before arriving on campus. We encourage you to utilize College health services this summer if you experience any stress-related problems.

We ask that you bring along an adequate supply of prescription medications as Vermont pharmacies have strict regulations for filling out-of-state prescriptions. If you have or anticipate special health needs, please contact the Health Center after June 10, telephone 802-388-3711, x5135.

We hope your experience this summer will be satisfying and rewarding. Please be sure to let us know if we can be of further help.

Sincerely,

Gary Margolis

Gary F. Margolis, Ph.D.
Director of Counseling
Services

Nancy Cutting

Nancy Cutting, Head Nurse
Administrative Director
Parton Health Center

Enclosure

you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Tilden House, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it can be difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945.

If you have software disks that will be interesting to use during demonstration sessions on an Apple IIe or IBM PC 25S microcomputer, please bring them.

Be sure to have had an easy, cool trip. Please don't push yourself so hard that you're bushed before you arrive. Summer travel is slow in the Northeast; I suppose because most people aren't trying to get to Bread Loaf.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

P.S. If you find at the last moment that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer, would you please call the Bread Loaf office collect at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418. We have a waiting list of great candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to be a Bread Loafer this summer if we have room.

made) and take care of other administrative details. I'd like to welcome you, too; I've been waiting long enough.

Lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 28, will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 28, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on Monday, June 27, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Monday, June 27.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40 to 50) and warm (75 to 90 F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. If you do not elect to use Nu-Way Linens for linen rental, you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), TV's, and stereos are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be a fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Leo Hotte, our Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by typewriters or insured word processors.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased by returning the enclosed form for those who believe that something might happen in the real world. A TV set will be brought on campus for viewing, should any event make the world impossible for your re-entry in August. We have done so twice in twenty years.

For your convenience bring traveler's checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until August 5, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding $20 - an inconvenience which is not in my control. And after that, no honor and no cashed checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash $50 personal and traveler's checks throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in dormitories or in school buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus. You may bring your plants.

The Inn Managers ask me to advise you that guests are not to be invited for overnight visits in student rooms. There are no guest rooms available on campus.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 12. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be sent back to the real world when you leave the Mountain. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1988

Dear Bread Loafer:

This letter is a happy harbinger for returning Bread Loafers, and one which I hope will be helpful to you who are about to enjoy your first summer on the Mountain. We again have a standing-room-only enrollment, and with luck we'll be ready - I think.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College, is payable upon receipt and should have been paid by June 1. This date does not apply for those admitted recently. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf office.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station (Rt. 7 South) in Middlebury on June 28. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany and New York City. Do not get off at the College because English is not spoken there in the summer. Buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 5:00 P.M. They leave the airport at 11:05 A.M. and 2:00 and 4:30 P.M.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Delta Connector (Business Express), Eastern, and Piedmont have flights from Boston to Burlington. USAir, and Eastern (LaGuardia Airport) and Piedmont (LaGuardia and Kennedy Airports) have service from New York, and other connections in the East. Continental and Piedmont fly in from Newark, USAir from Pittsburgh and United from Chicago and points west. Connections from Burlington to Middlebury can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for $40 or so right to Bread Loaf.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers. Then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Hugh Coyle. The next stop is the Blue Parlor, where you will be welcomed by Elaine Hall and Betsy Seidel of the Bread Loaf Office, John Palmeri, the Comptroller of Middlebury College, and Jane Lorentzen, Bread Loaf's Nurse. You may obtain your ID card here (as receipt for full payment

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1988

Dear

As the final requirement for earning the Master of Letters degree at Bread Loaf, a student must undertake a three-hour written and a one-hour oral exam in the area of his or her concentration. I am requesting that you serve as one of the two members of the M. Litt. examination board for

The exams will be held in early August, and there will be ample time for us to discuss arrangements at Bread Loaf. I just did not want to spring any surprises on you once the summer got under way. I hope that this task will not be a burdensome one for you.

I will be sending you reading list. Early in the summer, and you can meet with to discuss preliminary statements so that by the time of the exam, you will have a better sense of what its dimensions are.

The purpose of these exams is to draw together authors, works, themes, genres, etc., which a student has been thinking about in the selected field of concentration. The exams are not meant to be all-inclusive in coverage, but they should give the candidate a chance to discuss in writing and in conversation his or her work for this degree.

The student is expected to be prepared in depth to write on those works which may be used for exploration during the oral exam.

The exam as a whole must be passed as a degree requirement. It is graded simply Pass/Fail. Pass is the equivalent of a grade of B-.

I would very much appreciate your assistance in undertaking this additional academic chore.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/jad

cc: Doug Woodsum

July, 1988

TO: Bread Loaf Students

FROM: Paul Cubeta

RE: Independent Winter Reading Program

Students interested in undertaking an Independent Winter Reading Project should first read page 32 of the current (1988) Bulletin.

The project is not a guided winter reading program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. In order to assure that your project is a responsible one and that you have received some guidance in shaping a thesis, selecting manageable primary texts and sampling major secondary sources, you should consult your instructor in the course from which your project will emerge. If you have taken a course in a prior year and received an A- or higher from an instructor not now on the faculty, you should consult with a faculty member currently teaching in that area.

Before arranging an appointment with a faculty member, prepare a written statement of your proposed subject and a list of the primary texts and secondary sources you intend to explore. Your instructor will assist you in focusing your subject or suggesting additional or alternative readings, but you should not expect him or her to devise the project for you.

When you and your instructor have reached agreement on the proposed topic, please ask him or her to sign the proposal, then turn it in to the Secretary's Office. Please complete these arrangements by the last day of classes, August 10. This procedure simply verifies that the faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in a 25-30 page essay. It does not mean that the instructor will provide any further advice during the subsequent academic year or accepts any responsibility for reading it the following summer.

In October I will review your proposal after your grade in the course and your faculty's comments have been recorded. Final approval is given only if your grade is high enough (A- or better) to suggest that you can undertake the project on your own with every expectation of fine success.

You should not solicit further guidance from any faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I will, of course, be glad to discuss any problems that arise as you begin writing, especially if your thesis changes direction or moves to a more precise focus after you have completed your reading.

You should submit to the Bread Loaf office by April 1, 1989, a two-page summary of your thesis, if not a rough draft, as well as an outline of it and a statement of changes in your proposed reading list. I will send the precís to a member of the 1989 faculty who will probably be one of your readers. We shall assume that you have had to abandon your project if we have not heard from you by April 1.

On Registration Day next summer you should submit two copies of your completed project. It will be read by two members of the faculty, and you will be given an oral examination if the essay achieves a grade of B- or better.

Successful completion of the program is evaluated as a regular Bread Loaf course. A tuition fee of $275 is charged only upon submission of the essay.

PMC/hsc

In April the student will submit a two-page summary of the thesis, if not a rough draft, as well as an outline of it and a statement of changes in the reading list. I shall send the precis to a member of the 1989 faculty who is probably to be one of the readers. Failure to submit a summary is usually taken to mean that the project has been abandoned or postponed.

The student should not solicit further guidance from the faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I urge faculty who receive inquiries in the winter to forward them to me for a response, since, of necessity, I am the advisor for all Bread Loaf students between sessions.

PMC/jad

June 1988

TO: Faculty

FROM: Paul M. Cubeta Paul

RE: Independent Winter Reading Program

I'd like to define the role of faculty advising on Independent Winter Reading Programs. This project is not a guided winter reading program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. In order to be assured that the student's project is a responsible one and that the student has been given some guidance in shaping a thesis, selecting manageable primary texts, and sampling major secondary sources, I ask students contemplating an Independent Project to consult with their instructor and to submit a brief statement of theme and text for your review and signature. This procedure simply verifies that the Bread Loaf faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in a 25-30 page essay. The instructor may be asked to review an outline or progress report in early April but will provide no further advice during the academic year.

Although the projects are a valid way to receive a unit of credit - better often than dubious evening extension courses - they falter because they are not carefully set up with a clear subject that can over the winter be refined into a manageable essay with a defensible thesis or because students who achieve an A in a course still do not have the experience or independence of mind to move forward with the proposed project. Students who could do well in a directed reading program may still understandably flounder when completely on their own. Therefore, it is usually prudent to suggest to first-year students that they wait a summer or two.

Proposed topics should be reasonably focused and not so specialized that I will have trouble finding readers in next summer's faculty. Bibliographies should be limited to key texts available to students who have no access to a major library. A list of preliminary texts can include more works for exploration than can be encountered in the essay. Students must have demonstrated a mastery of some aspect of the field or the subject in your course. I rely on your professional judgment of the topic and the student. I need your help in dissuading the student that enthusiasm and dedication are not the only prerequisites.

To assure that a student can reasonably undertake such a project successfully, the reading project in general should emerge as an extension of a course that has been taken or is being taken at Bread Loaf.

In the fall these approved proposals are reviewed by me after the student's grades and faculty comments have been recorded. Final approval is given in October, if the student's grade is high enough (usually A- or better) to suggest competent undertaking of the project.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

March 10, 1988

Bread Loaf School of English

Reserve Book List
Form Letter
RESERVE
FMLETTERS

Dear Professor:

This letter is about reserve materials for your courses at the Bread Loaf School of English this summer. Please don't regard it as ridiculously early -- consider it a possibly pleasant opportunity to think about summer while waiting for spring.

The Davison Library at the Bread Loaf campus contains about 4,000 volumes, a collection selected to support graduate courses in English and American language and literature, theatre arts, and the teaching of writing. The collection is choice, but small, and it may not have the materials that you need to place on reserve for this summer.

Enclosed is a reserve list for each course you are teaching. On the form would you list the author, title, publisher, and date (if the edition is important), and number of copies of the items you would like placed on reserve. Indicate also whether the items should be charged out for two hours only, the more usual case, or for twenty-four hours.

Reserve materials are placed on designated shelves in the Library. Your name and the course number are identified, and the items are marked for either two hour or twenty-four hour loan. Materials not at the Davison Library are either transferred from Starr Library at Middlebury College for the summer, or purchased. Receiving ordered materials from publishers can take up to two months, even under the best of conditions. Would you please return the reserve list to the Bread Loaf office by April 15.

Brent, Cookie, Pat, and I look forward to seeing you this summer. Our computer catalog has been further enhanced and should provide even better access to the materials at Davison and Starr libraries. If it appears that an item requested for reserve is out of print, out of stock, or has succumbed to any of the other problems that befall books, you will be notified. Again, please return the list by April 15 to have the materials waiting for you when you arrive.

With best regards,

Terry Plum,
Davison Librarian

LETTERS TO THE FACULTY

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Program for Summer of 1988

Monday, July 4	Faculty Reading - Carole Oles	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 6	Theatre - Staged Reading "Everyman"	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 11	Bryan Wolf Associate Professor of American Studies and English, Yale University The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture "Confessions of a Closet Ekphrastic: Literature, Painting and Other Unnatural Relations"	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 13	Faculty Presentation - Eliot Wigginton	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 18	Faculty Reading - David Huddle	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 19, 20	Theatre - "Our Paris"	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 25	Faculty Reading - Robert Pack	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Monday, August 1	Faculty Reading - Corrine Jacker	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday August 4, 5, 6, 7	Red Noses by Peter Barnes (preview - Wednesday, August 3)	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, August 13	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:15 p.m.

1988 SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

All classes will be held in the Barn. Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in class.

				Room
8:30	37.	Contemporary Fiction (V)	Mr. Wood	A
	93.	Modern Drama & Theatre Theory (V)	Mr. Worthen	4
	167.	The English Language Through Amer. Lit. (IV)	Ms. Heath	2
	184.	Literature of the American Environment (IV)	Mr. Buell	1
	192A.	Ways to Writing, Ways of Writing (I)	Mr. Moffett	6
	208.	Theory & Practice of Cultural Criticism (V)	Mr. Freedman	3
9:30	3.	Writing About Learning (I)	Mrs. Goswami	2
	28.	Shakespeare: The Late Plays (II)	Mr. Danson	1
	150.	Narrative and Desire (III)	Ms. Sadoff	6
	174.	Connections: Thought/Modes Lang.(I)(1st 3 wks)	Miss Martin	5
	177.	Voice, Genre/Dilemmas Teaching (I)(2nd 3 wks)	Ms. Cazden	5
	210.	Representations of Class & Gender (II)	Ms. Paster	A
10:30	35.	The Essay (III)	Ms. Heath	A
	39.	Contemporary American Short Story (IV)	Mr. Huddle	1
	50.	Puritanism and the American Renaissance (IV)	Mr. Buell	2
	55.	Modern Criticism (V)	Mr. Wood	3
	74.	From Victorian to Modern (III)	Mr. Freedman	6
	154.	Post-War British Drama 1945-1985 (III)	Mr. Worthen	4
	192B.	Ways to Writing, Ways of Writing (I)	Mr. Moffett	5
11:30	32.	Milton (II)	Ms. Paster	4
	48.	Renaissance Drama (II)	Mr. Danson	3
	60.	Shakespeare on the Stage (II)	Mr. Mokler	A
	119.	Studies in European Fiction (V)	Mr. Donadio	2
	172.	The Stories Children Write (I)(2nd 3 wks)	Mr. Armstrong	5
	173.	Telling the Stories of Our Lives(I)(1st 3 wks)	Mr. Britton	5
	211.	Native American Literature (IV)	Ms. Maddox	6
Mon., Wed. 2:00-4:30				
	73.	Hope/Doubt Wordsworth, Keats...Hopkins (IV)	Mr. Pack	6
	172.	The Stories Children Write (I) Opt. hours	Mr. Armstrong	5
	173.	Telling the Stories of our Lives (I) Opt. hrs.	Mr. Britton	5
	199.	Making Yourself Up (III)	Mr. Maddox	2
	202.	Writing Teachers' Case-Histories (I)	Mr. Macrorie	3
Mon, Thurs. 2:00-5:00				
	129.	Introduction to Acting (VI)	Ms. Elliott	A
Tues., Thurs. 2:00-4:30				
	2.	Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction (I)	Mr. Macrorie	2
	18.	Playwriting (I)	Ms. Jacker	3
	117.	Faulkner (IV)	Mr. Donadio	1
	174.	Connections: Thought/Modes Lang.(I) Opt. hrs.	Miss Martin	5
	177.	Voice, Genre/Dilemmas Teaching (I) Opt. hrs.	Ms. Cazden	5
Tues., Fri. 2:00-4:30				
	5.	Poetry Writing (I)	Ms. Oles	4
	6.	Fiction Writing (I)	Mr. Huddle	Barn East
Fri., 2:00-4:30				
	60.	Shakespeare on the Stage (II) Opt. hours	Mr. Mokler	A

KITCHEN AND SNACK BAR

Chef	Paul Laroque	17 Shannon St. Middlebury VT 05753	Middlebury Coll.
Supervisor	Tony Jackson		
Supervisor	Leo Lacey		
Cook	Mike Watson		
Cook's Helper	Eleanor Holsman		
Cook's Helper	Erin Talmay		
Pastry Cook	Bob Stowe		
Pastry Helper	Heather Starr		
Salads	Jennifer Tatro		
Salads	Lisa Newton		
Salads	Melissa Brown		
Vegetable Prep.	Sandy Manning		
Kitchen Helper	Tammy Larocque		
Kitchen Helper	Bess Huddle		
Dishwasher	Mark Manning		
Dishwasher	Brian Bauer		
Snack Bar Manager	Diana Bodington		
Staff Supervisor	Joane Brewer		
Staff Supervisor	Debbie Bullock		
Snack Bar Staff	Joy Brewer		
	Delina Devoid		
	Josh Danson		

CHAMBERMAIDS

Linda Adams	Corinna Perkins
Hazel Burke	Shirley Scribner
Lynn Dragon	Carol Thompson
Tammy Dragon	Carol Williams
Reta Hutchins	

GROUNDSMEN

Supervisor	Leo Hotte	Bread Loaf Rural Station Ripton VT 05766	Middlebury Coll.
	Michael Collitt		
	Malcolm Snelgrove		
	Stan Myrick		
	Dwight Cram		
Nightwatchmen	Matt Prime		
	Bill Lanphere		

REPRODUCTION OF THE MATERIAL IN THIS DOCUMENT IS FORBIDDEN

The information contained in this publication is for the use of the students, faculty and staff of the Bread Loaf School of English.

DAVISON LIBRARY:	Weekdays + Sunday:	9:00am to midnight
	Saturday:	9:00am to 5:30pm

Note: Our librarians this year are Brent Goeres, Cookie Morgan, Terry Plum, and Patricia Noll. The Library will be closed during special programs.

APPLE CELLAR:	Weekdays:	8:30am to 1:00pm
		2:00pm to 6:00pm
		7:00pm to 11:00pm
	Saturdays:	9:00am to 1:00pm
		2:00pm to 6:00pm
	Sundays:	9:00am to 1:00pm
		2:00pm to 6:00pm
		7:00pm to 11:00pm
INFIRMARY:	Weekdays:	10:00am to 12:00pm and 7:00pm to 8:00pm
	Sundays:	11:00am to 12:00pm
TAXI:	Tues, Thurs, and	Leave Bread Loaf at 2:00pm (from the Inn)
	Friday:	Leave Town at 4:00pm (from the Post Office)

Note: Be prompt (Driver David will not wait for stragglers). No cost for this service.

The Times of Your Loaf

FRONT DESK:	Monday - Saturday:	8:00am to 8:00pm
	Sunday:	8:30am to 1:00pm and 5:30pm to 8:00pm
SWITCHBOARD:	Monday - Saturday:	8:00am to 11:00pm
	Sunday:	8:30am to 1:00pm and 5:30pm to 11:00pm

Note: Local off-campus calls are free and need no operator assistance: simply dial 9 and then your number. Long distance calls go through our switchboard and must be collect, calling card, or third party calls. Please observe the switchboard hours for both outgoing and incoming calls. Emergency calls will be received at any time by the Handys, but please tell the friends and family you have left behind that our industrious Deskers need their sleep, too. For those late night callers, there are pay phones on the ground floor of the Inn, behind the Laundry, inside the entrance to the Barn classrooms, and at Gilmore.

POST OFFICE:	Monday - Friday:	8:00am to 5:00pm
	Saturday:	8:00am to 12:00pm
	Sunday:	Closed

Note: These are Federally regulated hours. Mail should be posted at the Front Desk mailbox (located on the door beside the student mailboxes) by 3:00 on weekdays and 2:00 on Saturdays. Mail is distributed at 10:00 and 5:30 weekdays, varying slightly with volume. Everyone is sharing a mailbox, so don't tear up the letters in your box just because they're not for you.

MEALS:

	Weekdays	Weekends
Breakfast	7:30 to 8:00	8:00 to 8:30
Lunch	1:00 to 1:15	1:00 to 1:15
Dinner	6:00 to 6:15	6:00 to 6:15

Note: The Dining Hall will be open at these times only. Since meals are served by students on working scholarships, please try to be prompt. The waiters must clear and set up after each meal before resuming their true identities as students. Headwaiter this summer is Kathy Havard; her assistant is Jeff Bridgers. As usual, Paul Larocque is the Dining Hall Supervisor. Weekend breakfasts are self-serve. Meals are available for adult guests at the following rates: $3.00 for Breakfast, $5.00 for Lunch, and $7.00 for Dinner. Off campus students may purchase weekly lunch tickets for $20.00. Tickets are available at the Front Desk.

SNACK BAR:	Daily:	8:00am to 6:00pm and 6:30pm to midnight

Note: The Snack Bar is located in the Barn.

BOOKSTORE:	Today:	All day (more or less) until dinner
	Tomorrow:	8:00am to 1:00pm, 1:30pm to 2:30pm, and 6:30pm to 7:30pm
	Weekdays:	8:00am to 9:45am, 12:30pm to 1:00pm, and 1:45pm to 2:15pm (an hour and forty-five minutes after breakfast; half an hour before lunch; half an hour after lunch)
	Saturday:	Noon to 1:00pm
	Sunday:	Closed

Note: Manager, Tim Taylor.

On Fire

Due to the danger of fire, hot plates and coffee makers are forbidden on campus. Hot food and coffee are available at all reasonable (and a few formerly unreasonable) hours from the snack bar. Also due to the danger of fire, smoke detectors have been installed all over campus. As they are very sensitive to smoke (by nature) be careful when smoking in your room. If the alarm should go off inadvertently, air your room; if the alarm persists, notify the Front Desk. If the alarm beeps frequently, it probably needs a new battery: contact the Front Desk.

Valuable Information

Small valuables may be stored in the Front Desk Safe.

White Wash

The Laundry is in the white building on the road from the Inn to the Barn (or vice versa). Wash and dry are fifty cents each. All machines run on small plastic tickets, which are available with the rest of the necessities of life at the Front Desk. Please be patient with our machines: they do not start up immediately, but like all rustic things will get the job done at their own pace.

In the Soup

Registration for the Croutons, Bread Loaf's resident kids group, will be at the Croutons' Playground this morning from 8:30 until noon, Head Crouton Greg Blackburn presiding. In the event that you can't make registration today, come by tomorrow morning on your way to class. Meanwhile, Cathy Blackburn will be in the Blue Parlor today, 8:30 to noon, for those of you who can't make it to the Croutons' Playground.

In Time for the Times

If you still want The New York Times this summer, place an order with David Vetter or Doug Handy at the Front Desk by 6:00 p.m. Wednesday and your first copy will arrive Friday. Check with David or Doug for current rates.

No Room at the Inn

Urgent requests for room changes may be submitted to Hugh Coyle for Paul Cubeta's approval. But at the moment our current enrollment makes it impossible to provide any new (or old) rooms.

Pick Up Your Crumbs

The Bread Loaf Crumb is a daily bulletin that you will find among the condiments on your table at lunch each weekday. Copies for off-campus students will be available at the Front Desk from about 12:00. The Crumb serves up important announcements, but also offers salacious gossip, sports scores, and poor spelling, in addition to many other verbal transactions without which life on the mountain would be well-nigh impossible.

Apple Sellers

Bread Loaf's computer center, known locally as the Apple Cellar, is located under Davison Library and boasts a large collection of Apple 2e's available for student use. In addition, this year our stock has grown to include a MacIntosh as well as a number of IBM machines. The Apple Cellar is expertly staffed by Betsy Bowen and Jeff Schwartz, along with Joanne Tulonen, James McCullough, and Tish McGonegal. Stop by and any one of them will be proud to show you their wares.

THE GUIDE TO WELL-BREAD LOAFING

The Bread Loaf School of English — Tuesday, June 28, 1988

Green Greetings

Welcome to Bread Loaf. For those of you who don't yet know your way around, those who think they do will by now have assaulted you with their knowledge. The "Green Ribbon Greeters" in the Inn Lobby are returning Bread Loafers who want to help you feel at home. Ask them questions about any aspect of life on the mountain. And remember the answers: you may wear a ribbon yourself next year.

Of Course Registration

In the Secretary's Office are Hugh Coyle, Elaine Hall, and Betsy Seidel. Students should confirm their course selections as soon as possible. If you have not yet registered for classes or if you wish to change your registration, please see Paul Cubeta. Possibly, you might want to see him anyway. The aforementioned laddy and ladies will gladly, graciously, and efficiently arrange appointments. For urgent matters, Paul is, of course, immediately available.

Greasing Our Palmeri

Middlebury College Comptroller John Palmeri will collect on all unpaid bills today in the Blue Parlor. Ask a Green Ribbon Greeter where that is. It's best to do it now before it "slips" your mind.

After the RePast

This summer's first All-School Meeting will convene after dinner tonight at 7:30 in the Little Theatre. Paul Cubeta will unassumingly take the opportunity to speak indirectorily about whether "What's Past is Past or Prologue." Afterwords there will be a reception in the Barn, with cookies and what little punch Paul hasn't already delivered. An easy and painless way to prove you've already past the summer's first test.

They're Handy

The Front Desk of the Inn is ably managed by Joan (jō-an′) and Robert (bŏb) Handy, along with their son, Doug (dug), Tim Taylor (alias the Bookstore Manager), and David Vetter (a.k.a. the Taxi Driver). They will provide you with information, advice, and (in need) comfort. They double as switchboard operators and triple as Post Officers.

Park Away from the Parkway

State Law prohibits parking along Route 125. Enforcement of this law begins today. Faculty in Maple and students in Tamarack, Brandy Brook, and Gilmore may park their cars on the lawn contiguous to but well off the road. It is particularly important to keep the road clear in front of the Inn: the School's van stops there frequently and one can't always count on Driver David's natural good humor.

Janeral Anaesthetic

Jane Lorentzen will be our resident nurse again this summer, though her office hours will be different than last year. Her office and home, which doubles as our infirmary, is in Cornwall Cottage, across from the Inn. In the event of an emergency, contact the Front Desk immediately and whoever is on duty will contact Jane. In non-emergency situations please consult Jane during her regular office hours (see page 4). Fridays will be Jane's day off, during which Nurse Practitioner and former Bread Loaf Nurse Laurie Brown will assume Jane's regular hours. Even if you are in perfect health, please stop by to turn in your medical form if you have not already done so. In case of need, Nurse Jane has extra forms. PLEASE NOTE: Vegetarians and others with special dietary needs, please contact Jane to make arrangements for the summer.

EMPLOYMENT ELIGIBILITY VERIFICATION (Form I-9)

1 EMPLOYEE INFORMATION AND VERIFICATION: (To be completed and signed by employee.)

Name: (Print or Type) Last	First	Middle	Birth Name
Address: Street Name and Number	City	State	ZIP Code
Date of Birth (Month/Day/Year)		Social Security Number	

I attest, under penalty of perjury, that I am (check a box):

☐ 1. A citizen or national of the United States.
☐ 2. An alien lawfully admitted for permanent residence (Alien Number A _____).
☐ 3. An alien authorized by the Immigration and Naturalization Service to work in the United States (Alien Number A _____ , or Admission Number _____ , expiration of employment authorization, if any _____).

I attest, under penalty of perjury, the documents that I have presented as evidence of identity and employment eligibility are genuine and relate to me. I am aware that federal law provides for imprisonment and/or fine for any false statements or use of false documents in connection with this certificate.

Signature	Date (Month/Day/Year)

PREPARER/TRANSLATOR CERTIFICATION (To be completed if prepared by person other than the employee). I attest, under penalty of perjury, that the above was prepared by me at the request of the named individual and is based on all information of which I have any knowledge.

Signature	Name (Print or Type)		
Address (Street Name and Number)	City	State	Zip Code

2 EMPLOYER REVIEW AND VERIFICATION: (To be completed and signed by employer.)

Instructions:
Examine one document from List A and check the appropriate box, ***OR*** examine one document from List B ***and*** one from List C and check the appropriate boxes. Provide the ***Document Identification Number*** and ***Expiration Date*** for the document checked.

List A Documents that Establish Identity and Employment Eligibility		List B Documents that Establish Identity	and	List C Documents that Establish Employment Eligibility
☐ 1. United States Passport		☐ 1. A State-issued driver's license or a State-issued I.D. card with a photograph, or information, including name, sex, date of birth, height, weight, and color of eyes. (Specify State)_____)		☐ 1. Original Social Security Number Card (other than a card stating it is not valid for employment)
☐ 2. Certificate of United States Citizenship		☐ 2. U.S. Military Card		☐ 2. A birth certificate issued by State, county, or municipal authority bearing a seal or other certification
☐ 3. Certificate of Naturalization		☐ 3. Other (Specify document and issuing authority) _____		☐ 3. Unexpired INS Employment Authorization Specify form # _____
☐ 4. Unexpired foreign passport with attached Employment Authorization				
☐ 5. Alien Registration Card with photograph				
Document Identification # _____		***Document Identification*** # _____		***Document Identification*** # _____
Expiration Date (if any) _____		***Expiration Date (if any)*** _____		***Expiration Date (if any)*** _____

CERTIFICATION: I attest, under penalty of perjury, that I have examined the documents presented by the above individual, that they appear to be genuine and to relate to the individual named, and that the individual, to the best of my knowledge, is eligible to work in the United States.

Signature	Name (Print or Type)	Title
Employer Name	Address	Date

Employment Eligibility Verification

NOTICE: Authority for collecting the information on this form is in Title 8, United States Code, Section 1324A, which requires employers to verify employment eligibility of individuals on a form approved by the Attorney General. This form will be used to verify the individual's eligibility for employment in the United States. Failure to present this form for inspection to officers of the Immigration and Naturalization Service or Department of Labor within the time period specified by regulation, or improper completion or retention of this form, may be a violation of the above law and may result in a civil money penalty.

Section 1. Instructions to Employee/Preparer for completing this form

Instructions for the employee.

All employees, upon being hired, must complete Section 1 of this form. Any person hired after November 6, 1986 must complete this form. (For the purpose of completion of this form the term "hired" applies to those employed, recruited or referred for a fee.)

All employees must print or type their complete name, address, date of birth, and Social Security Number. The block which correctly indicates the employee's immigration status must be checked. If the second block is checked, the employee's Alien Registration Number must be provided. If the third block is checked, the employee's Alien Registration Number ***or*** Admission Number must be provided, as well as the date of expiration of that status, if it expires.

All employees whose present names differ from birth names, because of marriage or other reasons, must print or type their birth names in the appropriate space of Section 1. Also, employees whose names change after employment verification should report these changes to their employer.

All employees must sign and date the form.

Instructions for the preparer of the form, if not the employee.

If a person assists the employee with completing this form, the preparer must certify the form by signing it and printing or typing his or her complete name and address.

Section 2. Instructions to Employer for completing this form

(For the purpose of completion of this form, the term "employer" applies to employers and those who recruit or refer for a fee.)

Employers must complete this section by examining evidence of identity and employment eligibility, and:

- checking the appropriate box in List A ***or*** boxes in both Lists B and C;
- recording the document identification number and expiration date (if any);
- recording the type of form if not specifically identified in the list;
- signing the certification section.

NOTE: Employers are responsible for reverifying employment eligibility of employees whose employment eligibility documents carry an expiration date.

Copies of documentation presented by an individual for the purpose of establishing identity and employment eligibility may be copied and retained for the purpose of complying with the requirements of this form and no other purpose. Any copies of documentation made for this purpose should be maintained with this form.

Name changes of employees which occur after preparation of this form should be recorded on the form by lining through the old name, printing the new name and the reason (such as marriage), and dating and initialing the changes. Employers should not attempt to delete or erase the old name in any fashion.

RETENTION OF RECORDS.

The completed form must be retained by the employer for:

- three years after the date of hiring; or
- one year after the date the employment is terminated, whichever is later.

Employers may photocopy or reprint this form as necessary.

U.S. Department of Justice
Immigration and Naturalization Service

OMB #1115-0136
Form I-9 (05/07/87)
☆ U.S.G.P.O.: 1987- 183-918/69085

For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office
Washington, D.C. 20402

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1988

Memo to: Theatre Staff

From: Paul Cubeta

I'd like to set up a schedule for theatre meetings so that if there are any problems, we can work them out before tryouts at 7:30 on June 29.

The Kitchen will be open Sunday noon for lunch, June 26, and you're welcome any time on Sunday. Dinner is at 6. Please let me know when you plan to arrive so our meal count will be accurate.

There will be a meeting of the Theatre Staff (Mokler, Boswell, McCartney, Lobdell, Delaney) Monday morning at 11 in Treman.

The Theatre Production Staff should be ready for a meeting with Alan and the Theatre Staff Monday afternoon at 1:30.

See you all soon, never too soon.

PMC/elh

June 27, 1988

Dear Faculty:

Welcome to Bread Loaf. The following information may be helpful to you this summer.

Treman Cottage is always open to faculty, their spouses, and guests. Before lunch and dinner every day we serve Vermont Cheddar, crackers, mixers, and ice. Coffee is served after dinner. Come and relax in Treman any time. I ask only that you plan to hold routine student conferences elsewhere.

I have desk copies of most books. Check with me, Eric, or Randy if you would like a free copy. Eric Sanborn and Randy Kapelke are assistants to Paul Cubeta. The three of us hope to help you and your families throughout the summer.

You and your children are welcome to use the College athletic facilities. Hours for the Field House and the pool are available at the front desk of the Bread Loaf Inn. These hours will be published soon in The Crumb. Children must be accompanied by an adult and you will be asked to show your College ID. Please ask your children to avoid the Barn area during classes (8:30 - 5:00). Classes are easily disrupted on this quiet campus. After dinner there are frequent volleyball games on the East Lawn. Everyone is invited to play.

There is a Kid's Table in the dining hall. Head Waiter, Kathy Havard, will assign her best waitroid to serve the young.

I'd be grateful if you could supply me with the names, ages, and expected dates of residence of your children. The meal plan form attached to this letter can be used to supply this information. Faculty guests must pay for meals at the full rate ($3, $5, and $7.)

John Canaday is the editor of the daily newspaper, The Crumb. All Crumb submissions must be received by John by 8:30 a.m. He would appreciate it if you would submit material a day early whenever possible. Announcements may be given directly to John, posted at the front desk, or left with Hugh Coyle, Elaine Hall, or Betsy Seidel, the hard-working administrative office staff.

Good luck with everything. Eric, Randy and I will try to make the summer a smooth one.

Enjoy Bread Loaf,

Doug Woodsum, "Woody"
Assistant to the Director

While love and fame may be the food of poets, children generally require more conventional fare. While Bread Loaf defies The Chicago School of Economis by offering free lunch (and dinner and breakfast) to those four and under, you may wish to nourish your older children according to one of the following meal plans.

FULL SESSION RATE: $325.00. If your child is over four years old and will be with us for the entire session, this meal plan will prove the most palatable. As the board charge for students is $650, your child gets a 50% discount just for selecting such distinguished parents. If your child misses one meal consistently (breakfast, perhaps?), we can deduct the cost of the missed meal from the final bill according to the following schedule: breakfast - 25%; lunch - 35%; dinner - 40%. (Thus, for example, if your child eats only lunch and dinner in the Dining Room, the charge for the entire session will be 75% of $325.00 or $219.00.

WEEKLY RATE: $54. If your child will be here for only part of the session, you can arrange to be billed by the week. As above, if your child misses one meal consistently, an appropriate percentage of the cost can be deducted.

INDIVIDUAL MEAL RATE: Breakfast $1.50; Lunch $2.50; Dinner $3.50. If your child eats in the Dining Room only on occasion, this is a tasty option. Please note that these rates apply to faculty children only. Other guests must fork over $3 for breakfast, $5 for lunch, and $7 for dinner. Please keep an accurate count of all meals eaten.

Bills for the meal plan you have chosen may be paid at the end of the session. I would be happy to meet with you at your convenience to complete the attached form. As always, I will be glad to try to answer any questions you may have.

Thanks for your cooperation.

1988 MEAL PLANS - FACULTY CHILDREN 1988

Please fill out a separate form for each child over four years of age.

Meals Regularly Missed:

Breakfast _____

Lunch _____

Dinner_____

MEAL PLANS - SELECT ONE:

1) Full Session Rate ------ $325.00

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed _____

Adjusted Cost_____

2) Weekly Rate ----- $54

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed_____

Adjusted Cost Per Week_____

Number of Weeks_____

Total Cost_____

3) Individual Meal Rates:

Breakfast ---- $1.50

Lunch -------- 2.50

Dinner ------- 3.50

I AGREE TO COUNT ALL MEALS EATEN ON THE INDIVIDUAL MEAL PLAN.

Signature_____

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 27, 1988

Dear Colleague:

A variant of this letter will be familiar to returning colleagues, but it would be nice if you would refresh your memory about our grading strategies anyway.

I should like to suggest the following scale for final grades:

Letter Grade	Numerical Grade	Description
A+	97-100	A superlative achievement.
A	94-96	An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are received probably by no more than 10 to 15% of all students.
A-	90-93	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	87-89	Very good work.
B	83-86	Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in lower range of your class.
B-	80-82	Passing, but undistinguished work.
C	70-79	An unsatisfactory performance, not worthy of graduate credit.
F	Below 70	A total failure. Fails to complete the work or the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in the class.

Final grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggest that as a normal expectation, at least half of them will be B+ or better. First-year students do not always do as well as their more experienced Bread Loaf peers, but many surprise us in impressive ways.

More important than the grade on the transcript are the comments I ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are helpful in determining whether to readmit a student or to allow him or her to attend Oxford next summer, and in my preparing letters of recommendation. I attach a statement of School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Acts of 1974.

Enough written work in literature courses should be assigned so that the final examination will not have to carry the preponderant weight of your judgment. Some kind of early paper could help spot trouble - a weak student, a miscalculation in the demands of the course, etc. Most members of the faculty in literature assign a 6 to 8 page paper due about July 15; another about July 29. That observation carries nothing prescriptive about it.

We have in recent summers become plagued with late papers and excuses for extensions. It's probably a good idea to announce your policy on due dates early on. Community casualness in regard to deadlines can create problems you don't need in August. I'm not asking you to be draconian, but late papers, particularly at the end of summer, serve nobody well. (Case histories on request.) I have been advised more frequently than I like that students are leaving Bread Loaf without having received their papers back. I ask please that any not ready by the end of classes be given to Elaine for mailing if the student has left before Commencement. All comment cards should be turned in prior to your departure. I think the obligation of the faculty here is clear.

Most students at Bread Loaf should achieve a grade of B without difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade is B-. If a weak first-year student has made good progress, and you believe that he or she could become a Master's candidate at Bread Loaf, it is reasonable to give a grade of B-. If returning students have in your judgment been done a disservice by being reaccepted, please do not make the problem of termination more difficult by awarding B's when they should not be encouraged to continue. Think of yourself and your next summer's colleagues.

B- is a probationary grade. This grade is your recommendation that a student be readmitted the following summer on probation. If he or she then fails to achieve B or better in both courses, I will not readmit. A Bread Loaf faculty member can no longer in this age of academic litigation give a student a passing grade and then suggest in confidence that I not readmit him or her. You can, of course, recommend, but I have little choice but to readmit on probation. If the School faces the problem of

the marginal student early in his or her Bread Loaf career, we (I, you, he and she) can be spared much anguish at Commencement time.

Enclosed is a list of first-year students. Please give them a particularly careful scrutiny and keep me informed of any emerging concerns.

I, of course, will be glad to discuss with you problems of student workload, grading, and standards of the School.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/jad

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 1988

Dear Colleague:

All grades of students at Bread Loaf are reported by letter. More important than the grade on the transcripts are the brief comments I'll ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are most helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and in my preparing letters of recommendation. I attach a statement on School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

I should like to suggest the following scale, but please remember Middlebury's computer has not been programmed to take Oxford grades:

Description	Oxford	Bread Loaf
A superlative achievement	A+ A	A+
An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are probably received by no more than 10% of all students	A- A-- AB	A
A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work	BA B++	A-
Very good work. (About half of Bread Loaf grades are B+ or A-)	B+?+ B+	B+
Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in the lower range of your class.	B?+ B B?-	B
Passing, but undistinguished work.	B- B-- BC	B-
A failure. No credit awarded.		C

If you have concerns about any of this, let me know.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 29, 1988

Dear Colleague:

Some comments on the eternal concerns of grading procedures at Bread Loaf, beyond what has been explained in earlier memos, may be helpful.

One problem is the grade of Incomplete. Only in the rare cases does the School ever use this grade. The grounds for assigning it must be personal or family emergencies (not academic crises). In any case, if you want to assign a final grade of Incomplete, you should clear it with me. Students should not be encouraged to think that permission for Incompletes can be counted on. Before recording a grade of Incomplete, you should make arrangements with the student for completing the work in the course (deadlines for papers, taking the final examination) and the arrangements agreed upon should be specified in writing to me. Students should be instructed to forward completed work to the Bread Loaf School of English Office for transmittal to the instructor. (The voice may be that of a pedant, but the hassle, as some of you know, can be a pain in the butt for both of us.)

The second problem involves final grades and the written comments submitted to me. In most cases, the implications of a student's grades are clear-cut, but in the case of failing or marginal students, ambiguities may arise which we should try to minimize. In a few cases each year, I must decide, after the faculty has left, whether to deny readmission to these students, or whether to place them on probation. A grade of B minus (particularly if a student receives two to them) brings credit for the course, but is a signal that the student must improve in order to proceed toward the degree or should not be encouraged to be a degree candidate. A grade (or grades) of C+ or lower signals that denial of readmission is called for. I hope that Comment Cards will give me clear advice in such cases, and that the comments will be in tune with the letter grade that is assigned. It is difficult for me to give proper guidance to students if faculty members recommend denial of readmission, but award passing grades. I have the funny feeling I've said this before, and will again.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 29, 1988

Dear Colleague:

Enclosed are the Comment Cards, Grade Rosters and notation of graduates in your course(s).

Would you please verify immediately that every student listed is, in fact, taking your course; and that there are no students listed whom you are not aware of.

If possible, will you please give Elaine examinations to be reproduced not later than Monday morning, August 8.

There is no need to proctor exams. Please remain with your class for about fifteen minutes to answer questions. A member of the administrative staff will be in the vicinity of the Barn to relay distress calls to you. He or she should be informed where you will be.

Students should be given no more than three hours to complete an examination.

Exam books and copies of the exams will be brought to the Barn classroom for you well before the exam starts. Please return to the Barn at the end of the exam to pick up your students' bluebooks.

Books of graduating students should be read at once, and the final grades should be returned to Elaine. The graduating students appreciate your initialing your courses on the list on the bulletin board outside of the secretary's office as soon as you have determined that all of the candidates have passed. If a graduating student has failed your course, please notify Elaine or me at once. I will inform the student, and the list can then be initialed. Please turn in the grades of graduates by 11 a.m. on Saturday, August 13.

I would appreciate some appraisal of each student on the Comment Card. This evaluation of the student's work will explain the significance of the grade and will be helpful in readmitting students, or denying readmission, and in preparing letters of recommendation. If students know that your criticism is available in the Director's Office, they may not feel the need of requesting recommendations from you during the winter. Please be sure that each card and the Grade Rosters have your signature.

I also ask for your judgment as to whether the quality of the student's writing and his or her ability to work independently make him or her fully qualified (1) to attend Oxford in 1989 or (2) to undertake an Independent Winter Reading Project. A simple yes, no, or doubtful is an adequate signal.

Comment cards are marked Not Confidential if the student has indicated that he/she reserves the right to review his/her record. I defer to your wish if you do not submit an evaluation under these circumstances.

Exams abandoned in desperation should be graded F. Remaining grades and comments should be left with the Front Desk as early Sunday, August 14, as possible because the Bread Loaf School Office moves from the Mountain to Middlebury College Monday a.m. Bluebooks should be destroyed before leaving the Mountain, with the exception of any exam you grade below B minus, which should be turned over to Elaine with your comment cards and grade rosters.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

June 27, 1988

TO: Faculty

FROM: Paul M. Cubeta Paul

RE: Auditors

I have advised students that no auditors are permitted in writing courses, afternoon seminars and workshops. Although you are free to admit students to any of your courses, you should recognize that if you do so in these, you may be doing a disservice to others I have declined to let in. It's a good idea not to let students simply drop into these courses. The code word for returning faculty is "Morris."

Although students are encouraged to audit an additional literature course, auditing means simply attending class unless you invite participation. It might be well to segregate auditors so that you and the class have a clearer sense of its identity. I've had some complaints about courses in which auditors dominated the discussion and created some morale problems.

PMC/jad

THE BREADLOAF THEATER PROGRAM

1988

Theater is always lively at Breadloaf and this summer will be no exception. There will be three productions and one non-credit workshop; in addition, of course, there will be classes in dramatic literature, acting and playwriting. A company of nine professional actors and a full time staff is waiting for the most important ingredient - you - so we can all get started.

At Breadloaf, theater is by the community and for the community. Everyone is welcome to participate - students, staff, faculty, husbands, wives and children. All are invited to audition for the plays, come to rehearsals, work back stage, or just come and enjoy the productions, which are free.

AUDITIONS for the summer's productions will be held this Wednesday night at 7:30, in the Little Theater. We will be casting for two productions, and there will be twelve good roles for men and ten for women available. You don't need to prepare anything - just come at 7:30. (If you can't make, it, you may also come Thursday at 7:00 -- but please come Wednesday if possible.)

The plays this summer are:

EVERYMAN: Wednesday, July 6, 7:30 in the Little Theater. This will be a staged reading of the medieval drama. The Acting Ensemble will try to show why this play is still as funny, strange and moving as it was six hundred years ago.

An Original Work based on the lives of women writers in Paris during the 20's: Wednesday, July 20, 7:30 outside the Little Theater. This piece, adapted from writings by Gertrude Stein, Anais Ninn, Djuna Barnes and others will use a cast of five female students, and will be directed by Cindy Rosenthal and Jerry Hurlbutt.

RED NOSES, by Peter Barnes: Thursday-Sunday, August 3-6, at 8:30 in the Little Theater. This comic extravaganza was first produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1985; our production will be the American East Coast premier. The play is set in 1348 at the height of the plague. A company of players comes together determined to make people laugh even in the darkest of times. They sing, dance, juggle, make fools of themselves, but never forget that life is terribly difficult and that death is constantly near. There are excellent roles for men and women (note: older men and women are needed too).

In addition, Barry Press will lead a workshop in Improvisation and Writing. This will be open to all students, and will be announced soon in the Crumb.

If you're interested in stage management or working behind the scenes of the productions please let us know. You can come to auditions, or you can drop in to the theater office at the rear of the Little Theater any time. We are especially eager to find at least two good stage managers. The stage manager for RED NOSES - a big and important job - may use the work to receive course credit.

We hope you'll join us this summer.

Alan Mokler

For the Theater Staff and
The Acting Ensemble

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 13, 1988

To the Faculty:

July 20 is the midpoint in the session. Students after that date cannot drop a course without an automatic failure.

If you have any students whose performance in your course may be a cause for concern, would you please let me know.

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 29, 1988

Dear Colleague:

With rare exceptions, final examinations should be administered to students only at the regularly scheduled time:

8:30 classes - Thursday, August 11 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

9:30 classes - Thursday, August 11 from 2 - 5 p.m.

10:30 classes - Friday, August 12 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

11:30 classes - Friday, August 12 from 2 - 5 p.m.

Barn A - 129. Introduction to Acting - Wednesday, August 10, 7:30 - 10:00 p.m.
Thursday, August 11, 7:30 - 10:00 p.m.

Barn 6 - 199. Making Yourself Up - Wednesday, August 10, 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

Permission to take an examination outside the regularly scheduled time should be secured from the Director in advance. It's not necessary to advise them that "It's O.K. with me if it's O.K. with him." A little suspense helps a little healthy guilt.

If any courses other than 2, 3, 5, 6, 18, 39, 60, 73, 117, 172, 173, 174, 177, 192A, 192B, and 202 are not scheduling a final examination, please let Elaine Hall know.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 27, 1988

Dear Faculty Member:

Occasionally during the summer, the School has bedrooms available for faculty guests in Maple. They may be rented for $15 per person, per night. Meal costs for guests would come to an additional $15 per day.

Should you have a guest you wish to house, please see me to make reservations.

Sincerely,

Hugh Coyle

HC/jad

Information for Faculty on Copyright Compliance

The 1978 Copyright Law includes provisions on photocopying for classroom and library reserve use which may be summarized as follows:

Single Copying for Teachers

A single copy may be made of any of the following copyrighted material by or for a teacher at his or her individual request for his or her scholarly research or use in teaching or preparations to teach a class:

1. A chapter from a book;
2. An article from a periodical or newspaper;
3. A short story, short essay or short poem, whether or not from a collective work;
4. A chart, graph, diagram, drawing, cartoon or picture from a book, periodical, or newspaper.

The Library will accept a single copy of an article or chapter for reserve only if the faculty member signs a statement on the first page indicating that he or she owns the copy and that it was acquired for his or her own research or academic purpose. The Library has a rubber stamp which may be used for this purpose.

Multiple Copies for Classroom or Library Reserve Use

Multiple copies of copyrighted material (not to exceed in any event more than one copy per student in a course) may be made by or for the teacher giving the course for classroom use or discussion, provided that:

1. It is brief - poems: not exceeding 250 words; prose: a complete article, story or essay not exceeding 2,500 words, or an excerpt not exceeding 1,000 words or 10 percent (whichever is less) of a longer work, but in any event a minimum of 500 words; illustrations: one per book or periodical issue.

Even when the copying meets the test of brevity outlined above, permission to make multiple copies must be sought from the copyright holder unless

2. It is spontaneous - use is too timely to ask permission from copyright holder. However, the Library will accept multiple copies for reserve only if accompanied by a letter granting or at least requesting permission to make multiple copies. Such copies will be returned to the faculty member at the end of the term.

3. The copying of the material is for only one course in the school in which the copies are made.

4. Not more than one short poem, article, story, essay or two excerpts may be copied from the same author, not more than three from the same collective work or periodical volume during one class term.

5. There shall not be more than nine instances of such multiple copying for one course during one class term.

6. Copying shall not be repeated with respect to the same item by the same teacher from term to term. The Library will not accept multiple copies beyond a single term unless permission to copy has been granted for that term or the faculty member certifies in writing that the copyright holder or clearing house has not responded to a request for permission to copy.

7. It is not taking the place of an anthology or is not a substitute for purchasing a book.

8. A notice of copyright is included on each copy.

9. Students are not charged more than the actual cost of photocopying the material. (The limitations stated in 4 and 5 above do not apply to current news periodicals and newspapers and current news sections of other periodicals.)

These nine criteria should be viewed as only guidelines which state the minimum and not the maximum standards of educational fair use.

Forms are available from Starr Library which may be completed when writing to publishers to request permission to make multiple copies for classroom or library reserve use. The request should be sent, together with a self-addressed return envelope, to the permission department of the publisher in question. If the address of the publisher does not appear at the front of the material, it may be readily obtained in The Literary Marketplace or Books in Print, both available in our reference collection. It is advisable to allow enough lead time to obtain permission before the materials are needed. PERMISSION FROM THE COPYRIGHT HOLDER IS ALWAYS THE MOST DESIRABLE WAY OF AVOIDING UNCERTAINTY ABOUT THE LEGALITY OF MAKING MULTIPLE COPIES IN A SPECIFIC SITUATION.

More detailed information on the provisions of the Copyright Law is available at the Reference Desk of Starr Library.

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LETTERS TO THE STUDENTS

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1988

Dear Bread Loafer:

This letter is a happy harbinger for returning Bread Loafers, and one which I hope will be helpful to you who are about to enjoy your first summer on the Mountain. We again have a standing-room-only enrollment, and with luck we'll be ready - I think.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College, is payable upon receipt and should have been paid by June 1. This date does not apply for those admitted recently. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf office.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station (Rt. 7 South) in Middlebury on June 28. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany and New York City. Do not get off at the College because English is not spoken there in the summer. Buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 5:00 P.M. They leave the airport at 11:05 A.M. and 2:00 and 4:30 P.M.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Delta Connector (Business Express), Eastern, and Piedmont have flights from Boston to Burlington. USAir, and Eastern (LaGuardia Airport) and Piedmont (LaGuardia and Kennedy Airports) have service from New York, and other connections in the East. Continental and Piedmont fly in from Newark, USAir from Pittsburgh and United from Chicago and points west. Connections from Burlington to Middlebury can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for $40 or so right to Bread Loaf.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers. Then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Hugh Coyle. The next stop is the Blue Parlor, where you will be welcomed by Elaine Hall and Betsy Seidel of the Bread Loaf Office, John Palmeri, the Comptroller of Middlebury College, and Jane Lorentzen, Bread Loaf's Nurse. You may obtain your ID card here (as receipt for full payment

made) and take care of other administrative details. I'd like to welcome you, too; I've been waiting long enough.

Lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 28, will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 28, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on Monday, June 27, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Monday, June 27.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40 to 50) and warm (75 to 90 F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. If you do not elect to use Nu-Way Linens for linen rental, you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), TV's, and stereos are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be a fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Leo Hotte, our Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by typewriters or insured word processors.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased by returning the enclosed form for those who believe that something might happen in the real world. A TV set will be brought on campus for viewing, should any event make the world impossible for your re-entry in August. We have done so twice in twenty years.

For your convenience bring traveler's checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until August 5, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding $20 - an inconvenience which is not in my control. And after that, no honor and no cashed checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash $50 personal and traveler's checks throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in dormitories or in school buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus. You may bring your plants.

The Inn Managers ask me to advise you that guests are not to be invited for overnight visits in student rooms. There are no guest rooms available on campus.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 12. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be sent back to the real world when you leave the Mountain. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to

you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Tilden House, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it can be difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945.

If you have software disks that will be interesting to use during demonstration sessions on an Apple IIe or IBM PC 25S microcomputer, please bring them.

Be sure to have had an easy, cool trip. Please don't push yourself so hard that you're bushed before you arrive. Summer travel is slow in the Northeast; I suppose because most people aren't trying to get to Bread Loaf.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

P.S. If you find at the last moment that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer, would you please call the Bread Loaf office collect at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418. We have a waiting list of great candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to be a Bread Loafer this summer if we have room.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Health Services

June 1, 1988

Dear Student,

We are pleased to welcome you to the 1988 session of the Bread Loaf School of English. Please help us to anticipate and meet your health needs by completing one of the enclosed confidential Health Forms and returning it to: Parton Health Center, Carr Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753. A physician's or psychotherapist's statement outlining the details of any chronic condition or ongoing health and/or psychological problems will assist us in providing optimal care. Our Health Center handles most primary health care needs, but the College cannot guarantee that all health care needs will be met on the Mountain or in Middlebury.

The summer program is an intensive one and can be stress-producing. If you have had or are now experiencing stress-related physical or emotional symptoms, e.g. head/stomach aches, sleeping problems or depression, please consult your health care provider before arriving on campus. We encourage you to utilize College health services this summer if you experience any stress-related problems.

We ask that you bring along an adequate supply of prescription medications as Vermont pharmacies have strict regulations for filling out-of-state prescriptions. If you have or anticipate special health needs, please contact the Health Center after June 10, telephone 802-388-3711, x5135.

We hope your experience this summer will be satisfying and rewarding. Please be sure to let us know if we can be of further help.

Sincerely,

Gary Margolis

Gary F. Margolis, Ph.D.
Director of Counseling
Services

Nancy Cutting

Nancy Cutting, Head Nurse
Administrative Director
Parton Health Center

Enclosure

Summer Program: _____

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

_____

Home Tel: (_____) _____

S.S. # _____

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Dizziness or fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion					Kidney Stone				
Severe head injury					Albumin or blood in urine				
Head or neck X rays or radiation treatments					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
[illegible]					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Cigarette Smoking									
Hearing loss					Shoulder dislocation				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Knee problems				
Eye trouble other than need for glasses					Recurrent back pain				
					Excessive alcohol or drug use				
High blood pressure					Neck injury				
Rheumatic fever					Back injury				
Heart Trouble					Broken bones				
Pain or pressure in chest					Swollen or painful joints				
Shortness of breath					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitus				
Fibrocystic breasts									
Asthma					Paralysis				
Pneumonia					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Chronic cough					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Tuberculosis or Positive TB test					Thyroid trouble				
Tumor or cancer					Serious skin disease				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Pilonidal cyst				
					Obesity				
Hernia					Mononucleosis				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Anemia				
Intestinal trouble					Immune Deficiency Syndrome				
Self-induced vomiting					HTLV III Assoc. Disorder				
Frequent vomiting					Malaria				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Serious depression				
					Learning disability				
Jaundice or hepatitis					Excessive worry or anxiety				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right

YES	NO	Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:	(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
☐	☐	Penicillin	
☐	☐	Sulfa	
☐	☐	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Aspirin	
☐	☐	Codeine	
☐	☐	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)	
☐	☐	Horse serum	
☐	☐	Local anesthetics	
☐	☐	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)	

YES	NO	Are you allergic to:	
☐	☐	Foods (please list) _____	Name of allergist _____
☐	☐	Stinging insects (please specify) _____	Address _____
☐	☐	Molds, pollen _____	_____
☐	☐	Animals (please specify) _____	Telephone: ( ) _____
☐	☐	Other (please specify) _____	Date series begun _____
☐	☐	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?	Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections
☐	☐	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column.	_____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

YES ☐ NO ☐

Do you use medications regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced.

Chickenpox _____ Measles _____ Rubella (German Measles) _____

Diphtheria _____ Mumps _____ Scarlet Fever _____

☐ ☐ Have you had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe _____

☐ ☐ Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.) _____

☐ ☐ Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.) _____

☐ ☐ Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.) _____

☐ ☐ Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here

Eyeglasses; prescription: _____

Contact lenses; prescription _____

Note: We recommend that you bring an extra pair

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Diabetes			
High blood pressure			
Stroke			
Cancer (Type: _____)			
Heart attack before age 55			
Cholesterol or blood fat disorder			
Alcoholism			
Sickle cell anemia			
Glaucoma			

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Depression			
Other serious illness (specify): _____			

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

_____

_____

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday.						

Measles (red or hard measles) check type: ☐ Live ☐ Killed* ☐ Unknown *reimmunization required	Vaccine Titer Disease	Date: ____/____/____ Date: ____/____/____ Date: ____/____/____
Rubella (3-day or German measles)	Vaccine Titer Disease Result: _____	Date: ____/____/____ Date: ____/____/____ Date: ____/____/____ Was disease diagnosed by a physician?

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____ Field _____
Address _____
City, State _____
Tel. ( ) _____

Name _____ Field _____
Address _____
City, State _____
Tel. ( ) _____

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:
Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone ( ) _____
Work Telephone ( ) _____

In case of emergency please notify
Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone ( ) _____
Work Telephone ( ) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger

DATE _____ SIGNATURE OF STUDENT _____

DATE _____ SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN _____
(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

If you have any questions, call the Health Center at 388-3711, ext. 5135

Concerning SEXUAL HARASSMENT

What is sexual harassment and what are Middlebury College's policies in regard to sexual harassment?

Sexual harassment is a form of sex discrimination, which violates Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972, and Middlebury College policy.

Sexual harassment can occur between any two individuals. For example, it can occur between a teacher and a student, a staff person and a student, a supervisor and a student employee, an advisor and a student, or between two students. Middlebury College defines sexual harassment as "encompassing several different types of behavior including unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and other verbal or physical contact of a sexual nature when (1) submission to such conduct is made either explicitly or implicitly a condition of a person's employment or participation in a course program or other College activity. (2) submission to or rejection of such conduct is made the basis for academic or employment decisions and evaluations affecting that person, or (3) such conduct has the purpose or effect of substantially interfering with that person's academic or job performance and/or embarrassing a person."

Sexual harassment takes many forms. Listed below are some examples of possible conduct which is harassing in nature:

- -uninvited pressure for sexual activity
- -cat calls, whistles
- -obscene remarks, jokes, insults or tricks
- -repeated requests for dates or get-togethers when a person has said "no"
- -inappropriate questions about one's personal life
- -unwanted touching, pinching or brushing up against
- -demands or requests for sexual favors accompanied by threats concerning grades or implied or overt promises of preferential treatment
- -showing slides of nude women or men humorously or whimsically during an otherwise serious lecture
- -sexist jokes in class or on the job
- -jokes or negative comments concerning sexual orientation

What can I do if I am or have been sexually harassed?

First, be sure the harasser knows right away that you do not welcome this treatment.

- -don't delay: say "stop" as soon as something happens which makes you feel uncomfortable
- -don't smile when you say "no"; give a clear message
- -don't look away; look directly at the harasser when you set limits
- -don't reply to personal questions
- -don't let the person lean on you or touch you - stand up or move away
- -keep a record of where, when, and how the person is harassing you.

Often sexual harassment issues can be resolved in an informal manner, by verbally setting limits with the harasser, writing a letter to the harasser insisting that it stop, or taking similar steps. If this response does not stop the unwanted behavior, or if you want to speak with someone for advice, you may bring your complaint to:

Jane Lorentzen, R.N.
Cornwall Infirmary
Bread Loaf Campus
ext. 14

Yonna McShane
Counseling and Human Relations
Middlebury College Health Center
388-3711, ext. 5141

Gary Margolis
Counseling and Human Relations
Middlebury College Health Center
388-3711, ext. 5141

Each of these people has been designated to listen to sexual harassment concerns and advise you. Your discussion with any of these resource people will be confidential.

The Director of the Bread Loaf School of English is also available for support and advice in these matters.

Of course, confronting and/or reporting sexual harassment may initially be uncomfortable. However many issues concerning sexual harassment can be resolved in a fair, informal, and confidential manner. **STUDENTS HAVE A RIGHT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE EDUCATIONAL AND SOCIAL LIFE AT BREAD LOAF WITHOUT HARASSMENT.** It is the institution's aim to safeguard the rights and welfare of all members of the Middlebury College community and to provide a process by which concerns can be reported and resolved.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Health Services

June 1, 1988

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Bread Loaf School of English

We write to you concerning the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Recent statistics show a 47% increase nationally in the number of AIDS cases reported in the past year. In addition, recent statistics indicate that roughly 1 in 200 Americans have been infected by the virus (HIV) which causes AIDS and are potential carriers. Most of these people do not know they are carriers. Information publicly available suggests, at least statistically, that there are probably AIDS carriers among us. The AIDS epidemic continues to be of concern nationally and, therefore, it must also concern each of us at Bread Loaf.

We believe it is important that you understand what resources are available on campus in the areas of education, diagnosis, treatment, and support. We also believe it is important that we inform you of the policy guidelines at Middlebury College.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning students with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the college analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has establised a committee of four people whose responsibility it is to do this. For the 1988 summer session these individuals are:

1. Jane Lorentzen, R.N., Bread Loaf Nurse, Cornwall Infirmary
2. Laurie Brown, M.S.N., C.R.N.P., Nurse Practitioner
3. Ruth K. Grant, M.D., College Physician, Parton Health Center
4. Gary Margolis, Ph.D., Director of Counseling and Human Relations

In order to provide essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling and related assistance, any member of the community who has tested positive for HIV or who has AIDS or an AIDS-related condition should consult with either the college Health Center or their own physician, AND with one of the individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by Middlebury's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

If you think you may have been exposed to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to make contact with the nurse at Cornwall Infirmary or the Health Center on the main campus. The nurse will provide information, evaluation, counseling and support, and education regarding testing options. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. Therefore, the college has undertaken an educational program concerning AIDS. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed pamphlet, AIDS... WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW. It gives an up-to-date, excellent and readable summary of what we all need to know about AIDS. For those who are sexually active, we recommend a second document entitled MAKING SEX SAFER. These pamphlets and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Cornwall Infirmary and in the Laundry Room.

Remember studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS related conditions do not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. Available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by injection of contaminated blood.

If you have any questions or concerns, please visit the nurse at Cornwall Infirmary (ext. 14) or call Parton Health Center on main campus (388-3711, ext. 5135). You may also call the Vermont Health Department telephone hotline to request further information and advice: 1-800-882-AIDS.

Sincerely,

Yonna McShane

Yonna McShane, M.Ed.
Halth Educator
Counseling and Human Relations

Ruth K. Grant

Ruth K. Grant, M.D.
Medical Director
Parton Health Center

Nancy Cutting

Nancy Cutting, R.N.
Head Nurse
Parton Health Center

What Is Playing Safe All About?

Playing safe doesn't mean eliminating sex from your life. While some people may choose abstinence, playing safe does not have to mean no sex. It does mean being smart and staying healthy. It means self-respect and respect for your partner—talking about sex, knowing how to protect yourself and taking precautions consistently every time. Playing safe means enjoying sex without giving or getting sexually transmitted diseases.

Who Should Play Safe?

Anyone who chooses to be sexually active should play safe. It doesn't matter who you are, or if you are gay or straight. "Nice" people get herpes, and straight people get AIDS. It's not who you are that gives you a sexually transmitted disease—*it's what you do.* Protect yourself.

What Are Sexually Transmitted Diseases?

Sexually transmitted diseases (STD's) are infections you catch through sexual contact. There are many: chlamydia, gonorrhea, genital herpes, and AIDS are just a few. Some STD's spread more easily than others. You never become immune to STD's. You can get re-infected and you can have more than one STD at the same time. Some STD's show few or no symptoms so a person can be infected and spread the disease without knowing it.

There is effective medical treatment for most STD's, like gonorrhea and genital warts; there is only limited therapy for others, like herpes. A few, like AIDS, are incurable and may be fatal. STD's are a serious matter, and no one can afford to take them lightly. However, you can determine whether you are at risk or not by the precautions you take.

Safe

Dry Kissing
Masturbation on Healthy Skin
Oral Sex on a Man With a Condom
Urinating on Unbroken Skin
Touching, Massage, Fantasy

Less Risky

Vaginal Intercourse With a Condom
Wet Kissing
Anal Intercourse With a Condom

Risky

Oral Sex on a Man Without a Condom
Masturbation on Open/Broken Skin
Oral Sex on a Woman

Dangerous

Vaginal Intercourse Without a Condom
Anal Intercourse Without a Condom
Urinating into Mouth, Vagina, or Rectum
Sharing a Needle
Fisting
Oral-Anal Contact

Harmful to your Judgment

Amphetamines (speed)
Amyl Nitrite (poppers)
Alcohol
Marijuana
Cocaine

Photography: Gary Landsman Studios

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American College Health Association
15879 Crabbs Branch Way
Rockville, Maryland 20855
(301) 963-1100

Making SEX Safer

Sexual intimacy can be a warm, caring, exciting experience for those who choose to be sexually active. Sex also requires responsibility. All sexually active people should take precautions to protect themselves and their partners from sexually transmitted diseases (STD's). It's important to play safe.

How Do I Protect Myself?

STD's are spread by bacteria and viruses moving from one person to another. These microorganisms travel in certain body fluids like semen, blood, and vaginal mucus. Different diseases spread in different fluids. These fluids, especially blood and semen, can transmit STD's when they are shared during sex. You can limit this spread by preventing the exchange of body fluids.

You don't have to sleep with a lot of people to get an STD, but your chances of getting something increase when you have unprotected sex with multiple partners. Always take precautions whenever you have sex outside a long-term monogamous relationship with one partner.

Talk about safe sex with your partner. Ask about your partner's health and sexual history. Be honest about your own history so that you both can make informed decisions. Together decide what you both feel comfortable doing sexually. Tell your partner if you feel awkward or uncomfortable talking about sex. Make talking together a process, not a one-time event.

What Can We Do Safely?

The chart on the back of this brochure shows the risk of transmitting an STD by various sexual practices. You can see that activities that involve sharing body fluids, especially semen and blood, are more risky. Some practices, such as unprotected anal intercourse, are associated with very high risk because they commonly cause minor (often imperceptible) tears in mucous membranes or skin. These microscopic injuries allow the loss of small amounts of blood that may transmit STD's, especially AIDS virus, to either partner. Unprotected vaginal sex can transmit germs from a man to a woman or vice versa. Although some sexual practices are safer than others, there is a chance of getting an STD whenever body fluids are exchanged.

What Precautions Should I Take?

- Agree to have only safe sex.
- Don't engage in any high-risk activities.
- Use condoms to prevent exchange of body fluids. Be sure you know how to use condoms correctly and understand their limitations. Learn about lubricants (see box).

Taking precautions cannot eliminate all risks, but you can make sex much safer.

Where Can I Get Help?

Playing safe can greatly reduce your chances of getting an STD, but sometimes mistakes happen. If you think you have been exposed to an STD it is important to get tested and treated immediately. If you have an STD tell your partner(s) so they can get treated. People sometimes feel ashamed or guilty about STD's. Don't let your feelings stop you from getting help. Medically effective, non-judgmental treatment and information is available at:

- college/university health services
- public health departments or community STD clinics
- private physicians

What Are the Common STD's?

Any of these STD's can be transmitted through sexual contact (including vaginal and anal intercourse and oral-genital contact) with an infected partner who may or may not have symptoms.

	What are the signs?	How do you take care of it?	Possible problems
CHLAMYDIA	Men: Burning on urination and discharge from penis. Women: Often no symptoms until PID* begins. People often have no symptoms but are still infected and contagious.	Infected persons and their sexual partners must be tested and/or treated with antibiotics.	PID* and fertility problems in women, including an increased risk of ectopic (tubal) pregnancy. In men, infection of the prostate and epididymis.
HERPES	Sores around mouth (cold sores), genitals or anus, often with small painful blisters. Some people have no symptoms but are still infected and contagious.	Infected persons should avoid intimate sexual contact while sores persist. Acyclovir capsules or ointment may be helpful but will not cure herpes.	May contribute to cervical cancer and pregnancy problems in women.
CRAB LICE	Itching, especially at night; visible, moving lice in pubic hair and eggs (nits) attached to hair shafts.	Lotions to kill lice; recent sexual partners should be treated if infected.	None
GENITAL WARTS	Painless growths usually around vaginal opening, the anus, or on shaft of penis; may occur several months after contact.	Chemical treatment (podophyllin), liquid nitrogen, laser beam, or surgery.	May contribute to cervical cancer.
GONORRHEA	Men: Burning on urination and discharge from penis; sometimes sore throat or diarrhea. Women: Often no symptoms until PID* begins. Some people have no symptoms but are still infected and contagious, especially when gonorrhea occurs in the throat or rectum.	Infected persons and their sexual partners must be tested and treated with antibiotics.	In women, PID* and fertility problems, including an increased risk of ectopic (tubal) pregnancy. In men, infection of the prostate or epididymis. In both, infection of the joints, skin, and bloodstream.
SYPHILIS	Painless ulcer (chancre) at point of contact, usually penile shaft, around vaginal opening, or anus. Secondary stage may include a rash, swollen lymph nodes.	Infected persons and their sexual partners must be tested and treated with antibiotics.	If untreated, may affect brain, heart, pregnancies, or even be fatal.
AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome)	Unusual susceptibility to common infections and unusual cancers; significant unexplained prolonged fever, weight loss, diarrhea, swollen glands. Most people infected with the virus may show no symptoms for many years but are still contagious.	No current proven treatment. Avoid sexual contact or practice "safe sex."	Full-blown AIDS almost always is fatal. Outlook for carriers of the virus or those with AIDS-Related Complex (ARC) is uncertain.

*Pelvic Inflammatory Disease (PID) is an infection of the fallopian tubes. Every episode of PID—fever, abdominal pain, heavy bleeding, excessive discharge—increases a woman's risk of infertility.

Lubricants

Many sexually active people like to use lubricants with condoms. Lubricants can prevent the discomfort associated with dryness during intercourse. Waterbased lubricants like KY jelly, which come in sealed tubes or packets, do not spread germs as easily as those that come from open containers. Oil-based lubricants such as Crisco and Vaseline are not safe; they can weaken condoms and make them useless as protection.

Drugs and Alcohol

Sharing needles used in taking intravenous street drugs transmits some STD's, especially AIDS. Alcohol and other recreational drugs do not directly spread germs, but the effects of alcohol and drug use can lead to the transmission of STD's. Playing safe takes talking, agreement, and planning. Drugs and alcohol may impair your judgment and reduce your ability to make wise decisions.

Some recreational drugs damage your immune system, leaving you open to diseases you might otherwise be able to fight off. It is possible that these drugs make you more susceptible to infection by the AIDS virus and they may make it more likely for you to get AIDS symptoms once you have been infected. "Poppers," which are inhaled nitrite drugs, are especially dangerous.

Your immune system is your only defense against viral STD's like AIDS and herpes, so it makes sense to avoid drugs that impair your ability to overcome infection.

Condoms

Condoms have long been used as contraceptives. They are also very effective in preventing the spread of STD's. It is important for sexually active men and women always to have condoms available. Many people find that using condoms can be part of the fun; it doesn't have to be an interruption. Many types of condoms cause very little loss of sensitivity.

To be effective a condom has to stay on, stay in one piece, and be put on and removed correctly. Remember:

1. Use only new condoms.
2. Put the condom on before you begin intercourse; pre-ejaculatory fluid can transmit some STD's.
3. Put the condom on carefully, unrolling it all the way onto the penis.
4. Use the right lubricants.
5. After climax slowly withdraw the penis before it relaxes and remove the condom carefully; be sure not to tear it.

What If A Friend Has AIDS?

People with AIDS, ARC, or a positive test need the same kind of support and friendship you always provided before. They are likely to feel isolated, frightened, and uncertain about their relationships, their future, and their medical condition. You can help socially and psychologically by continuing to talk and share activities. At the same time, it is also important to recognize that a minor infection for you could prove to be much more serious for a person whose immune system is impaired—don't expose a friend with AIDS to what could be a dangerous illness for him or her.

Health Care Professions Students and Others in Health Care Settings

Health care workers do not have a high risk of getting AIDS as a result of their work with patients, even if they regularly care for people with full-blown AIDS in hospitals. The risk is associated with needlestick injuries. Guidelines for prevention of transmission of AIDS virus to health care workers are similar to those for transmission of hepatitis B. All health professions students should be aware of these guidelines and observe them scrupulously. Health care professionals who have positive AIDS antibody tests may continue to study or work; the Public Health Service has published specific recommendations for their activities. Your Health Service is prepared to explain all of these precautions to you.

For Further Information

Contact your health service or health care provider. Much additional information and support can be obtained from regional institutions known as "AIDS Projects" in major cities. The following national "hot line" services are also available:

Centers for Disease Control
Hotline: 1-800-342-AIDS

Public Health Service
Hotline: 1-800-447-AIDS

National Gay Task Force and AIDS Crisis
Hotline: 1-800-221-7044

A publication of the
American College Health Association
15879 Crabbs Branch Way
Rockville, Maryland 20855
(301) 963-1100

Produced by the
ACHA Task Force on AIDS.

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AIDS... WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW

What Is AIDS?

"AIDS" is shorthand for the *acquired* (not inherited) *immune deficiency* (a breakdown of the body's defense system, producing susceptibility to certain diseases) *syndrome* (a spectrum of disorders and symptoms). People with the full-blown form of AIDS suffer from unusual, life-threatening infections and/or rare forms of cancer.

The virus that causes AIDS also produces milder, but often debilitating, illnesses called *AIDS-Related Complex*, or *ARC*. Persistent enlargement of lymph nodes, chronic fatigue, fever, weight loss, night sweats, and abnormal blood counts are typical features. Many people with ARC improve without treatment; others progress to have AIDS itself, and some remain the same.

The largest group of people infected with the AIDS virus, however, are not currently ill. Since they have no symptoms, these people can be identified only by a blood test for antibody to the AIDS virus. (See section on the HIV antibody test.) There is no certain way to predict whether an individual with a positive blood test and no symptoms will develop ARC or AIDS. The best estimates now available indicate that at least 20 to 30 percent of people with positive blood tests eventually will develop AIDS; this may take 5 to 10 years to happen. A similar or larger proportion of those with positive tests may develop ARC. These percentages may change as our experience with AIDS grows.

All people with a positive blood test for antibody to the AIDS virus must regard themselves as carriers of the virus; even though they may have no symptoms, they are probably infectious and may transmit the virus to others.

What Causes AIDS?

The virus that causes AIDS and AIDS-related conditions is now called *Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV)*. Other names for the same virus are Human T-Lymphotropic Virus, Type III (HTLV-III) and Lymphadenopathy-Associated Virus (LAV). HIV is a retrovirus that must live and reproduce inside human cells. It is extremely fragile, and does not survive long outside the body. It is present in certain body fluids (notably in blood, semen, and vaginal secretions) of people who have been infected, whether or not they have symptoms. Although it is certainly transmitted by blood and semen, there is no evidence that the AIDS virus is transmitted by saliva or tears.

It is likely that certain "co-factors" influence the outcome of infection with HIV. The use of injected or inhaled recreational drugs, stress, and multiple exposures to HIV all seem to promote the development of AIDS or ARC. Although it is not clearly identified as a co-factor, alcohol may suppress the immune system, as well.

Who Gets AIDS?

Approximately two-thirds of people with full-blown AIDS are men who have had sex with other men. 17% are intravenous drug users who have shared needles with other people. 8% are people who fit into both of the first two categories—men who have both shared needles with people and had sex with other men. At least 4% of people with AIDS have acquired it through heterosexual sexual contact. However, this small percentage is misleading. The number of cases among heterosexuals has just begun to climb, because of the very long incubation period for AIDS and the fact that HIV entered the heterosexual population relatively recently. If people do not change their behaviors, there will be many more cases of AIDS among heterosexuals in the future.

Other groups of people at risk have included hemophiliacs (who receive blood products pooled from many donors) and patients who receive blood transfusions. The availability of the antibody test for HIV and new methods of processing blood products have sharply reduced the chance of transfusing HIV in blood or blood derivatives. The risk of transmitting HIV by blood transfusion is now estimated to be 1 in 100,000.

It is important to remember that "risk behaviors" are much more relevant than "risk groups." It isn't who you are, it's what you do, that matters. Increasing numbers of people who fit into none of the originally described risk categories are getting AIDS. HIV can be transmitted sexually between men and women, in either direction, and possibly between women. You are not safe from AIDS just because you're not gay and don't use drugs. All people, gay or straight, should know how to protect themselves.

Babies have gotten AIDS because HIV may be transmitted from an infected mother to her child before or during birth, or in breast milk after birth. Therefore, women with positive HIV antibody tests should protect against pregnancy; if they do have babies, they should not breast feed them.

How Is AIDS Transmitted?

AIDS is not an easy disease to get. HIV is a very fragile virus. There is no evidence that HIV can be transmitted by casual contact. People with AIDS, ARC, or a positive test present no danger to those with whom they go to class, share bathrooms, eat, work, or sit. Objects touched or handled by people with AIDS are not "contaminated" and need not be feared; the only exceptions are needles which might be shared. Any object or surface can be adequately disinfected with a 1:10 dilution of household bleach. There is no need for concern about the safety of swimming pools, whirlpools, saunas, or telephone booths because of AIDS. AIDS cannot be transmitted by coughing or sneezing. The virus is not transmitted in food handling. Those living with people with AIDS, ARC, or a positive blood test are at no extra risk unless they are sexual partners or they are sharing contaminated needles.

Under no circumstances can you get AIDS by donating blood or by getting hepatitis B vaccine.

AIDS is transmitted by intimate (sexual) contact and by exposure to contaminated blood. Normally, the body's protective barrier—the skin—prevents infection with agents like HIV; if the barrier is broken by injury or by needle puncture, fluid containing the virus may enter the body. HIV is easily transferred from one person to another in sexual activities that involve the exchange of body fluids, especially if minor injuries are involved.

Some sexual activities are more dangerous than others. Anal intercourse is especially risky, whether the recipient is male or female. Women may be infected through vaginal sex with a male carrier; men having vaginal sex with female carriers are also at risk. The risk of oral-genital sex on a male seems much lower, and oral sex is less risky if it stops before ejaculation. Oral sex on a female may be more risky during menstruation. Although HIV is occasionally present in the saliva of people with AIDS, there is no evidence that saliva can transmit the virus; large studies have shown no case to have been transmitted by kissing or other contact with saliva. If there is any risk of kissing, it would come from prolonged, deep or rough kissing, which may damage the tissues of the lips or mouth.

The AIDS virus is easily transmitted by shared or dirty needles, and people who share intravenous drugs and needles are exposing themselves to a serious risk of AIDS.

How Can I Protect Myself?

The risk of AIDS can be reduced by:

1. *Making careful choices about sexual activity* and negotiating with your partners for safer sexual practices. For those who are sexually active, a long-term, mutually monogamous relationship prior to which both partners have been safe is nearly risk-free. If you are not in such a relationship, your specific sexual practices are just as important as the number of partners you have. Unsafe, unprotected sex with one or two partners is more dangerous than safer sex with several. If your sexual contacts are risky, it is important to reduce the number of partners—and to learn safer sexual practices.
2. *Knowing your sexual partners* well before having sex; it is a great idea to ask prospective partners about their health, sexual history, and awareness of safety precautions.
3. *Using condoms during sex.* The proper use of condoms greatly reduces the chance of transmitting HIV, but it has not been proven that condoms *eliminate* the risk of AIDS. Be sure to put the condom on before genital or anal contact, use a water-based lubricant, and remove the condom carefully (before losing your erection) to prevent leakage or spillage. Spermicides (contraceptive jellies, creams, or foam) containing nonoxynyl-9 may further increase protection when used along with a condom.
4. Carefully *avoiding any injury* to body tissues during sex.
5. *Not using intravenous drugs* or sharing needles.
6. Avoiding the use of inhaled recreational drugs such as *"poppers"*, which can weaken the immune system.
7. *Not mixing alcohol or other drugs with sexual encounters;* they may cloud your judgment and lead you to do things you wouldn't do with a clearer head—such as forgetting to use a condom. Alcohol and drugs may also suppress your immune system.

Two ACHA brochures *Safe Sex* and *Making Sex Safer* provide important, specific risk-reduction suggestions for safer sexual encounters between people, whether you are gay or straight.

There are positive steps you can take to promote good health; these may be involved in determining what happens if you are exposed to HIV. Adequate rest, reduction of stress to manageable levels, good nutrition, regular exercise, and making conscientious decisions about your personal behavior—all are important.

The HIV Antibody Test

There is a lot of misunderstanding about the "AIDS Test." *The blood test available tests for the presence of antibody to HIV;* it is NOT a test for AIDS or ARC. There are many limitations to the test, which can produce both false positive and false negative results. A truly positive test reveals that the person has been exposed to HIV. It does NOT tell whether he/she has, or will develop, AIDS.

People who are deciding whether to take the test are advised to consult a knowledgeable health care professional or counselor for information and advice first. There are important medical, psychological, and social issues involved in being tested. Anyone considering the test should thoroughly understand its implications and limitations. Since people with positive tests may be victims of discrimination, it is vital that test results be strictly confidential—or anonymous. Thus, it is important to determine how the test results will be reported and handled, and who will have access to the information, before the blood is drawn. Your health care provider can direct you to confidential or anonymous testing sites in your area.

People at risk for AIDS should not donate blood, body organs, or semen—and should not use blood banks as a way to be tested. In making decisions about sexual practices, it is reasonable for a person who is at risk for AIDS but chooses not to be tested, to behave as though the test were positive. Women whose behavior may have created a risk of infection with HIV should consult a health care provider and have the antibody test done before getting pregnant.

A Special Message to People with a Positive Test: *Anyone with a positive test is probably infectious and should take appropriate precautions to protect others.* Even if you have no symptoms, you could transmit HIV to someone else through blood or unprotected sexual intercourse. Professional counseling regarding safer sexual behavior is essential. Measures to promote health and wellness may be of particular importance to you. Women with positive tests should protect against pregnancy, and no one with a positive test should donate blood, organs, or semen.

Symptoms of AIDS and ARC

Many of the early symptoms of AIDS or ARC are similar to those of common minor illnesses, such as the "flu." What distinguishes AIDS and ARC is the severity and duration of the symptoms. Of particular importance are:

1. persistent, excessive *tiredness* for no apparent reason
2. recurring *fevers*, chills, or night sweats
3. unexplained *weight loss* of more than 10 pounds
4. persistent enlargement of the *lymph nodes* (glands) in the neck, armpits, or groin
5. *sore throat* that does not go away, or white spots or patches in the mouth
6. a new, persistent *cough*
7. easy *bruising* or unexplained bleeding from any part of the body
8. persistent *diarrhea*
9. pink or *purple bumps* or blotches on the skin.

The presence of one or any combination of these symptoms for two weeks or more indicates the need for medical evaluation; never hesitate to see a health care provider for examination. If you're worried, have your concerns checked out.

Gay Men and AIDS

It is inaccurate and hurtful to assume that all gay men are promiscuous, or that all gay men have AIDS. Gay people did not cause AIDS, and the occurrence of this tragic disease is a biological event, not a moral comment.

There is no justification, medical or ethical, for avoiding ordinary contact with gay people during the AIDS epidemic. Although the association of AIDS with homosexuality has made some individuals less accepting of homosexuals, this is in fact a time when gay people are often very worried and could use understanding and support.

If you are uncomfortable about contact with gay men during this time, please consult someone at your health service for accurate information and advice. Some centers have groups for this type of discussion—called groups for the "worried well." In a time of considerable public anxiety about AIDS, a calm, reasonable approach will work best for everybody.

Women and AIDS

Increasing numbers of women are developing AIDS. HIV is transmitted to women through sexual contact and exposure to the blood of an infected person, just as in men. The heterosexual transmission of HIV from men to women and women to men is becoming more common; women may also transmit HIV to each other by sexual contact. It is possible for HIV to be transmitted to a woman during sexual assault.

Women face some unique issues in AIDS. A woman with a positive HIV antibody test—whether or not she has symptoms—should protect against pregnancy for two reasons: first, because of the likelihood of transmitting HIV to her child, and second, because pregnancy may speed up the development of the ARC or AIDS in the woman herself. There is a very slight chance that a woman could be infected with HIV by artificial insemination. Childbearing is important in the future plans of many men and women; the limitations imposed by HIV infection are very difficult and stressful.

People of Color and AIDS

Despite current misconceptions, AIDS is a serious problem for *all* people of *all* ethnic backgrounds. You are not protected from AIDS because of your race, gender, or sexual orientation. AIDS affects a lot of people who are not white, gay or male. Statistics show that there have been many more black and Hispanic people with AIDS than would be expected, given their proportion in our population. Many women and most children with AIDS have been black or Hispanic. *AIDS is a problem for everyone.* Only responsible behavior protects *anyone* from AIDS.

Summer '88 Health Form, Short Version*

CONFIDENTIAL

Name (please print) _____
Last First

Summer Program_____

Social Security Number_____

*For any Middlebury College undergraduates and any students who attended a Middlebury College summer program in 1986 or 1987 and who have a Health Form on file at the Parton Health Center: You may complete and return this form in lieu of the two-page white Health Form.

☐ No changes in my health condition since summer 1987.

☐ Health changes which would not yet be recorded at Parton Health Center. (Please list specific diagnosis, medication or other treatment regimen, name and address of caregiver, and any other details which would help us care for you.)

_____ _____
Signature Date

Please return this form to: George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of $1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, 40 Broad Street, Boston MA 02109, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	28 June - 13 August, 1988
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	28 June - 6 August, 1988

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK FOR NEW YORK TIMES

Since some of you may want to keep in touch with the outside world, you can subscribe to all the news that's fit to print in THE NEW YORK TIMES. Check below the kind of subscription you want, if any; payment in full will be due when you pick up your first copy at the front desk.

CHECK ONE

____	Daily only	$24.60
____	Sunday only	$12.00
____	Daily and Sunday	$36.60

YOUR NAME _____
(Please print)

Please do not send payment in the mail. Bring it with you to Bread Loaf.

Please return this form, if you are subscribing, with all of the other forms, by June 17th.

Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

Telephone 518-546-7666

Dear Student:

Nu Way Linen has been selected to provide linen service for students attending Middlebury College's Breadloaf School of English for the 1988 Summer Session. A weekly linen service includes 2 sheets, 1 pillow case and 3 bath towels. The price for this six week service is $38.00 and includes a deposit of $10.00 which will be refunded when a complete set of linen is returned at the end of the session. An order form and return envelope is enclosed for your convenience. Please make checks payable to Nu Way Linen.

Thank you and good luck this Summer.

Sincerely yours,

William Joyce

TIN CUP LETTER

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

November 1987

The only notable thing about this letter is that it contains not a single pun on Bread Loaf. Please show your gratitude. Any pitch for pitching pennies into the School's tin cup risks putting me into company where soliciting has recently become even more morally dubious. But I promise no panting phonathon calls at dinner time, no teary evangelical pleas. Bread Loaf is not going under unless you save it today. I'm not promising to save you either. I just want your savings - if you have any left - for those 200 Bread Loafers who face expenses next summer of more than $3,000 - 15% of their average gross income.

The September 14 Time article on Bread Loaf - "Innovative Program Sparks the Writing of America's Children" - quoted a Sioux youngster of two Bread Loaf teachers as he brooded that it would take "great human power or magic" to help his people. Where can we tap that wellspring of possibility if not on the Mountain? But it will take $150,000 next summer to sustain our commitment to teachers of writing, literature and theatre, especially those who come from communities impoverished and isolated - the forgotten poor. And that excludes too few. No longer even just a privileged pastoral summer enclave, Bread Loaf can support forty teachers back in their classrooms with grants of up to $5,000 after the School has found the funds to bring them to Bread Loaf.

I'm saddened to report that one of our most enthusiastic encouragers of this effort to take the Mountain home, Wylie Sypher, colleague and teacher from 1957 to 1975, died this past summer. One of only three faculty members to receive an honorary degree at the School of English, he will always be counted among our great teachers of Shakespeare and modern criticism. Through a life endowed with a disciplined sensibility and enriched by a principled and liberal conscience, he fulfilled his convictions as teacher, as man. I hope to pay tribute to his memory - our heritage - and to extend our affection to Lucy by substantially increasing their endowed scholarship fund.

There is nothing I can promise you as a reward for your gift except gratitude and the assurance that the School's most promising teachers will try to provide their students with an opportunity to fulfill their promise. Teaching is, after all, the best of all long-term promissory notes.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

THE CRUMB

THE YEAST

On the last day of some summer writing classes, writers are customarily asked to give advice to newcomers. Here are selected pieces from the past.

Number 1 Summer 1988
Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

TAP YOURSELF

Good news: The most difficult thing you will have to do at Bread Loaf, you have already done. You got out of your car. Now, all you need to do is remember why. And now that you are here, be like a sponge. Absorb. There are so many pools of thought here to soak in and grow. Stimulating candlelight dinners are not a myth in this Camelot. Tap yourself like a Vermont sugar maple and let those juices flow.

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ONE OF YOUR BEST DAYS

Just relax. Most of the people around you will probably be new, too. You've probably already witnessed several couples hugging within a few minutes of your arrival. Hopefully, one of those pairs will be me and someone I've always wanted to hug but never had the courage or excuse to do it. But really, just relax, because the people here, old and new, will take care of you.

You probably feel like a lot of college freshmen, but just think how much more mature you are than back...whenever. If you find yourself standing in a line or alone in a room, my suggestion is to be somewhat socially aggresive. Smile and say, "Hi." You'll probably be relieving someone of the same anxiety that you're feeling.

If you happen to be alone in your room, then don't be alone. Go for a walk. It's not that big here. You won't get lost. And there will be people, Bread Loaf people, great people, somewhere close. Ask any question--it has to turn out right. If it is addressed to an old student, you'll have it answered and you'll know one more little thing about life on the Mountain. If you approach a new student, you'll both feel relief in knowing you're in the same boat. It may seem hard to believe right now, but this will be one of your best days. Make it happen.

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SOME HANDY ADVICE

When you came around that curve in the road and saw the big blue sign that says "Caution! Students!" did you wonder who was being warned? The Bread Loaf students or the rest of the world? I did.

Actually, it was a good thing I slowed down when I saw that sign. Not only because Bread Loaf goes by in two seconds if you're cruising, but also because there were people hugging each other all over the place--on the sidewalk, in the road, on top of the stone wall. They were oblivious to everything. I wondered if someone was going to rush up and hug me when I stepped out of my car.

No one did. I felt a bit like an alien, being the only unhugged person in sight. So I got down on the ground and did some stretching exercises, both because I was tired from the long drive and because it gave me something physical to do. All the huggers were laughing and squealing.

But here was the real trick. It's hard not to feel overwhelmed in your first hours; everyone expects you to feel overwhelmed. But if you act as if you've been here before, strange things happen. When I gravitated toward the front desk, I was so dazed by everything that I must have seemed perfectly composed. Bob Handy shook my hand and said, "Hey! How have you been?" as if I was a Bread Loaf veteran.

"Fine, fine," I said, giving his hand the old squeeze. Then I had to ask questions which revealed me as a green rookie. "I could have sworn I knew you," Bob said. We laughed.

Whoever you are reading this, you green rookie, I'm sure you've seen that "green" is the color to be here at Bread Loaf--it's exalted, not lowly. People do everything to help you. And now, why don't you go up to Bob Handy, put out your hand, and say, "Hi Bob, how've you been?"

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COMPANY

Ann started crying again. I told her that she might need vitamins or a diet change. I felt like leaving in the car to end the moment of goodbye. I either wanted to be there or go somewhere else.

I put on the tape player and drove off. I felt tired but like I wanted to floor it and get to Vermont fast. The mountains felt kind of generic; I remembered the way my stomach felt hollow last time, but no details of the specific mountains seemed interesting. Just green, lumpy, and hollow in my stomach.

Driving got exhausting and I relaxed my arms; I tried to use less muscle and just

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guide the car. Thought about pulling off and napping but I got coffee instead.

Crossing New York in the rain I felt like stopping, not going back or going ahead. I didn't want to go anywhere, just sit. I wanted to be in Vermont.

When I got into Vermont I stopped at a travel center. I really needed to talk to the workers; I was starting to think of the car as company. But as I left there I began to picture Bread Loaf. It was starting to look like a place with people. My mannerisms and behavior would be seen; I was embarrassed.

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NOT WINNING

Up through Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and especially over into Vermont, the water flowed lavishly—not from the sky, but from my eyes. I was leaving my kids and my husband to come to Bread Loaf to study. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime and what do I do? I cry. Over and over I said to myself, "What the hell is the matter with you? You've always wanted an opportunity like this. Rusty and Melissa are almost grown. Orion can take care of himself!"

It was indeed a puzzlement. Finally, as I came out 125, I faced the ugly truth. I am a coward. Of course I fear the work at Bread Loaf. But that's just a little part of it. My cowardice is deeper—more a selfish type of cowardice—nourished for many years. I fear responsibility. "What if something happened while I was away that could have been prevented had I been there?" I fear fate and having to face up to taking a chance and not winning. I cried for myself. For my fear of being held responsible for all the accidents, the quarrels, the disorder at home.

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TARGET

I had been looking at a map off Vermont for three days, each day trying to chart the best course to Bread Loaf. From Concord, N.H. it isn't all that hard. North on interstate 89 for sixty miles, west on 107 for fifteen, another fifteen on route 100, and then I guess about ten miles of 125. I knew my course well before I began the trip, but I unfolded the big bulky map on my small desk at home each day and went over it again. After I had gone through this routine for three days I began to ask myself why I was doing this. I think I understood. It was nervousness. I was anxious about those immediate pressures of a new environment. I had the feeling in the back of my mind that I would enjoy Bread Loaf, but the anxiety was unavoidable.

I had the mileage and later the estimated time of arrival down pat for Tuesday, June 26. I wanted to arrive early enough to get all the good furniture and arrange it to my liking in the room, but not too early that I'd be hanging around my room after I unpacked. From my experience as a college freshman I knew that I'd be somewhat lonely and self-conscious that first day. I targeted 11:00 a.m. early, but not too early. I'd be safe.

The ride itself was as quick as I thought it would be. Before long, I was off of interstate 89 and onto the back roads of Vermont. It was a beautiful day and I soon began to notice that there were rarely any cars in my lane, either behind me or in front of me. I took my time and began to appreciate the scenery. I started to think of the Bread Loaf reputation, Robert Frost, the scrutinizing of fellow English teachers, and even the possibilities of my novel that would originate from my Bread Loaf experiences. I began to write some lines in my head, but they weren't exactly fluid or any good. Well, just have a great time at Bread Loaf, I told myself. My odometer soon showed me that the School would be near. Before I knew it, the light blue Bread Loaf sign was in front of me, and then the campus with lots of cars, people unpacking, and hugging.

I slowed down, but kept going. A few miles down the road I turned around in a driveway and headed back to Bread Loaf.

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EMBRACE

So you're 2,000 miles from home for the first time, missing children and friends, gardens and dogs—maybe especially, yes, especially, missing your stereo. So the happy ones around you seem to know where to go, what to do, seem to seem to know. Every time two or three returnees rush shrieking to each other's arms in a frenzied dance of welcome, you die a little bit. At least you shrink a little. You doubt.

I promise: it changes. The loneliness ebbs, more each day and night as the Bread Loaf community pulls you in, loves you, supports you, teaches you, listens to you.

The first week or two of sleeplessness nights go away, too, that rigidity in the neck and jaw where all the tension gathers while you try to sleep eases and eases, and one day, then, you'll seem to belong, seem to know where to go, what to do.

It'll help if on your first day you stage a welcoming embrace ceremony with newcomers: hug, laugh, mockingly assert. "It's so good to see you again!" By the end of the session, it will be good; the mockery will have faded and you'll belong.

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YOU CAN WRITE

Don't sweat it—you can write. I asked my roommate to judge one of my first papers. He thought for about one second before replying, "I think it's disconnected. I don't see how you got to the end from the rest of the story."

"Thanks. I think you have a good point. I'll work on it." He left the room and I bawled. Two days later I was able to look at the paper again, and the son of a bitch was right. I reworked the paper, let someone else read it, and they liked it. I'm only three weeks into the summer, so I'm not perfect yet.

Even if I incorporate somebody's criticism into a paper, I'm not likely to eat lunch with them for a while. But I'm getting better.

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BOARDED AT BATESVILLE

I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I had plenty of time to decide not to come here. I boarded the train at Batesville, Mississippi on June 23rd, and on the morning of June 26th, I arrived at Essex Junction, Vermont.

Two cabs and one bus later, I arrived at the Bread Loaf Inn. I was not afraid of Bread Loaf. I wanted to be here.

There are many things that I could say about being black at Bread Loaf, but I won't. The thing that I can say about being human at Bread Loaf is that everything you feel—alienation, loneliness, homesickness—is valid and real. It will pass.

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PANIC

A great panic clutched at my stomach and kept me from presenting myself to the series of radiant faces lined up at the salad bar. I had to flee to my room, lie down, and grasp the sides of the bed firmly just to steady myself.

I recognized myself as an infidel, the only one cloistered at the monastery who didn't believe, while reflective eyes and serene smiles revealed the deep spiritual commitment of the others present.

"Maybe this really wasn't such a good way for me to spend my summer after all," I surmised. "I should have become a bicycle messenger in San Francisco."

Well, a week has passed. And I'm beginning to get the rhythm of it. Although I haven't bought an <u>I Found It!</u> bumper sticker for my Datsun yet, I have to admit that my own eyes have sparkled more than once. (The radiation here is contagious.)

A perplexing paper provided my rite of passage and initiation. I'm beginning to belong to being here.

The one bit off advice I can offer is this: You can go to the first party. At any rate, pick up on the beat. Bread Loaf is a dance. Listen to the music. Live in the present.

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ANOTHER HUG

My cousin dropped me off, I took the suitcases up to my room, unpacked them in three minutes so I could rush out the door and try to belong.

I certainly wasn't going to sit in my room and wonder what I was doing here.

I had to see Paul Cubeta about changing a course. When we had finished talking, he walked me to the door and started to open it. I turned around to thank him. I thought he was about to give me a hug but really he just hadn't moved away fast enough when I crashed into him. He gave me a hug because by then it seemed a little ridiculous not to. I thought, "That's about the funniest thing that ever happened to me in a school. This place is going to be O.K."

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AFTER ALL

I had spent the past two months perfecting my confidence act and really had the lines down pretty well. "I am not scared about going to Bread Loaf. I am a good student and pretty smart and I like to write and sure, I will do just fine." I practiced a lot, mumbling to myself on the airplane from Montana and perfecting the delivery during a week-long visit with my parents in Massachusetts. I even believed it, until the hill.

My father was driving and we had chatted all the way almost like two grown-ups, no small feat for father and daughter when the daugher is a mother with a grown-up son of her own. Dad couldn't completely restrain his tour guide tendencies, though as we wavered through the backroads of his boyhood, and I learned once again that this man has an amazing store of information and I learned among other things, why so many houses in Chester, Vermont, are made of stone.

But now we were on the hill. The steeper it got the more my insides quivered and the faster my rehearsed self-assurance dribbled away. I found my script was changing quickly as we drew closer to the Inn. "I am very scared and not so very smart and everyone will write better than I do and I definitely don't belong in a place like this."

*

Suddenly I was seventeen again and my father was driving me not to Bread Loaf but to Maine for my first year of college at Bates. Then, as now, I hoped he wouldn't stick around too long because it would be absolutely not cool to face this strange new world with a father in tow.

*

But now, unlike then, having chauffer-red three others to college since me, he knew what I was feeling. "Well, I guess I'll be going," he said, and though I felt guilty about him turning right around, three hours up and three hours back, I didn't ask him to stay. We hugged goodbye just as we had those many years ago--the same yet somehow different, too. He was still the father, I the daughter, but I wasn't seventeen. Maybe I could belong in this place after all.

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PINNED

"Peg, you asleep? Peg?"

"Huh? Oh, no." Rip cord marks from the bedspread welted her face.

"I was just downstairs looking at the map. The one that shows where everyone's from, the one with the pins."

She yawned, and squinted at me. "Yea?"

"We're gone. Just two holes in Nampa, Idaho, where there should be pins."

She slumped back, hugging the pillow. "They probably fell off."

"Did you ever see the movie, Ten Little Indians, where those people were trapped in a house and were picked off one by one, 'and then there were none'?"

"Good grief." She punched the pillow. "Maybe the pins are being used for voodoo rites. Are you missing any scarves or nail clippings?"

"Seriously, that map bothers me. It's covered with pins from all over the United States. There are even pins from Canada, England, and France."

"So?"

"So, Paul Cubeta brought in those brilliant people. Pins from Harvard. Pins from Yale. Pins from Oxford."

Her eyes closed. "Haven't you been listening? We're supposed to be bright. We wouldn't be here if he didn't think we could handle it."

What if I'm in the bottom ten? What if tomorrow I'm called into Paul Cubeta's office, and he hands me an envelope with my pin in it and says, 'Shirley, take this back to Nampa with you when you go.'"

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HOROSCOPE

On Monday night I had been reading the comics and I glanced at my horoscope (Gemini), which said: "You may be embarking upon a course where you don't belong." I laughed nervously and showed it to Robert, and he said, "Well, don't go."

But I came anyway, and last night I lay alone in bed and thought about the horo- scope and why I was here. And I missed my husband and my children and my cat.

Today when I woke I felt a little better. I felt as if I were embarking upon an adventure, like an African Safari or a mountain clumbing expedition. And I would just do it until I got it done. Good or bad--of course I would try to do my best. Else why not just leave and go home?

I don't really know why I'm so scared. So scared I could cry. It's not that I've never been away from home before--though never for six and a half weeks. And of course I can go home on weekends--but then that would get expensive. I guess I'm scared because I just don't know what's going to happen, to me or Bob and the kids.

I really want to do well here. I'm just not sure why it is so important, or if it even matters at all, really.

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FLY

Relax. Ease up. Singles hitters are welcome here. Any way, you might be Pete Rose. Don't think about Robert Frost and THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH. Ordinary people come here. You can wear sandals, T-shirts, and cut-offs if you like (You didn't have to bring your whole wardrobe--teaching skirts, dresses--yes, suits, the way I did just to be safe). You can even eat softboiled eggs and dip your bread in them at breakfast. Relax.

What, you haven't read the Aeneid, Ulysses, and all the volumes of Remembrance of Things Past? You didn't go to Harvard? Don't worry. Open up your ears and eyes and fly. People here won't laugh. They want to get to know you and your ideas. Oh, you'll learn a lot about their ideas. You will read most of those books. But the teachers here are people, not talking heads or walking publications.

Now, how to start that? First Wednesday: smile and smile and smile and talk to people in the Barn, on the porch, in class. Ask those questions that you're afraid to ask. Every one of us started out afraid, too. (I bet you didn't drive past the Inn and up to the Snow Bowl the way I did.)

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THE GREEN BENCH

The Inn. The massive porch. The crowd gathered around the high-backed green bench. Panic. Second thoughts. A vision of sun-tan lotion, beach umbrellas, frisbees, and the surf. Trade that for a stack of books? Instead of a beach bum, become a target for pot-shots by professors?

Normal thoughts. All wrong, but quite normal. You see, Bread Loaf is the Inn, the porch, the books, the professors; but it is also sun-tan lotion, beach umbrellas, frisbees, the surf--any landscape your mind can envision. Step onto this campus and you become part of the very heartbeat of imagination, of thought, of life.

Bread Loaf is for you. Bread Loaf is the Barn--Princeton, Yale, McDonald's, the Capital Theater, and Studio 54 all under one roof. Bread Loaf is Ulysses, the Brandy Brook house mouse. Bread Loaf is a salad bar with Bacos every day. Bread Loaf is finding out that your roommaate is the funniest, smartest, most delightful person you've ever met. Bread Loaf is Y'EAST, where the life of this mountain and its people is celebrated. Bread Loaf is pancakes on Wednesday morning and fourteen cups of coffee a day...

Now walk on up the porch steps and sit down on the big green bench. Bread Loaf is for you!

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BE SILLY

Registration at the 30,000-body campus where I went to undergraduate and graduate school took a day. Here at Bread Loaf--five minutes, max. And some people knew my name from the picture I'd sent in with my application. I'd always thought that those were to make sure ugly people weren't accepted, but they let me in out of sympathy.

At dinner the first night--long white candles flaunting flames and smiling waiters asking me what did I want. I believed they could bring me anything, like Santa Claus. And they did--anything except my mom's spaghetti.

For many days I met three new people at every meal. We talked intelligently, befitting, we thought, this mountain crest. After a few weeks we settled down, got comfortable, dared to be silly.

It's a strange thing to be strong enough to be silly, easy enough with people to be yourself and not fear judgment. Even Jesus laughed.

I think that's something I'll take off the Mountain. Yea, I learned a lot of stuff, but mostly I learned that there's always got to be a balance--mountains and valleys, intensity and giggles, boobs and people, frenzy and quiet.

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A LEARNING MOMENT

They stared at me blankly.

"Last bit of business for today," I said as I picked up a stack of crisp, neatly typed letters. "I have a handout for you. Actually it's a letter from me to your parents. I just wanted to let them know I'm new, what I expect, what I'll be doing for the rest of the year—things like that. I want to be sure your parents see this, so there's a place at the bottom for their signatures. So take it home, have them read it over, sign it, then bring it back to me. All right? Here you go."

My fingers counted out the proper number of handouts for each row. Most of the students glanced at the papers quickly, then shoved them into pants pockets and notebooks.

"If you bring this back to me with your parents' signatures, it's worth one A under your daily assignment grade," I said. "Okay, we have a few extra minutes. Why don't you take some time to talk?"

A blonde girl approached me, the letter in her hand, still intact.

"Don't tell me. Paula?"

"Yeah," she replied shyly. "um...Mrs. Renn...uh...Miss Renn...Rennhack, my mom, well, I don't live with her, and she's out of town anyway, so I can't have her sign this." She waved the handout in front of me.

"Oh, well, that's okay. Who do you live with? They can sign it," I said, thinking she lived with Grandma or foster parents perhaps. Where else would a seventeen-year-old junior girl in a small northwestern Wisconsin town live?

"With my boyfriend. Should I have him sign it?"

It was my turn to stare. I took a breath, looked away.

"Uh...no," I said as I took the handout from her, crumpled it, and tossed it in the garbage. "No, that's okay."

Pam Rennhack

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RITE OF PASSAGE

"Two wraps! Take two wraps when I get her up there," my father repeated as he shoved the lassoed Holstein heifer forward with his shoulder. The taut loop around the cow's neck loosened momentarily, as she bolted forward. The rope sang as my brother Jerry hove in the slack over the two by six board then whipped two wraps around, cramming the cow's head against the gate.

"Put that nose pliers in, Dennis. Don't just stand around."

"All right Dad, but why do we have to do this anyway? It's going to hurt her."

"Cause she'll hurt the other cows with those horns. Get that pliers in there and turn her head around."

The little cow blew stale breath on me as the cold steel balls of the nose pliers clamped the cartilage of her flared, wet nostrils. The frayed manila rope bit my hands as I cinched her nose around tight against the gate. Her eyes, wild with terror, watched my every movement. A rumbling swallow echoed in her throat interrupting the rhythmic wheezing through her mouth.

Dad jerked the dehorning tool over the gate. The gears clanked and the V-shaped steel blades grated as he worked five foot handles open. Dad hoisted the machine over the cow's head, then let the opening between the blades slide down over the horn.

"Hold her now!" He slammed the handles together. Slow motion action followed; a crunching sound, a pathetic bellow of agony, the cow hoof smacking the gate, the manila cutting, burning my hands.

YEAST

Some names of authors and characters have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves, not for the institution.

Editors for this issue:
Robin Ellis, Gary Griffith, David Waters

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Middlebury College
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"Hold that rope tight!"

I felt sick, but pulled again on the manila. A neat, black cone of horn lay on the ground. A ring of dark hair circled the white flesh attached at the base. A fine spray of scarlet arched from the gaping white wound to pepper the grey board wall.

"Just one more. Steady!" Dad stepped around to the other side and placed the machine on the remaining horn.

The slow motion scene repeated.

"Dennis, grab two of those milk filters."

"Let her nose go?"

"She's done."

The clean white gauze circles wilted to red rags when Dad placed them over the spurting holes.

"Dennis, let her loose."

I watched Dad drag the heavy guillotine tool to the gate. I reeled with nausea. "Dennis, don't just stand there. Undo the catch!"

"S-sure, Dad." The nose pliers fell to the barn floor and the heifer slumped down gasping. I reached through the gate along the noose around her neck. The heifer held her breath, paused, then lunged forward driving her hoof between the boards. I yanked my arm out as her head shot upward ramming the gate. Her eyes were wild. "Come on, come on. Don't take all day."

"It's not easy, Dad." Thick blood dripped on my arm as I felt again along the taut line under her neck for the catch. I hooked my index finger under the release and tugged.

"Give me slack, Jerry!" I commanded. Snap! The cow sprang backwards flinging the rope into the wall. The heifer blew through her nostrils, shook her head, and moved to the corner of the open pen.

"It's all over, little cow," I breathed.

Dennis Lenssen

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THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER

My mother. I know about my mother. She was with me today on my walk through The Robert Frost Memorial Trail. The images wouldn't stop, the tightly woven white web strangling the leaves on a branch, the grey clouds covering up the tiny pink shape in the sky, the rain drops falling with ever greater strength and certainty. Everything I saw was the cancer destroying my mother's liver. Ridiculous, melodramatic metaphors that wouldn't shut up. The night would surely win and turn the few touches of pink into grey, like the house lights dimming in a theater. The rain would surely get me wet, and my attempts to keep my watch dry would undoubtedly fail. The leaves within the cocoon hadn't a chance.

I trudged with a quick, determined pace through the wet grass, annoyed with my mind's chatter which only disappeared with my periodic tears. Head and heart. I unwillingly listened to my thoughts about how my mother would die; my time piece would stop; I would get wet. Absurd reflections. And yes, I would eventually find warmth and dry clothes and I could buy another watch. Time would go on. Time heals, as they say. But would it heal my mother?

I know about my mother and her indomitable spirit. The sign on the trail read: "To enjoy this trail, please take your time." If my mother's life had a sign, it would read: "To enjoy this life, please have courage." She has battled the pain of rheumatoid arthritis—along with her medications' side-effects—since I was a small girl. Seven years ago she survived a melanoma tumor on her optic nerve and stunned the doctors by maintaining vision in her eye in spite of the cobalt implant. That time they gave her a fifty percent chance of survival. She has lived through the unpredictable fainting spells caused by her blood transfusions for the hemotosis they discovered last year. My mother is a survivor.

On Saturday morning, almost two weeks ago, my dad called me in San Francisco to tell me about the test and diagnosis. By evening, I was in St. Louis. Monday evening we would say good-bye as she would go into the hospital for a liver biopsy and I would head to Bread Loaf.

She desperately tried to create a sense of order and completion during those two days we had together, vocalizing every thought that passed through her scattered mind: "This summer I have to teach your father to cook. I worry about him so. Diet is so important!" Her stunning practicality, which only occasionally gave way to moments of grief, gradually pulled me in, away from my useless emotions.

We walked through the house as she explained with urgency the history of various pieces of furniture, paintings and china, telling me whom she wanted to have what. Her desperation to pass on this information made me want to accommodate her, but her obvious exhaustion pained me. Finally coming upon a solution, I suggested she record the information later into a Walkman. Grateful for the idea, she went back upstairs and collapsed into bed.

Not thirty minutes later, another idea struck her. She frantically began cleaning out closets and drawers, not wanting others to see how much she had accumulated. This was a monumental task, but she seemed to need to be busy. Even while resting in between these cleaning spells—fifteen minutes was about all she could handle—she would be seized by a new flood of essential details that must not be lost in memory. I listened attentively as she passed on traditions that mattered to me only because they mattered to her. Bringing out her jewelry, she described the value and history of pieces she was afraid might be overlooked. She gave me her grandmother's engagement ring. It was a ring I had worn on special occasions growing up, and I put it on.

Monday evening, before I left, my father, brother and I ate dinner with Mom in the hospital restaurant on her first night there. The sight and smell of the hospital, where she would be spending so much time, took hold of my imagination. I saw the two of us taking our places in one of the many scenes etched in my memory from movies or daytime soaps: she dying in the hospital bed, I holding her hand. Then, as now, my mind seemed to feed on images that would make me weep, no matter how cheap the source. I excused myself before we even sat down, knowing if she saw the tears I could feel coming, hers would flow immediately. We had cried together several times already, but I was determined not to spoil our time this evening.

I found my way to the privacy of a large, sterile bathroom where I could safely let go, and I broke down in front of the mirror. Leaning my elbow on the ledge, I kneaded my fingers through my hair, shaking with my sobs. Eventually I looked at my distorted face in the mirror, swollen red eyes, blotches of color on my face: a pretty sight. No surprise that Mom saw right through me when I returned to the restaurant. "I'm all right, Mom," I whispered. She forced a smile and reached her hand across the table to cover mine. I returned the smile, then blurted out, "I just can't stand the idea of your suffering!"

Our tears fell simultaneously. We understood each other completely at this moment, for our fears were the same. Not just of pain, but of her absence in our lives. I ached at the thought of her not being there to meet a man I would someday find and want to marry. Not to have her there when I held my firstborn in my arms. I ached at the thought of my father coming home to an empty house, awkwardly trying to put something together for dinner. Christmas, without Mom to create the Christmas we all know as Christmas. We ached for the same things.

After dinner, we returned to her room. I sat on her bed, holding her hand for a long time before we finally said good-bye. Within the hour, while on the phone with my brother, I accidentally scratched my cheek with the ring my mother had given me. With the years, the glue had apparently lost its strength: the jagged setting was empty. The diamond had fallen out.

I call Mom tonight after coming back from my walk. It is her first night home from the hospital, having now experienced the first week of chemotherapy. Tonight I speak to a drugged woman and a polite stranger. Her voice is forced; though she acknowledges her fatigue, she tries to sound animated. She asks polite questions about Bread Loaf, though she isn't really listening to my answers. I don't want to talk about Bread Loaf anyway.

I prod her, and she tells me about the past week. Her speech is slow and almost without expression.

"Well, honey," she sighs quietly, "they leave the lights on all the time. I just can't sleep there. They keep coming in to check the needles...and my roommate is such a pitiful woman. The poor thing has open wounds all over and she is in constant pain. I feel so sorry for her. But she moans all night long. I hate that place, Nan. I just can't get any rest."

"Are you in pain?"

"No, they've given me too much medication for that."

"Mom, does the medication affect your emotions at all?"

"No. I'm just tired."

"I know, I can hear it in your voice...Dad told me that in two weeks they'll know whether or not the treatment will work."

"That's pretty scary, isn't it? But I'll be ready—whatever the answer." She sounds truly at peace with the idea of death for the first time. I think, "We're losing her."

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We make plans for when we will speak again, and she reminds me that Sunday would be good because my brother Will arrives from Japan that day.

"Well, you're a darling to call," she says suddenly.

I feel cut off. What can I say to those words she would usually use to get off the phone with a friend or acquaintance? Is she so exhausted from the week and from the drugs that she must protect herself by distancing me? I cannot know what she feels now, I realize painfully. Have I lost her already?

What, exactly, does losing her mean? I have often mothered my mother, and I expect to be able to provide for her when she's in need. But is it true, as Elizabeth Kübler-Ross says, that a time comes when a person dies more easily if allowed to detach herself from all the meaningful relationships in her life? Does that include <u>me?</u> I say I can handle her death more easily than her suffering, but I now see that what hurts the most is the idea of having her alive, no longer needing me. Will there come a time when I will still be clinging to something she is ready to give up? For my mother's sake, will I be able to accept the death of my role as daughter?

Nan Reed

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CRUMBLING PLASTER

Suddenly the house was empty. Unexpectedly bare. We had been so caught up in the process of moving and packing that we had never really taken the time to say good-bye. Each box that went out to the long truck in the driveway was one less job still to do. One less piece of china to wrap, one less drawer to sort. Now the emptiness was overwhelming.

My mother and I had been working for several weeks to get ready. Stripping a rambling old Victorian house of a family's accumulated clutter was a sizable task. The last time we had moved, from one house in town to another, we had been careless and had just packed everything unsorted—thinking, of course, that we would have plenty of time to clean out the previous twelve years' junk in the new house down the street. Now another twelve years had passed and we were still tripping over the unpacked boxes from the previous move.

We had moved when I was in high school, after the rest of the kids had gone off to school and my mother felt our large, suburban-style house was uninspiring. We decided to renovate an 1880's Victorian home, to plant new rose plants around the overgrown arborways in the garden and let some light in on rooms that had been closed up by heavy, silk drapes. I lived there for two years before college and then returned only on vacations. Pretty soon I was off working on my own projects, and just came back for the occasional weekend. Still, my room was as I had left it. My apartment in Boston was where I lived, but this was home.

The twelve years we had lived in that large, 1940's box had been my entire childhood, an eternity. But the next twelve in this funny old house had seemed like a brief episode, because I was only a casual observer. My mother spoke as if she had lived there forever, but I still had things I wanted to do to the place. The laundry room was never painted as we had planned, the gardens were still overgrown and untended.

Now the house was empty. There was a hollowness to it that was startling. We had sorted out a lifetime's worth of possessions, and my mother was ready to move on to a retirement free of old memories. The boxes of stuffed animals, leaking their innards amongst the mouse droppings, had gone to the dump. The piles of our collective childhood drawings had been dutifully sorted and packed up to be shipped to four new attics for storage. In addition, I had pulled out a carload of interesting cast-offs to take with me—old leather suitcases and broken furniture which were full of history for someone just starting out, but burdensome to someone older.

Walking through the upstairs rooms, I could hear the voices of past evenings. The startling color of the wallpaper where a photograph had once hung. The crumbling plaster residue of a high school art project waiting to be swept out of the corners of a closet. The unfinished hem of a bedroom curtain left pinned for the new owners because they would not fit the imagined color scheme of the next life.

On the landing, I stopped to peek through the gauze drapes as I had every morning, watching for the approaching school bus. I looked at the remaining elms on the main street, the house across the way where the father had hung himself from the garage rafters. Out of sight were the church where I taught Sunday School, the neighborhood I grew up in, the friends I had once known here. Then it was not this house that I would miss or these empty rooms, but this world. The woman in the dairy store whose son ate too much garlic, the tacky drug store which once had a beautiful old luncheon counter in place of the Hallmark card racks. I would no longer have an excuse to walk the path through the woods to my boarded-up elementary school.

In just a moment I had become a twenty-nine-year-old adult who lives in a rented apartment on a side street in Harvard Square. The patrol leader, paper boy, and yearbook editor were gone. The childhood I had been so eager to escape had slipped beyond my grasp.

David Waters

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NEVER A DOUBT

My friend Andy and I were walking through the gym when a large poster announcing the tryouts for that summer's Empire State Games caught our attention. No one had gone from our school in recent years, but we all knew about them. The state's best athletes, divided into six regions, competing in all the Olympic events. Some events were even televised.

Besides the one week, all-expense-paid vacation hosted by the state, the most visible sign of those lucky few who earned the right to go were their distinct blue and gold jackets with "Empire State Games" emblazoned across the back. We looked on those with awe and jealousy. Andy and I made up our minds. We had to go—to compete—to get that jacket.

Neither of us were among the top athletes in our school, let alone the state. We were only sophomores. Andy was on the varsity wrestling team, but that was partly due to a lack of 91-pound upperclassmen. I only played J.V. soccer and race-walked in track. We wouldn't make it in our present sports, but there were other ways.

After some deliberation, we found a sport that was suited to our abilities, and more important, would give us the least competition. Water polo. We were all set. Both of us could swim. I had a pool in my backyard, and we didn't figure anyone played water polo in the Adirondack region. We had a few weeks before the tryouts, plenty of time to prepare ourselves for the endeavor.

Fortunately, the local public library had two vintage books (same author) on water polo. We set about learning things we thought would help us, like the rules. We found out that you couldn't touch the bottom of the pool, you couldn't bring the ball under water, and you were only allowed to catch and throw the ball with one

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hand. With this information ingrained in our minds, we went to my pool and spent at least an hour throwing an old volleyball back and forth. We didn't swim any laps, but agreed we should before the tryouts. I did once, but I don't think Andy did.

Realizing we weren't quite prepared, Andy and I had two t-shirts printed for us. On the front, in bold red letters, "Pearl Harbor Water Polo Club." On the back, "Waikiki Tourney", with "Champs" spelled out in white. We thought ourselves ingenious. We would wear these not only to impress the coach but to intimidate the others trying out.

The tryouts were being held at the state campus in Albany, an hour to the south. The "open" team, for those over seventeen, and the "scholastic" team, our age group, would be trying out together. Andy's mother dropped us off in front of the large, gray pool building. Our most immediate concern was whether we'd recognize a water polo ball, since we'd never actually seen one.

The first person we talked to was much bigger than we were and had driven all the way from Plattsburgh. After looking at the others, we soon realized all were bigger than we were. Every beefy lifeguard in the state had shown up. We didn't even have hair under our arms.

One of the coaches ushered us into a cramped locker room. As Andy and I put on our swim trunks, the men around us peeled on their skimpy briefs. Normally we would have laughed, but we felt pretty silly standing next to them with skinny legs sticking out beneath our baggy shorts. Then we were led into the pool area, which reeked of chlorine and felt slimy to our feet. The coach told us to jump into the 60 degree water, so I timidly eased myself down the side as these world class divers arched and hit the water around me.

The water polo balls were brought out, not much larger than our volleyball but heavier, and a distinct yellow color. We were told to put on headgear devices with plastic cups that protected the ears. Treading water, Andy and I struggled to wrap them around our heads.

Immediately, we were instructed to swim around the circumference of the pool to "loosen up". As Andy and I came by the coaches with their clipboards, we smiled and forced ourselves to pick up the stroke, and then floundered as soon as we were past. Fortunately, this didn't last long, and breaking up into groups, we began passing the balls around. This wasn't too bad, until we had to shoot on goal while being defended. In water polo, if you're touching the ball a defender can do just about anything to you, especially under water where the referee can't see. My defender soon realized that he had only to lean on me and I would immediately sink to the bottom. Soon I was thoroughly waterlogged.

Next came the quick laps. After each lap we were to exit as quickly as possible, and then dive back in, and so on. The swimming was hard, but the real difficulty came in trying to lift yourself out of the pool with quaking arms after ten laps. I soon developed a fairly effective way of getting one hip over the edge and rolling out of the pool. The coaches were busy walking around, conferring, furiously making little notes on their clipboards.

After the laps we crawled out, wheezing and gasping, and seated ourselves on the small set of bleachers next to the pool. The head coach walked in front of us, thanking us for showing up. I didn't really care what he had to say, I just wanted to go home and sleep. He addressed the men first, saying he would have the list of those making the "open" team by the time they were out of the locker room. He excused them, but told the "scholastic" hopefuls to stay. We watched as everyone left the bleachers but three of us: the boy from Plattsburg, Andy, and me.

I still wear my jacket when I go home.

Mike Strich

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COUNTRY KIDS

Dear Mr. Moore:

I understand you got out of the penitentiary early on account of good behavior. You were teaching illiterate inmates how to read.

When I found out, I felt a lot like I did the time I walked to the outhouse and then looked back at a rattlesnake coiled next to the path. An eerie feeling of what might have happened haunted me for days. There were only five to seven of us in that little K-8 rural school. If you had molested one of us would we have known any better? Would our parents have suspected anything? I don't know. We were just country kids with a lot of common sense but not much street smarts, and our parents thought things like that happened only in the cities out there somewhere else. It came out in court that you were a victim of incest yourself. I can't buy that as an excuse, regardless of the television commercial that says something about abused children becoming child abusers. I'm damn sure that those two little girls and their parents can't buy it either—even after all these years. Would you, if it had been your daughter?

You made us feel very grown up and important when you bought us each our own clipboard. Each morning we would come in and find it hanging next to the door with that day's "task menu" on it. You listed everything we needed to accomplish that day, including instructional periods with you, but the time we took to get the work done and the order in which we did it was up to us. If we finished early, you let us select our own pastime. I always hurried through my menu so I could go to the reading corner which was furnished with easy chairs and lamps and fenced off from the rest of the room by the piano. There I devoured books with the Newbury Seal on the cover—books you pointed me towards on the book mobile. I also wrote my first story in your class—something about a boy and a ghost.

It was hard to find a Christmas play for just five kids, so we wrote our own script, including a small part for you, and made the sets. The decorations were unusual, even elaborate—like the tumbleweed tree with red bows and gold spray paint or the pinecone wreaths—things we could be proud of creating.

Sometimes you would come outside during recess and play kickball with us or push the merry-go-round so fast that the world continued to spin for several minutes after we stopped. We loved those recesses. They made us realize that growing up didn't mean you had to give up the great things about being a kid.

When that rural school closed, I was terrified of fifth grade in town, but you had more than prepared me. Academically, I was ahead of my classmates, and socially, well adjusted.

No one will ever trust you with a group of kids again. You were one of the best teachers I ever had.

Thanks.

Marti [Buckingham]

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CARRYING IT OFF

At last we had a sunny day, but it was muggy and hot. Not ideal for the portage, but we were happy to have a respite from the rain. We had six seventy-five pound

canoes between the thirteen of us, and today was the day we had to pull them out of the water and carry them over our heads.

It was to be an intense day, for the students and for us, with five miles of portaging, five miles of jogging back to get gear, and then five miles of carrying the gear up to the canoes. On rainy days portaging is like having your head inside a garbage can with beebees pelting down, and on a hot, sticky day, the black flies and mosquitoes send out an alarm announcing thirteen juicy victims marching along with their hands above their heads. "Youth-at-Risk" are usually not receptive to that kind of torture.

That particular morning, things were not looking good. All of us were exhausted from hard paddling on rough lakes and almost constant rain. To make it worse, two students had come down with stomach cramps and fevers of 102 degrees. Upbeat during the mountain section of the course, the students had grown angry and defiant. Dan and I heard them muttering, "This is bullshit," and knew we had to take action.

Dan started the meeting, asking, "Now, you've got two choices. You can either make this day a horror show that lasts until two in the morning, or you can get your acts together by accepting the challenge and getting to the next lake by noon. The record is five hours from start to finish. Now what do you want to do?"

The group was divided, and fell once again into bickering. We sat back and watched them hash it out, until finally Seth's voice rose above the others.

"What the fuck, man? With attitudes like this, no wonder you get into trouble at home. Are we going to sit here all day or are we going to beat that portage record?"

At last they were ready for the day.

Like mother birds kicking their babies out of the nest, we sent them two by two down the trail with the canoes teetering over their heads. They would take longer getting started than Dan and I would, so we held back in camp for awhile enjoying the rare peace.

We loaded up and headed off, weaving our way through the trees. We knew the first mile was going to be the roughest because it was a narrow trail, but the rest was on old dirt logging roads that were easier to negotiate. The trail, however, was rooted and rocky; we could see only a canoe length in front of us. Dan and I had opted for the one-person-under-the-canoe-at-a-time technique, with me running ahead of the canoe to act as his eyes, crying out, "Roots! Rock! Branch!" Once he got tired,I would carry and he would do the same for me.

Because of all the rain, the trail was muddy and eroded, with glistening roots mapping the way like veins. We gave up trying to avoid the mud and puddles, and accepted that it was going to be a wet, slippery walk. Just ten minutes into the portage, I turned to warn Dan of a big step up, just in time to see his foot skidding off a root and his body twisting to one side. As his leg went out from under him and his body began to crumple, the canoe hung, suspended in the air, and then rushed down, clanging as it crashed into his head and neck. He fell and the canoe rolled off to the side, leaving him lying there, totally still, twisted on his back.

My body went cold, but then I was there next to him, trying to get a response. Every first-aid class I had ever had was running through my head, insisting, "Stay calm, check for vitals, assess the scene before acting." I was cursing my aloneness, realizing for the first time how much I had depended on Dan in times of crisis. I wanted to ask him what he thought we should do, but he was out cold.

Christ! Dan, where are you? His eyes started fluttering and I saw him coming to a foggy kind of consciousness, so I was able to ask him what hurt.

He slurred his response, saying, "My head, my back... uhhh...everything. But I'm okay, just gimme a few minutes."

Dan wasn't going anywhere. His pulse was irregular and his skin was cool, and I knew he was entering shock.

Shock.

It terrified me.

Again, first-aid voices started resounding in my head, repetitively reminding me that, "Untreated, shock kills. You can lose them just like that. If left untreated, shock kills." My hands vibrated as I rummaged through my pack for my Medicine for Mountaineering book, knowing that I would need it for reference. He kept trying to get up, and I had to become more forceful.

"Dan, let yourself be the patient. Lie still. Let me take your pulse and look at your eyes."

"No, Ellie, I'm okay. I'll be ready soon. Just lemme lie here for awhile, just lemme lie here..." and he would drift back off.

I knew I had to get Dan out of the woods fast.

Wrapping him up to keep his clammy, shivering body warm, I told him, "Hang on, Dan, I'll be back. I'm going to tell the group to sit tight. Just hold on."

I left him then, sprinting down the trail at full speed, with all my senses flying. As I ran, I heard a sharp crack ahead of me and there were a deer and her fawn bounding across the trail, echoing my terror. I stopped for a moment and watched them, feeling the blood pounding in my head and my shaky breath coming out in fast gasps. Taking that moment to stop and watch the deer slowed me to a state where I could function. As I resumed my run, I was superstitiously certain that the deer were a sign of something good.

I found the kids draped over each other and the canoes in a sweaty pile. Quietly running down what had happened, I felt like an efficient machine designating tasks to them, but I didn't know where the words were coming from. "George, you stay here with the group and keep an eye on the sick ones. Steve and Frank, you two are going to be the runners with a note, and Tanya, I want you with me to help monitor Dan's vitals." Kids who had been complaining all month about the black flies or the rain were silent now, focused and cooperative. The machine went into motion, the runners were sent to the closest radio five miles away, and Tanya and I went down to be with Dan.

Barely conscious upon our return, Dan's condition was deteriorating. His nausea led to dry heaves, a side effect of shock and possible head injury. Tanya and I kept talking to him, trying to keep him with us. The heat and humidity of the day were fast building into thunderstorms, and I found myself praying, "Please, not today." They were coming, though, and as Tanya and I started rummaging through packs for rain gear, we saw George and Ted running down the trail with tarp and hot drinks in hand. We didn't have to do a thing while they set up the tarp, and as they ran back to be with the group they cried, "Don't worry, everyone is in lightning drill position." I sat there stroking Dan's forehead, knowing I could trust the kids up the trail.

Two hours later, the skies had cleared and the litter arrived in the hands of some gruff Maine woodsmen. We exchanged information and I felt light with relief.

We packaged him, still moaning and foaming around the mouth, into the primitive litter, padding it with shirts and sweaters to make it comfortable. We took shifts carrying him, using ropes that cut into our hands and strained our backs painfully. Every bit of ourselves went into that carry; all we wanted to do was to get Dan into the back of that flatbed truck. Even the students with fevers were there, sweating and straining.

Finally we got him there. I said my rushed good-byes to Dan, whispering private jokes in his ear and telling

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him over and over that he was going to be okay. He was only dimly aware of what was going on, but he was able to flash me a wry grin and mumbled something about loving me. I didn't want to get out of that truck; I had gone that far with Dan and it was hard to imagine letting him go on alone. But I looked back at the group gathered around the truck, and knew I had to stay.

It was only as the truck started bumping down the road that I allowed myself to feel all that had happened. We were standing there, watching the dirt kick up, and like iron filings around a magnet, we huddled together, crying and hugging. We stood like that for a long time, swaying in the road, being close, needing that contact.

Ellie Dwight

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HANGING ON AN EASTERN WALL

A black and white photograph hangs on my wall, a gift from a friend. A true gift because it has taught me a significant truth and given me a mystery potentially more illuminating than anything we lightly can call the truth.

The subjects of the photograph are two Polish street musicians, one seated, playing a violin as if it were a cello. He sits on a shoeshine crate, and his clubbed feet, entangled in their braces, splay awkwardly before him. He is dark-complexioned, as is his partner. They may be gypsies. The top of his head is clear of any hint of hair, and his four days' growth of beard is mostly grey. His eyes are closed, head tilted to the music of the battered violin.

Younger, standing, his partner clamps an E-chord on his fragile hand-me-down guitar. His right hand is a blur of motion, but the left hand wrings the guitar's neck as if it were that of a chicken. No trace of lacquer remains on the body of the guitar. Warped and cracked, it is adorned with ivory tuning keys and pegs.

His overcoat is black, his trousers grey. The clothing of the old man is all black. These are Poland's colors —washed tones, medium grey, sepia. The only suggestion of color is the peasant scarf tied around the throat of the younger man. There is a shoe box with perhaps 100 zloty (about 25 cents) in it at the feet of the old man, trustingly in front of the cripple. One hundred zloty will buy a loaf of bread.

The younger man is handsome in his drooping moustache, sideburns and greying hair in the way that Dennis Hopper is handsome. Oddly, he is looking down the street; he concentrates with sad expression on what he sees. The hands, the wild right, the wringing left, seem free from his attention. One feels he is looking toward some homely or vivid truth. Toward his sister selling her body, a policeman cuffing a street artist, a procession of the damned.

Flowing in this frame, inside the music, behind the stare, are truth and mystery. In Poland eyes droop like the younger man's, or are closed to the world like those of the older man. Poland is the second world: one thinks of the Polish cavalry's fierce, pathetic charge against the German Panzers.

But there is a stockiness beneath the despair. Constantly the objects of ridicule, disgust and annihilation, the Poles will not capitulate. The zloty in the box will not feed them properly, but the men play on. The old man cares enough to close his eyes and tilt his head, surrendered to his art and subject to his art. The younger man—handsome, handsome—in his slicked back hair cares enough to watch the street. The mystery is not that they continue to play; it's that they have the will to do so.

Bruce Rowe

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TWELFTH NIGHT

On January 5, 1986, our family of friends celebrated Twelfth Night. During the party, Bob Whitman decided to raise our cultural level by playing his most recently purchased classical recording. In the moment of silence that followed, Bob said, "When I die, I want that played at my funeral—if the organist can handle it."

"What a morbid thought!" somebody said, and then the comment was forgotten.

Bob and his wife Cathy left the party about midnight. Later, Cathy told us what happened. "Bob and I went to bed that night and curled up together as we had through fifteen years of married life. We slept peacefully; nothing seemed strange.

"The next morning I got up, made coffee, then went back to wake Bob. I knew before I touched him. I just somehow knew he was dead. I sat down on the bed beside him and talked to him. Bob had recently turned forty-five and he hated it. He had always been afraid of growing old, afraid of being feeble. At first I was angry with him for ducking out and leaving me to deal with the mess. But then I realized that of all possible endings, this would have been Bob's choice.

"I don't know how long I sat there, but finally it dawned on me I had to do something. I called Bill and told him. He had a hard time accepting it. I hated to call him like that, but I wanted someone to be here when they took Bob away."

Bill, Bob's doctor and close friend, was the first to get to the house that morning, and the rest of us filtered in slowly. We came to comfort Cathy but soon realized that she was comforting us.

Bob's funeral was held the following day. The church was full. We listened as the organist played the music Bob had so recently requested. We drove twenty minutes to the grave site. Then it was all over.

Cathy was calm through it all. She talked to each of us about how much we had meant to him, reminding us of specific times we all had shared. She cried over some of the stories, but she also laughed. She didn't question why it had to happen or whether she could go on without him. She faced reality and accepted it.

Robin Ellis

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ON MY KNEES

How much can you say about the herbs in The Scarlet Letter? And who cares about what the Letter A stands for on a symbolic level? And who can understand the structural symmetry of the three scaffold scenes? Not Craig Anderson and not twenty-seven of the rest of my students. But, some of them played the game better than Craig could. Craig just couldn't relate to a woman who nobody liked just because she had a baby when she wasn't married. Craig was worried about his hair catching fire at the weekend party at the pits and why he couldn't seem to find a girlfriend. He would worry about a woman having a baby after he found a girl and started a serious relationship—not before. Besides, his car

didn't run and he couldn't play basketball well enough to get on the team. Nathaniel Hawthorne and his psychological musings were somehow irrelevant.

None of that mattered to me. Nothing was going to stand in the way of my bringing the time-revered canons of literature to twenty-eight backwoods Winnemuccans who needed to analyze The Scarlet Letter. We trudged ahead through sneers, sighs, and yawns. We had fun, too! Don't you dare tell me we didn't.

The grand finale was the dreaded essay test. I looked forward to test days with gleeful anticipation. I delighted in the silent class, pens and pencils diligently scratching against the paper, hands running themselves through tousled hair, vacant stares at the ceiling, furrowed brows. This would be a typical question:

> Answer each of the five questions in a half page paragraph. Make sure that you use examples from the book to support your answer. Make sure that the paragraph is cohesive. Be careful to budget your time so that you finish all questions within the 50 minute class period.

Here's what Craig Anderson read:

> Answer these absolutely stupid questions that I don't give a shit about and that no one except an English teacher would waste any time with. Attempt to tell the old bat what she wants to hear, even though I can't begin to do that—hell, she's taught this book since the dawning of light, and there's nothing I can say that she hasn't already heard and heard more intelligently than I'll ever express.

I finally realized the meaning of Craig's frown when I came to Bread Loaf and was given my first paper assignment. It all became very clear to me—the animal intimidation, the abject fear, the utter hopelessness. Today Craig's sneer flashed in front of my eyes as I was talking with my professor, my throat dry and my tongue twisting in paroxysms of anxiety as I was too paralyzed to say anything intelligent, searching his face for a clue that would say he liked me, liked what I thought even if I couldn't say much. I understand, Craig! I'm changing my ways, I promise! Give me another chance—please? How about if I grovel?

Julie Gabica

YEAST

Some names of authors and characters have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves, not for the institution.

Editors for this issue: Marti Buckingham, Josie Seymour, Michael Strich

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THE AUTHOR'S EYE

Sometimes I have discovered my oldest son looking at me in a familiar way. He has large blue eyes, which are uncommon for such a dark-haired boy.

It is usually when I am heavily engaged in some activity such as talking at the dinner table or chopping a piece of wood that I feel his gaze upon me, as if he may be seeing something more.

"It is not polite to stare," my wife sometimes not so gently has to remind him after visitors have departed.

Faithfully, I concur.

Sometimes I have seen him wear this same expression on the ball field, standing there at third base, a momentary slackening of the posture, and then he snaps himself back and eyes the batter's every move.

I remember when eight years ago the doctor first placed him, pink and tender, into my awaiting hands. His tiny head fit in my palm and I saw that same gaze, this time sustained, looking beyond, perhaps, to worlds we have nearly forgotten.

I have seen it too upon the placid faces of medieval religious paintings, the far-away eyes of The Madonna, though the Child seems to see me.

Gary Griffith

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NOLA

I was 20 and working in a hospital as an aide. I was on the 3-11 shift and it was my second day and I was still learning how to do things--make the bed corners tight, find bedpans and enema bags, take vital signs--something we had to do three times a shift. Taking vitals was especially tricky because I had a hard time seeing the respiration and would get confused with the count. But I was getting better at it and felt pretty smart by the second day.

The day before a little (like 4' 11") white-haired lady with very blue eyes had come in. Her name was Nola White and she wore a hair net to bed which bothered me because it was always crooked, but she didn't know that. I liked her right away. We talked a little and I remember that she didn't seem sick to me or old or even very tired. I wondered why the doctor had put her into the hospital.

The next day I was making my three o'clock rounds and I went into Nola's room. There was another lady in the other bed, and I took her vitals first. No problem. Then I went to Nola's bed. She was talking with her daughter, even introduced me to her and I said, "Don't let me interrupt you now, just go right on visiting." But they stopped talking anyway. I was taking the pulse (I had a hard time finding it at first) and I was counting: 8-9-10-11--and looking at my watch very officiously--12--. And then I couldn't feel a pulse anymore. I thought I was doing it wrong and was angry that I'd have to start over. So I rearranged her wrist in my fingers and felt again for the pulse. I couldn't find it; it wasn't there. I felt up her arm to her elbow, you know, where the pulse is there. All the time I was looking at my watch. I wasn't worried, just annoyed at myself, but then I really couldn't find it. It occurred to me to look at her. Her eyes were open, her hairnet was crooked and sad--but she wasn't breathing, or I couldn't see it. Her daughter, meanwhile, was taking airline tickets and lipstick out of this green purse and talking about the turbulence on the flight. I said to the daughter "I'll be right back," and she said, "Fine, okay."

I walked out of the room and I was very calm for some reason. I found the charge nurse--I still remember her name, Cheryl--and I said, "Cheryl, I think Mrs. White in 16B just died." She walked, not ran, walked, with me back to the room and took Nola's hand and felt for a pulse and looked at her and said, "Yep, you're right. She's gone," in a quiet calm voice. The daughter leaped, jumped out of the chair and said, "What do you mean she's gone?" And Cheryl said again, patting Nola's hand, "Yep, she's gone." The daughter slapped Nola's face and said, "Mama, come on Mama, wake up Mama!" She began to cry and yell, "Mama, Mama," and that is when I left. I had been standing there like in the movies with my hand over my mouth and then I started to cry too. Cheryl pulled the curtain around the bed.

Later another aide and I went in and cleaned the bed with ammonia and put Nola's things in a plastic bag--her housecoat and her false teeth and her hair net and her shoes.

Her shoes bothered me more than anything, black and square and dusty. She had been walking in them yesterday.

Maureen Neal

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NATURALLY

I had drawn a picture of my brother, my sister, my mother, my father and me without any clothes. My second grade teacher was shocked.

"Darling," Mother said to me taking me on her lap, "it is just that she doesn't understand how much Daddy likes to be natural."

"She isn't mad at me?"

"No, she isn't mad at you. I told her I wasn't surprised; I brought the picture home to show Daddy. He'll love it!"

When my five-year-old cousin Woody refused to take a bath with me, I didn't understand. I thought he was weird. He sat backwards on the toilet to pee, even though he was tall enough to stand. He was weird, not me.

My brother Jon and I took baths together until he was eight and I was three. It was fun and it saved water.

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Running bare-bottomed through a thunderstorm with my brother under Grandma's and Grandpa's grape arbor was perfectly natural.

On Saturday mornings, Mother and Daddy invited all of us into their room. Instead of watching T.V., we all got into bed with them and talked. When Daddy got up, he'd do his exercises, take a shower, and get dressed. It wasn't a show; he simply wasn't worried about any of us seeing him naked. When Mother took her bath first, she'd appear, pink-all-over. Daddy would reach out and give her a love pat on her bottom. Mother would laugh and coyly say, "Oh Gordon!" I could tell she liked it.

On hot August nights we went skinny dipping at midnight in a spring-fed pool. Swims before dinner every day were with suits, because people could see us from the road. But as soon as we got in the front door, we dropped our bathing suits and dashed upstairs to get dressed. If my friends were visiting, Daddy and Jon would squirm out of their suits with towels around them. I never thought about it much.

Mother had been urging Daddy to be more modest, but he thought she was silly. He refused to change any of his habits. Daddy had been urging Mother to join him in a nudist colony for a week. She refused.

One Sunday night, after the table had been set with the blue and white handwoven tablecloth, matching napkins, and lit candles, my brother rang the bell to announce dinner. Daddy was still upstairs getting dressed. Mother suggested that because we were eating in the kitchen, which was quite private, we should surprise Daddy. We quickly removed all our clothes and sat down at the table. When Daddy came down in his Madras knee-length shorts and short-sleeved shirt, he was delighted! Without a word he stripped too. We all ate dinner, naturally.

Jo Wheaton

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LIPSTICK

Mom used to get her hair done on Thursdays. It was a chore for her, another errand, like going to the Community Cash on double greenstamps day. But I loved the beauty parlour. I ran my hands across the hot blue vinyl seats and glossy magazines, and slid my feet along the dingy tile floor making a private pile of hair snippets. I reeled from the brew of conditioners, shampoos, sprays, perfume, sweat and burnt hair and tried to isolate my mother's smell to ground myself in the familiar. I loved it all.

I felt grown up handing Margaret the curlers. I'd make a game of it by putting a different color on each finger, the white ones went on my pinky, light pink on the ring finger, then blue, then dark pink, and purple on the thumb. The purples were so big that I had to keep my thumbs crooked to hold them on, but they still slid off whenever I moved. Mom's hair wasn't long enough for the purples anyway so it didn't much matter if they hit the floor. No one minded that I was making a racket. The drone of the dryers and the transistor radio on the window ledge blurred my clatter into background noise. When Mom went under the dryer I was on my own.

Once I wandered shyly around the room fingering everything I dared. That's when I found the lipstick. Mom never wore much make-up, but I knew from playing dress-up that lipstick was magic. I wanted to touch it. It wasn't so much that I wanted to put it on my lips. I just wanted to feel the consistency of it, to roll it in my fingers. I flushed. Slowly, I screwed the bottom of each tube, savoring each inch of lipstick I exposed. The sleek, luscious colors tempted me as I had never felt tempted before. These lipsticks were not playthings. Now I was fooling with fire.

The reds seemed hottest, untouchable, but the ache to pinch the pinks and plums and squeeze the russets through my fingers like clay made me curl my fingers tightly around my beltloops to keep control. Hands down, I stretched to smell the delicate array of roses and accidentally bumped my nose on the reddest of them all. The spell was broken and I timidly stroked the tip of a burgundy, which sent a shiver to my spine and color to my cheeks. Swiping lipsticked fingers across my face with eyes closed I imagined myself the woman from the Camay soap ads—exotic, glamorous, beautiful.

Looking in the closest mirror at the unglamorous streaks on my nose and lips, however, shocked me back to reality and immediate fear of my mother. I dragged my sleeve across my face and rubbed my fingers on the hem of my shirt. I imagined myself clean. My eye returned to the lipstick which was no longer glossy but dulled with my fingerprints. My stomach collapsed. Without thinking I jammed the top over the evidence and looked around to see if anyone was watching. Margaret was busy catching up on stories of her next customer's grandchildren and Mom looked uncharacteristically peaceful under the dryer. I looked back at the row of still exposed lipsticks and shivered.

Carefully I put tops on and pushed down, feeling the lipstick give way to the cover. I liked the feel of it. But I controlled my urge to knead the colors into a paste and continued capping. It was near the end that I realized I had not rewound any of the lipsticks into their bases. I had wanted nothing more than to smush that lipstick with my fingers and had resisted, but it had happened anyway. I thought I was being so good and suddenly knew I had been bad. No one would ever believe it was an accident, and there were still a few tubes to go. If I stopped now they'd see that some lipsticks were messed up and some weren't. They'd know for sure I did it. Mom would kill me. Maybe if I kept going and made them all look the same, they might think they had been delivered that way, sort of a manufacturer's error.

I looked around again. Mom was sleeping and Margaret was sweeping her most recent hair collection behind the door. Slowly, I took the last few tops and deliciously one by one smushed the lipstick into them, both hoping and dreading that it would ooze out of the cap. It didn't. With the caps back in place the fires were safely extinguished. I scrambled to one of the blue vinyl chairs as far away as I could get and held my breath.

Mom bought enough lipstick that day to last a lifetime.

Meg Donnelly

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THE MOBIL STATION

In the large windows of the diner I could see myself and the boarded-up gas station behind me. I wanted to turn around and face the building I'd traveled so far to see taken down, but I didn't. Instead, I pulled the screen door open and moved into the greenness of flourescent light.

In the back, tugging on a silver knob, a guy crouched waiting for his cigarettes to fall. "God damn," he said to the Marlboro man embalmed under plexiglas. "Now where's my matches?" When the screen door shut he turned toward me, turned again to scoop his matches up, then walked to the counter.

His left hand held his cigarettes while the other hovered above the counter like a fly, finally landing with a soft thump. "Cup o' joe," he said to the man plopping eggs behind the grill.

"I'll bring it to ya table."

"I'll take it myself."

"I'll bring it over. Every time, you spill a trail on my linoleum."

"I'll take it myself." And he did, to the orange booth by the window, while the counterman walked out front, floated a wad of Bounty to the floor, and dragged it across with the side of his boot.

I recognized Jerry, the guy in the booth, though he had aged a bit into a distance that seemed both personal and far. He used to pull his wheelbarrow full of junk he'd gotten at the dump up Village Hill, park it in our lot like it was a car, cover anything really valuable, then come inside the station. At the door, he'd flick his cigarette into a pail of gas we kept for cleaning grease off old parts. Scared the hell out of me the first time I saw him do it, though everyone else just laughed. "If you do it fast enough nothing happens," he'd say.

I sat down with my coffee at the table next to his. I watched him prop his cup tight with both hands to his mouth and chew away at the styrofoam, as needed, to get to the hot liquid which steamed in and out of his face. He looked like a squirrel eating a nut.

"Remember me?" I asked. He nibbled at his cup. "I'm here to see them take the station down. Good a place as any, isn't it?"

"As any if the snow lets up. If it don't, go watch from Jim's."

Jim's was the barber shop across the street where I used to get a whiffle cut for fifty cents. It was covered with what Jim called "self-peeling" paint. "There's never any scrapin' needed," he used to say. "Every twenty years or so you just slop the paint up over clean wood." It was the standard Saturday morning joke.

The squirrel looked up. "You runned the station?"

"No. I just pumped gas mostly and plugged tires."

"Then you're not Vic."

"No. No, I'm not."

He rubbed a small hole through the film on the window with the sleeve of his flannel shirt. "Snow's lettin' up some. Over there. Look. It's Big John Bullard. I knew he'd be here."

I looked out and saw a tall man leaning on the street sign in front of the Elm Club Tavern. He wore a green Garelick Farms hat, an army jacket, and plaid pants. His bigness was gone and his face was pulled in like a loaf of squished bread.

Jerry looked out again to where St. Joseph's Rectory stood in its own calm, painted whiteness. "I was the night janitor for that church," he said as his head rotated slowly like a turtle's, back up Village Street, across Oakland and into the diner. "I expected more folks to show."

"It's early still," I told him.

"Vic'll never show. He run the business good and people liked him. More than one customer wrote praising how he fixed this or that in her car. One time Mrs. Wilson had her '62 brown Buick towed all the way down from Old Orchard Beach just so Vic would be the one to fix it."

"Where's Vic now?"

"Don't know. He sold out to McFetridge when he couldn't get gas during the shortage. The company jacked up his rent and squeezed him for a cut of the bays. Vic said, 'screw them,' right in front of everybody, even the company salesman, and the next day he was gone."

Just when I thought Jerry would never stop talking, he did and looked across the street.

Outside the air had cleared and brightened and I could see the Johnson bus roll from the top of Village Hill towards the diner and stop in a swirl of air.

Across the street a flatbed truck pulls into the gas station. It carries a big yellow bulldozer that clinks and thuds in the circle of its own track and is down.

"See you later, Jerry." I know now that the bus has come for me. I walk out down four wooden steps to the curb where the bus swallows me whole.

Daniel Sharkovitz

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FIREFLIES

"There must be a million of them!" my cousin Bill said, staring across the field. "Let's get Grandma to give us some jars, and we can catch a bunch."

We trotted into the kitchen and took three mayonnaise jars from the cupboard. "Robin can't go," my sister Lynn declared. "She's too little."

"I can so. I can do anything you can do!"

Bill had the final word because he was the oldest and knew everything. "I think she can go," he said, "if she'll agree to do just what I tell her."

We set out just after dusk across the large field between Grandma's house and the barn. The flickering lights of hundreds of tiny bugs led us on. It was hard to catch them, and even harder to open the jar and stuff in a bug without letting the others escape.

"I bet I'll catch more than you," I said to my sister. I was younger, but she was too much of a lady to be good with bugs and stuff. Lynn didn't even get dirty when we played in the sand pile. I was good at bug catching, even if I did mash a few in the process.

We came to the edge of Grandma's field. All the fireflies floated in the next pasture. Bill decided to follow them.

"But we're never ever supposed to go over there," Lynn said. "If you do, I'll tell on you!"

"You're a tattletale!" I said looking at Bill for approval.

"If you want to go back you can, but Robin and I are going over there." Bill knew I wouldn't argue.

"But I don't want to go back all by myself. If we go over there, we'll get in trouble. Besides, there's a fence."

Getting in trouble was worth it if Bill said so, and the fence didn't look like much to me. It was a single wire running from post to post through some little white holders. With eight years of worldly experience, Bill surveyed the situation. "You must step over the wire very carefully. Do not let your leg touch it!" He demonstrated, stepping over the wire with ease.

We did everything in age order so Lynn was next. She stood on her tiptoes and stretched. Her leg barely cleared the wire. It was my turn. I looked at the fence. I could go under it easily, but Bill had been very clear. Step over meant step over. I made up my mind. I pushed the wire down with my hand because Bill had said not to let my leg touch it. I immediately knew he had made a serious omission. The wire stung my hand like a bee, and I squealed in surprise. Lynn came rushing to mother me. "Don't touch her!" Bill shouted. "She's been electrocuted. If you touch her it will get you too!"

Bill and Lynn scrambled back over the fence careful not to touch me or the wire. They flew back across the field yelling, "Robin's been electrocuted!" I did not want to be left out there alone, so I ran after them screaming. I did not know what electrocuted was, but I did understand that no one could touch me without it getting them.

Mom has often said that she and Grandma didn't know what was wrong with me, but they knew it was not my lungs. Mom took me in her arms, but nothing happened to her.

Robin Ellis

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ON THE FARM

I looked forward to summer trips to Grandmother's farm. Every building held some fascination, a long forgotten doorway, a secret hideaway, a cache of kittens. Sitting for hours in rusted cars with my sisters, taking turns at the wheel. Hiking all day to the farthest fields, wandering down eroded lanes. The farm's wide expanses were my own and they seemed endless.

Most cherished, however, was Dean, who lived in the old green house at the top of the hill. Three years older, tall and lanky with tossed hair, he lived there year-round. He swam in the pond behind his house, with frogs and who-knows-what. He had shown me his gun, not a B.B. gun but a real one with bullets. I'd seen him drive a tractor. Once, he grabbed my hand and touched an electrified fence, shocking me.

I had no sooner arrived that summer, my eleventh, than I was racing across the fields, stumbling over dried corncobs and the hard packed rows of earth that separated the farms. Dean's newest addition was a minibike. He took me for a ride down miles of tractor paths and across fields.

After, we searched through a chicken coop collapsing behind his house. Faded gray from the sun, its low, flat roof hung over the door which beckoned us. Inside, empty shelving ran along the walls, a few boxes rested in the back. In the middle of the floor sat an old wooden chair, high-backed with large slats sloping into a deep seat. As Dean rummaged about, I sat myself low in the chair. I thought about Dean. I wanted to impress him, but couldn't. How could my house with its blacktopped driveway and fenced in pool compare?

We went outside into the evening sun. I tingled all over. Catching a bug, I squeezed it between my fingers. I still felt the tingling. Looking down I saw my arm covered with little bugs and showed Dean. He said they were all over me and moved away. He was right. They leaped around flea-like, nervously skittering across my skin. I tried to shoo them but they held fast. Writhing and wiggling to shake them off, I ran after Dean into his house, but they followed.

We decided I should get in the bathtub. I entered the high ceilinged bathroom and took off my clothes, scattering bugs to the floor. The tub stood on four legs in the middle of the floor. I had never seen such a large one. I had to stretch one leg over the side and hop off my planted foot into it.

As I did a woman walked in. Gasping, I moved to cover myself. I took it to be Dean's mother, thinking she had made a mistake or was leaving a towel. Instead she came straight for me and grabbed the soap from my hand. In her other she carried a large wooden brush. She pulled up her sleeves and began soaping me all over. My pleas were to no avail. Straight faced, she de-bugged me, scrubbing everywhere, the thick bristles smarting against my skin. My suggestion that I could do it went unanswered. She worked silently as she turned my skin a deep red with her rubbing. I brought my knees to my chin and sat sullenly in the water, its surface now floating with bugs.

I walked to Grandmother's in borrowed clothes. My parents and grandmother were standing outside as I crossed the fields. The farmhands stood in a group by the barn. Dean's mother had called ahead. While still far off I heard the farmhands laughing, and I wanted to go home.

Michael Strich

THE SHEARING CREW

My job as wrangler is to keep the woolies filing into the shed where the shearers leg them out of an alley. This pen is nearly empty. I am down to one buck who has to tilt his head a full ninety degrees to fit his horns through the chute and an old gummer ewe who hates shearing season even more than I do—probably because she has a good ten years experience on me. The only way I could get her anywhere near the buzzing machines inside is backwards. So she's standing there, eyes about level with my chest, knowing she could knock me on my can in an instant. But Roy, the border collie who keeps nipping her from between my legs, keeps her in place. She stamps her front foot. I know what is coming. I brace myself, but not firmly enough. Defying her own senility, she charges, sends me spinning along the splintery panels, jumps the pen, squirms through the iron gate, and encounters Tyke, a puppy of eight weeks.

I watch the old biddy clear another fence and head up the road, past the house, and through a cut in the cliffs, the pup in hot pursuit. Sheep herding is an instinct bred into border collies. Unfortunately, it is not bred into sheepmen's daughters, at least not this one. Dad compensates for this deficiency in my genes with the tactics of fear and anger. Already I can see the clenching of teeth that always precedes one of his conniptions. I take great pleasure in muttering all the words he and my brothers use when dealing with sheep. I can use them only when out of earshot.

"Tyke (you little son-of-a-bitch) get back here."

It takes me awhile to scale the panels and gates, and by the time I make it to the top of the rocks, they're at a standoff. The old ewe stomps one hoof every few seconds at the pup five or six feet away. Crouching low, waiting, he meets her stare unblinkingly.

"Tyke—"

It's too late. He flashes forward, nipping at her face. The old biddy throws her head back. Nose pointed straight to the sky, she flees. She's suspended in air a moment before she disappears below the cliff's lip. Tyke halts and hangs his head off the brink, puzzled. Puffing from the chase, I throw myself on my stomach next to him. It's a hell of a long way down there. Looking for the bloody carcass among the boulders makes my head spin. I sit back.

"Oh shit."

Maybe I can sneak back to the shed and pretend nothing happened. No one will ever smell her from here.

My brother is refilling the wrangling pen when I return.

"What happened to that old ewe?"

You'd think he never messed up in his life. "I lost her."

"Where'd she go?"

"She kinda fell off the cliff. I think she'll be all right."

"Just up here by the road?"

"Naw, down on the other side of the tree house tree."

His eyes widen. "And you think she'll be all right?" He laughs.

Inside the shed, Dad has turned off his machine in time to catch Rock's laughter.

"What happened?"

"You know that old ewe? Tyke was chasing her and she jumped off the cliff. I think she's okay."

Dad grins and goes back to his machine. I grin and climb back in the wrangling pen.

Marti Buckingham

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GRANITE HEADSTONES

Walking here amongst the panels of the AIDS quilt reminds me of a strange childhood ritual. The Saturday before Memorial Day was always spent at the cemetary in my father's hometown. My mother would be busy planting the large granite stone which gave the family name as my brother and I worked on the individual headstones. One for each of my grandparents and one for my father. Up in the back was one for some cousin who had nowhere else to go. We left that stone for someone else to plant.

Each little stone had a row of begonias and a vinca at either end. Billy and I turned the soil, casting off the roots of last year's ivy. We laid out the flowers and began setting them in their holes. First a vinca, then a pink begonia, a white, another pink, and a final vinca. We pushed the soil down firm with our thumbs and picked off a few dead blossoms. After the planting, we took our clippers and cleared the edges of any encroaching grass and weeds so the rim of the granite block was exposed. The final project was to clean the stone with a scrub brush and water from the spigot across the road.

"I get to do Nama's this year," I said.

"Well, then I get to do the other two."

"No way, you did two last year."

Every year we argued over which of us got to polish which stone, as if it meant something to the bones underneath. Then we would scrape the dirt and mud out of the engravings, following the sharp lines of each ancestor's name and birthdate.

"L-E-W-I-S." Billy read along with the letters. "Lewis William. That's me."

"Lewis-William-the-Third," I added, picking blades of grass off the wet granite. When Billy had finished with my grandfather's stone, he moved on to my father's.

"Someday I'll be here too," he said.

"Then I'll have four stones to clean."

When all the work was done, I raked and trimmed the hedges as my mother put the finishing touches on her geranium plantings. Billy cleaned up the clay pots and loaded them into the trunk of the car. Then we stood back to admire our handiwork, and my mother made some comment about how much she hated the plastic flowers in the adjacent plot. As we drove out, we wound through the narrow dirt roads looking at everyone else's plantings. Billy and I counted the number of American flags mounted on little stakes next to the war dead.

Hearing the slow voice of the announcer brings me back, as he recites the names of the AIDS victims.

"John O'Malley, Bobby Carlson, Lucinda Kramer, Tommy Michaels, Jessie..." The two men next to me are hugging each other in silence. One of the attendants in white is comforting an older man, who is sobbing on her shoulder. Two little boys are whispering nearby, pointing to a panel made from a wrinkled baby's blanket. They seem to have gotten separated from their school group.

But most people are just looking. Admiring the stitchery, and sequins, and wit. Hundreds and hundreds of fabric panels laid out across the floor and hanging in waves from the walls and ceiling. It surprises me that something so colorful and lighthearted can convey such pain. One man has incorporated his lover's faded jean jacket. There are mustard stains on the sleeve. Nearby I see a panel for someone I once met at a party. It is forest green with beautiful gold lettering. "Jimmy Myers, 1957—1984." I recognize the name, although I can't put a face to it.

Moving along the white canvas walkway between the squares, I come to a large, yellow panel which is available for impromptu inscriptions. It reminds me of the pages of my high school yearbook, filled with odd limericks from people you no longer remember. One reads, "I'm sorry I never came to visit you." Another, "See you soon." Someone's mother has written a poem, but her lines don't quite rhyme. It is the closest I come to tears. The honesty frightens me.

When the announcer finishes the list of names, there is silence. Hundreds of people, standing together in a hot, cramped gymnasium at 8:30 in the morning. It's going to be a muggy day. I make one more circuit through the room, looking for the Rock Hudson panel. I wonder when I will have to make my first panel. I don't know how to use a sewing machine. Perhaps I could use begonias and vinca.

David Waters

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GRANDPA D.

Grandpa D. was the other grandpa, the one mom would never tell me much about. It was always Grandpa G. who got credit for being a good man and the patriarch of the family.

"I wish I had a father like him," Mom would say, meaning Grandpa G.

Then on Sundays for some unknown reason we began to go and visit Grandpa D. He only lived a little way from our house. I was surprised he was so close.

I can only recall distant images of being there, the high ceilings and connecting rooms, the smell of must, the delicate clatter of china and the murmurings of conversations.

Edna was Granpa D.'s sixth wife. She sat in the other room with Mom, Aunt and Uncle. The room was cluttered with memorabilia, odd things of this and that collected over the years. I can feel the slightly coarse texture of crushed velour, as I am seated on the long couch.

Grandpa D. and Dad are sitting in the corner engaged in secret conversations. I can just hear the droning monotone of Grandpa D.'s gruff voice; it carries when he whispers. It must be quite a tale, something delicious to the ear, as Dad is laughing slyly in manner that he would not dare recreate at the dinner table. It is privy conversation.

I remember Grandpa D. got up and walked past me and on the way asked me to fix his broken finger. He held it out. It was kinked, as if from some disorder. Innocently I obliged and gave it a yank and out boomed a thunderous fart.

I could not help it. I had to laugh. It was totally unexpected. Aunt and Uncle showed no expression; Dad began to laugh, but Mom wore a look of stern disapproval.

Edna made quite a show and yelled at Granpa D. for his crude behavior in the company of others, yet I detected a trace of mirth behind her strong words.

So this is Grandpa D., thought I. The best kept secret in the family. What a find!

Sometimes those Sundays were so boring; I just had to get away. So while the others were busy talking I slipped up the stairs and into Edna's room. There were countless different jars of perfumes, potions, creams, and jewels scattered about. I explored each one and tried things on.

The dresser drawers contained new treasures, I pulled them out one by one, dropping them on the floor. There were stockings, scarfs, handkerchiefs, and best of all, underwear.

By now I had worked myself into quite a nine-year-old state of erotica. Even then I guess writing was my means of expression, for I found the ripest red piece of candy-colored lipstick and I wrote the dirtiest word I could think of by Edna's bedside. Then I scampered back down the stairs.

Three days later I faced the executioner. I hung my head.

"I'm sorry," I said in my lowest, lonely voice.
"Say it louder."
I cleared my throat.
"And look at her when you speak."
"I'm sorry," I said in a firmer voice.
Grandpa D. had not said a thing. He had not even showed for the inquisition. He had gone out to work in his garden.
I went outside to see him. He never mentioned a thing. He showed me his tobacco. He grew his own. I guess it didn't matter.

Gary Griffith

LET ME TELL YOU

I pulled into the farmyard around midnight. It had been three years since I'd hunted deer. My Uncle Bud had waited up, and he told stories and primed me with applejack until three.
Bud recalled the time Bob Marlin, a poor shot but a good drinker, blew a hole through the roof of my grandfather's pickup while trying to unload his rifle:
"The Ol' Man jus' put an eight-inch bolt through the roof, topped it with three or four washers and a nut, and drove the truck 'til it died."
"How 'bout the time the game warden caught him jacklighting?" I prompted.
"Yeah! He looks ol' Jess in the eye, right in front of the judge, and says, You come up on my land again b'god and they'll carry y'off."
"I figured I'd drive up on the hill with him tomorrow," I said.
"He don' hunt no more, Billy."
"No?"
"He come inta the barn first day this season and handed me his .30-.30. Said he couldn't see worth a fart and couldn't hold his hands still enough to drink storebought whiskey."
"He could shoot in his day, couldn't he?"
"Jeeezus! I 'member when he shot the spotlight off the fender of ol' Jess's car. Said Jess ought to work for a livin' like the rest of us."
We slept for three hours, pan-fried some eggs and venison, and drove to the general store, where Tommy Drucker threw a case of Genny into the cooler and climbed into Bud's truck. Tommy didn't know me, but when Bud told him how I'd brought down two buck one summer evening with a .22 when I was only eleven, Tommy's eyes lit up and we all relaxed. We were on our second six pack and our third Hank Williams tape when the truck stopped. I hadn't even been watching the woods.
Three deer stood in a clump of apple trees about 400 yards up a side hill. We jacked in shells and jogged diagonally, bent over and hidden from the deer, until we were about 250 yards away. Bud took charge. "We'll take 'um left to right. Tommy's got the middle one and you got the one on the right. I'll count down from five. Shoot on zero." Here were the makings of a fine story, and I could already hear Bud telling it, but my chest heaved and my rifle shook, and I just couldn't squeeze the trigger.
Two deer were down. Tommy rolled the guts out onto the snow. As steam rose into the air, I remembered the old horse barn and saw myself retching while Bud dressed down those two buck I'd shot and warm blood dripped into stale urine. Bud never told that part of the story, just as he ignored the third deer, the one my grandfather found that November, putrid, with little .22 holes in its belly.

Bill Sowder

REBEL

It was a hot windy day and the ocean was roaring below, smashing into the cliffs and hissing in retreat. We lay on our bellies and watched, admiring the foamy spray and feeling the coldness move up the cliff.
We kept on walking with Dory in the lead and the three of us following close behind. It was important that we go in order of our ages, so Laura followed Dory, I followed Laura, and Arthur tagged along behind me.
When Dory suddenly stopped short, I pushed past Laura to investigate. There, in the middle of the trail, was a white, wooden sign announcing, "DANGER: Do Not Pass Beyond This Point."
"Don't stop here. You can see that the trail keeps going," I said. The grassy trail wound up along the cliffs.
"It keeps going here, but you can see how it gets overgrown up ahead. I think we should turn around." Dory squashed my idea.
"Turn around! But the trail keeps going. Why stop now? It's just getting good."
Laura was wavering, "I don't know, Ellie, there's a danger sign."
I couldn't believe them. Here we had gotten to the highest part of the cliffs and they wanted to go back.
"Well, I'm going up just a little way. They always put signs up around the best places."
"Ellie, no, Mom and Dad left me in charge, and I say we're turning around."
I charged past Dory and onto the trail, yelling, "I don't care what you guys do, I'm exploring!" Bashing my way through the tall grass, I heard them starting to follow. Looking back, I veered off the trail and into the overgrowth.
The first sting hit me hard. It happened fast, too fast to escape; they swarmed me. The whole angry nest moved, merciless.
"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I started screaming and thrashing, terrified because I could not get away. As I ran toward the others, the wasps flew down my shirt. Once trapped between skin and fabric, they stung until they could sting no more.
Dory and Laura started yelling, "Take off your shirt!" and tried to help me pull off my clothes without getting stung themselves. They had to chase my hopping body to yank them off. Finally, the wasps were free, leaving me standing there, naked, my whole body rippling with welts. I was panting, trying to catch my breath through sobs, when Arthur's little voice cried out, "Your clothes! They're going off the cliff!"
We lunged for them but the wind got them first, carrying them down, down to the rocks below, where they lay, now only limp spots of color. My shorts were dangling from a jutting ledge, and my shirt was in the spray of the ocean, soon to be carried out.
"My clothes! My clothes!"
"I'm going down. I'm climbing down that cliff to get them!"
"No! No! The rocks are all wet, you'll fall! You'll fall!"
But it was too late, because Dory had already started down the cliff, grasping the little trees that lined the ledge. Realizing that Dory was serious sent the three of us squawking like frenzied birds. Her feet were hanging off the cliff, pedaling the empty air, and we were above her, sobbing, "Come back! Don't go!" I didn't want my clothes anymore; I wanted Dory back with us. She continued her downward climb, but the sheer face finally stalled her. Looking up at us and then down at the water, she reversed her direction and began to climb our way. We leaned over the edge to help her clear the lip.

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With my clothes far below and my whole body swollen shiny, it was clear that I was going to have to walk through a national park naked.

Ellie Dwight

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REMOVING IMPEDIMENTS

Dear Mathew:

You taught me at Christ the King in my junior year, 1966. I'll get right to it. I'm getting a Master's Degree from Middlebury College next week. Mr. Lettia, that degree is in English. English, Mathew, the language you told me I couldn't write, the study for which you barely passed me. In my yearbook you wrote: "To the most intelligent anti-intellectual I know." Mr. Lettia, I'm pissed off and I suppose that's really why I'm writing.

Maybe I shouldn't be directing this at you, but I sure would love to understand why I graduated high school bored with literature and convinced that I wasn't any good at it. At the age of 17 I swore that I had no talent as a reader or a writer. Was it you who persuaded me to adopt this stance? You and your "it's-not-so-much-that's."

"What do you make of the presence of the witches?"

I raise my hand.

"Mr. Somma?"

Me: "They represent evil."

You: "It's not so much that they represent evil as much as it is that they represent Macbeth's 'vaulting ambition' and the potential for evil."

Me: "Oh."

You: "Does Bacha Galoop kill Sean O'Toole?"

Me: "Yes."

You: "It's not so much 'yes' as it's 'no.'"

I can never remember you expressing delight or surprise at anything you ever heard me say. I can never remember you ever encouraging me. You were merciless with people who dared have a different reading from you. It took me 39 years to learn that even opposing ideas can co-exist. Did you ever learn that, Mathew?

Or was it me? Was I just immature and not really receptive to a challenge? I'm sorry I called you a "proverbial ass-hole" in front of the whole class that day. You threw me out of class then and a hundred other times. I certainly had it coming. You threw me out of class for not having a pen just because it was my fifth penless day in a row. I'm sorry for that too. It's just that I hated you and I knew I could get away with it. There was the time you threw me out for refusing to take a test. I told you I didn't do the reading and I was willing to get a zero. I'm sorry I refused to leave until Brother Rienzo had to come. I loved watching you shake. I'm not sorry for that. Well, I'm not completely sorry anyway.

Maybe we both had something to learn and maybe the real reason I'm writing is that I want to celebrate next week and I want to remove all impediments. The truth is that I really admire you. You were so brilliant. Maybe you are responsible for my path to this degree.

Do you still say "It's not so much that"? Please write.

Richard Somma, Class of 1967

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ENDURED GRIEF

Dying the way he died, my Grandfather's humanity dissolved three months before his body was allowed to stop inhaling and excreting. Tangled in tubes and wires, a doctor's grotesque experiment, he was no more alive than a tube radio which will light up but which will not produce music. My Grandfather's death has gone unmourned by me; I do not know how to mourn a broken down machine.

He went too slowly, too gently, to shock me, to make me feel pain at his passing. His dying became boring, his death an anticlimax. If minor and infrequent, strokes are the worst way to die, like cutting off of fingers, toes, like digging out of eyes, bisecting the tongue, like reaching in and excising the brain with clumsy fingers. For two years he lived with my family and gradually aged into infancy. He was trundled from my home to my uncle's home to a hospital bed, all plugged in, staring at nothing, feeling nothing, being nothing save the cocoon the butterfly has left.

In his coffin lay an emaciated corpse. The morticians had transformed his pudgy nose into a slim Roman style. His hair had thinned; his suit had needed tailoring to fit his smaller frame. The only things which had not been changed were his hands, liver-spotted, hairless, strong and gentle. But you cannot send a body back to be redone like a poorly tailored suit. I was one of the pall-bearers; it could have been a box of stones. We opened up the ground and put him in.

I continue unmourning the death of that body, and the memory of that freakish funeral and the burial of a small man with the wrong nose but the right hands does not move me. I learned the only lesson to be learned from such a death: life is only in the consciousness of the mind, not in the activity, electrical or otherwise, of the body. To die quickly is better than to wear away.

I may be dammed to feel little about his body's death, but I will be damned if I forget my Grandfather in life. I'll not forget the day in the midst of his aphasia when, having accidentally put his hat on backward, he said with perfect clarity, "That's ok. I was going the other way, anyway." That was the mind that died, January, 1981. The body followed in April.

Bruce Rowe

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KAFKA'S DOG

An animal stood in the middle of the road, around a hard turn in a short straightaway, in the middle of a Vermont night. On each side of the road there was forest. Around the turn came four travelers in a car. The car caught the animal in its headlights. The driver swerved around the animal, which did not move except to point its eyes at the light. Then it was dark in that part of the road, and the car continued uphill.

The driver spoke first and said that the animal had looked like a beaver. That seemed too ridiculous. A passenger in back said that it had been a fox. That seemed too splendid. The other passenger in back said that it had been a possum. That seemed too obvious. Rabbits and squirrels seemed too small and complicated, deer and moose too large and familiar. They were not mentioned. Someone said raccoon and everyone laughed. They named forest creatures the short way home. The passenger in front did not name an animal but agreed they had all seen something.

In the morning one awoke startled, thinking it had been just an ordinary dog. It came close to being killed, it looked up at just the right time, and it didn't give a damn about the make of the car.

John Cound

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GETTING INTO THE ACT

"Would you be in my scene?" she asked. "I have to write a small scene, direct it, and present it to the class. There's no dialogue." Sharon, a young woman I'd danced with a few times, approached me one Sunday morning on the porch of the Inn. I agreed to play an old man. Tina played my pregnant niece, and Susie played a doctor. The setting was my hospital room.

We practiced for a week. I sat slumped in a chair when Tina entered with a pillow under her dress. She sneaked up behind me, wrapped her arms around my shoulders, and kissed my head. Then she stood in front of me, and I smiled and ran my fingers over her stomach. She walked me to the bed and helped me climb in. My heart failed. She rushed for the doctor. Susie came in and tried CPR, but I was a goner. Susie covered me with an imaginary sheet, and the two women walked out. It worked in rehearsal. Every time. Sharon said so.

Play day arrived, and we were ready. Tina's eyes spoke to me, and I responded. She put me to bed like she was coddling a cracked egg. I died sincerely. Susie strode in, failed to find a pulse, and began CPR.

I'd also danced with Susie, but not too often. She wore out three or four men every Saturday night in the Barn. I once asked her where she got her stamina, and she said something about track and field. She didn't mention that she lifted weights and could throw heavy objects over tall buildings.

She placed the heels of her hands on my abdomen, focused 140 pounds of muscle and fiber on a point just below my rib cage, locked her elbows, and pushed. I knew fear for the first time in my life. My ribs sank and my stomach compressed like a bellows. My head rose, my eyes popped open, and I let out a long, high-pitched sigh, reducing the class to helpless laughter.

We waited outside while the class discussed Sharon's directing job. When she came out, we pounced on her.

"How'd it go?"

"You guys were fine."

"Yeah, but how'd it go? How'd you do?"

"He said next time he'd get me some actors."

Bill Sowder

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YEAST

Some names of authors and characters have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves, not for the institution.

Editors for this issue:
Bruce Rowe, Rick Somma, Bill Sowder

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SINGING SONGS

I often dream of her, but in my dreams she is bold and vibrant, much the way she used to be. A few weeks ago she appeared in a dream, wearing a white, scoop-necked dress, patterned with pale pink roses. She was shining, moving like light in a magical dress. I like to think of her like this: brown and strong and healthy. I am afraid to think of what she must look like now.

When I was little, I spent a lot of time shadowing the hall outside Cam's door, hoping that she would invite me in. On quiet days we lay in bed together, listening to music, and wondering about the meaning of the newest Beatles' song. Sometimes she would let me in while she was dressing for dates, dancing the Pony around her room, perfectly in time to the Turtles. I lay on the bed, watching, fingering her spongy, pink curlers, and applying her London Fog frost to my lips. In our talks, she stunned me with her adventures; I learned that late at night she slunk down the rope fire escape to meet her waiting friends. I kept these secrets.

When I was fourteen my Dad refused to talk to her, because she was living with her boyfriend. She visited rarely that year, but when she did, fights erupted over her going to college or her living situation. Afterwards, it was scary the way she lay in the dark crying; but, climbing into bed to comfort her, I never had any doubt that she was in the right. If anything, the breach with my parents fused our bond; every Friday night she called right before "The Odd Couple," and getting our stations in sync, we sang the opening beats of the song together.

Three years later, when they told me she was sick, "manic-depressive," I ran from the room, yelling, "Fuck you! You're the ones that are crazy!" Upstairs Cam and I laughed together, secure in our knowledge that there were people out there determined to reduce and control people through their clinical labels. We tried to ignore the glass she had shattered and the soap she had chewed on.

I became angry when Cam told me how the doctors would say, "hmmmm" and "I see," nodding their heads and using anything she said against her. If she resisted being in the hospital, they would mirror it back to her, saying, "It seems you're a little hostile today," or "Would you like to talk about why you're here?" We made up names for the doctors, like "Dr. Clammy" and "Dr. Chill." Even my parents started calling the doctors names after a while.

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Cam didn't get better. As a family, we rode the roller coaster with her, always believing that when she was let out of hospitals, "the bins" as she called them, that she was better, on the up. The two of us would make plans for her to visit me at college, as I was anxious for her to meet my new friends, to approve of my life. Inevitably, though, the up would swing out of control, and she would start talking herself hoarse in bars and believing she was Jesus' bride. Sometimes she would get on planes or busses, randomly arriving in Utah or North Carolina. Then the phone calls came to my parents' house, usually late at night, from some concerned stranger wondering what to do with the raving woman on his hands. When the phone calls didn't come, they waited, knowing that the police or some emergency room would be the ones to let them know. Or sometimes Cam called, a distorted version of herself, accusing my parents of child abuse and collusion with the devil.

These reports from home always felt unreal to me; by the time I saw Cam she was rehospitalized and deeply depressed. I couldn't associate her puffy, pasty face and fragile manner with that craziness. Once the owner of a sporty Fiat, Cam now climbed into my Honda and asked in a little voice, "What kind of a car is this, El?" Six years earlier, she had taught me how to drive a standard, the only person willing to ride out my jerks and stalls.

Four years ago, around two a.m., there was a knock on my door. I sat up in a fog, orienting myself to the psychiatric halfway house where I worked. A sleepy resident poked his head in the door telling me that I had a call on the pay phone in the hall. I hurried out there, but the line was dead.

Carl told me that it had been an awful, gravelly voice identifying herself as Carolyn. All she had said was that she needed help.

I panicked. My closest friend, Carolyn, was working her first Outward Bound course, a course for delinquents, and I conjured up pictures of her running from them in the dark woods, running for her life. I called the main office and, waking the night shift, alerted them to her plight.

"Carolyn? No, we haven't heard from her. That course is going well. We'll check around and get back to you."

Shaking, I went back to bed, and lay awake helplessly. When the phone in the hall rang again, I ran for it. Carl was right, the voice was gravelly, but it wasn't Carolyn's. I was confused, and tried to focus on what it was saying.

"Mr. Atwood is dead," it growled, "and it was suicide."

Mr. Atwood? The old man who had lived next door? My mind scrambled to understand.

"Who is this? What are you talking about?" But as I asked, I knew.

Hearing the sounds of a bar in the background and listening to the raspy breathing, I finally understood that this was the sister I had been told about, the sister I had refused to see.

I didn't even try to connect, because I knew then she was gone. When the line went dead for the second time that night, I went back to bed and cried until morning.

I miss singing songs with Cam, but she still comes to me in my dreams.

Ellie Monk

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IT BEGINS WITH AN L

When I do something for somebody, I want something back. I don't feel guilty about this anymore. Last Friday evening a telephone call interrupted an attempt at recovery from a tough week. Bob wanted me to pick him up at LaGuardia. I was exhausted but I could drive the seventy miles for a friend. On the way back he went on and on about how appreciative he was, and I accepted his tribute to my no-strings-attached sacrifice.

That's how he saw it. I was quite aware of the string discreetly fastened to my sacrifice. I wanted something—a big something. It begins with an L. I find it very difficult to use the L-word when I'm talking about men. On the rare occasion that I do, no sooner does the sound leave my lips than a "But-I'm-not-gay" leaps out. Maybe I should give people more credit, but when a guy is 39, has never been married, and hates football, even I don't blame them. They hear me talking about wanting the L-word from Bob and they hope I'll use a condom. I hope Bob and I will have a beer.

Rick Somma

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GUEST SPEAKER

Paul was the friend of a friend of a friend. He had spent thirteen months in the jungles of Vietnam on active duty as a medic. My seniors had expressed great interest in the Vietnam conflict, so I invited Paul in to speak to us. The day before he was scheduled to arrive I felt compelled to say something to my students about guest speaker etiquette.

"I expect you to be respectful and courteous, and I know you won't let me down."

Paul put the students at ease immediately by involving them in a game of strategy, allowing them to make decisions, and then relating the actual outcomes. Then he opened the floor for questions. The students were quiet. Then one question surfaced after another.

"How realistic is the movie Platoon?"

"What kind of food did you eat?"

"What kind of homecoming did you receive when you got back to the States?"

Then Matt raised his hand. I flinched. "Matt, oh, please, Matt, don't blow it," I pleaded silently. Matt was the loud, put-your-foot-in-your-mouth-type kid who didn't seem to care if something he said offended anyone. I prayed he'd show a bit of sensitivity, just this once.

"As a medic you...you said you saw a lot of people die. What's it like...to watch that?"

Paul swallowed and looked down. He grasped the podium on either side and spoke softly after a moment.

"That's a good question. It's...well...it's hard to describe. It's a feeling of helplessness when you know you can't do anything to help...to help this person...." He paused and looked up, his eyes filled with tears. He continued, voice cracking. "I'm sorry. It's just that sometimes...sometimes these things...these images...come floating back, and it's hard to keep from feeling the pain." Tears spilled down his cheeks. "The only thing I could do sometimes was hold them in my arms and rock them. Whisper to them. You know why? Because to die you have to relax. The only thing I could do was hold them and whisper in their ears, 'It's all right. You're all right.' Then the tenseness would leave them, they'd relax, and die."

I found my own eyes full of tears as Paul shared his grief with us, yet I was afraid to look at my students. The guys would think this "man hugging man" stuff was sick, or they would think it was amusing to see a guest speaker cry. I ventured a glance at my twenty-seven seniors.

Every gaze was on Paul, each face reflected the pain he felt. Many of them, guys included, were crying openly, not even making a move to wipe away their tears.

When the bell rang, a few students simply wandered off to their fourth hour class, but most remained to say "Thank you," to shake Paul's hand, or, as Tony, Jim and Matt did, to hug him.

Pam Rennhack

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THE ART OF CONVERSATION

We are freshmen and I hold a dollar pitcher in one hand and a cup in the other. You have to drink quickly or risk ending up with half a pitcher of warm beer. I stand among a group, listening to a boy tell of the troubles he is having with his parents. An attractive girl next to me laughs hideously, her gums exposed. I can only smile. It wasn't that funny.

Another girl is squealing. "You were on the Cape! So was I. Oh God, it was the best time...."

Since I have said nothing, only stood there with my beer, it is uncomfortable to break in to say I'm leaving. It is uncomfortable to stay, however, so I just turn and go.

I see someone I've met, nod, and stand next to his group. One boy is telling his audience about a ski trip. Impassioned, he continues in that spot for four hours, his voice increasing in importance. At the end of the night he is still talking about skiing.

If I totally remove myself, the din of voices and laughter takes over. Its makeup is similar. Everyone approving everyone. Greetings make up half of the conversations. The rest is past events. No speculation, no "what ifs?"

A boy retells an incident with a teacher. They laugh at his wit. Later I repeat the story, use the same words. They wait for the end. They don't laugh along. It is me, I know. I lack the ability to talk and smile simultaneously.

I go to stand and listen and drink my beer. There is no room to sit down, and if there were you'd sit alone. I stay until closing, because to leave early is to admit defeat. Walk home early and you'll wonder what you missed.

Freshman year I made sure I didn't miss a thing.

Michael Strich

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JEAN'S DAY

"This is so cool!" Katy said, bouncing on one foot then the other, and hugging me at least five times. "I'm so glad you're coming." As her best friend, I was invited to share her sixteenth birthday. Every year she and Jean went to some funky store in Petosky, where Katy picked out her gift, and then they had lunch. In the evening, Jean baked a big cake, and the entire family came for dinner.

Jean snapped at us when we started dancing around the living room. She said we were rattling the china, and we'd surely break something if we didn't calm down. Jean kept staring at us, her eyebrows scrunched up behind her horn-rimmed glasses. Her pink polyester pants hung too loosely around her hips, and I wondered if she had lost weight.

In the car, Katy and I sat in the back seat, giggling about boys and playing with our lipstick. Katy leaned over and turned up the stereo when Aretha came on. We opened the windows and belted out "Respect" to passing cars. Jean drove very slowly as cars whipped by and honked. She turned down the radio, and I could see her eyes rimmed with dark circles in the rear-view mirror. She didn't have any makeup on, and her hair, usually slicked back to accentuate her fine features, hung loosely over her forehead. She said, "I don't know if I can stand it anymore."

Katy and I looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders, and stared out the windows at the blur of pine trees. Katy reached over and tickled my knee. We laughed, and I squeezed her hand.

"Hey, Mom," she said. "Can't you crank the radio?"

"Katy," Jean said, "I'm very tired, and I don't think I can deal with your father not loving me."

"What are you talking about, Mom?" Katy looked at her mother. Then she glared at me.

I touched her shoulder and whispered, "What's wrong?" She shook her head and leaned back.

When we reached Petosky, Jean parked the car in an alley near Shorter's. She reached into her purse and searched for her wallet. "I really don't want to go in," she said, handing Katy a twenty-dollar bill.

"But Mom, I want you to help—"

"Honey, I can't. I'll wait in the car."

I grabbed Katy's hand and we skipped down the street toward the store. She tried on every type of shoe, as we lingered, not wanting to mention Jean or go back to the car. Katy chose a pair of brown mocassins with fringe and brightly colored beads across the toe. Then she picked out a pair of white feather earrings that hung to her shoulders.

"You are gonna look so cool at Ted Nugent," I said, squeezing her arm as we started back toward the car. We walked slowly, watching the tourists with packages of fudge snapping pictures of store fronts.

Coming up behind the car, we couldn't see Jean. Katy grabbed my arm. "Where is she?" I pulled away.

"Relax, she probably just went to the bathroom or something." As we got closer, I saw Jean lying in the backseat, curled in a fetal position, her hands wrapped around her head, crying.

I opened the door. "Jean?" She kept sobbing, pulling her knees up closer to her chest.

"I can't drive. Can you drive?"

Katy stood there, helpless, starting to cry. "But Mom, what about lunch?"

"Please, let's just go," Jean pleaded.

I took the keys from Jean, and guided Katy to the front seat. My hands shook the key into the ignition. I didn't really know how to drive a standard, and I'd had my license for only two weeks.

"Katy," Jean whispered from the backseat, "I'm really sorry, but I'm not going to be able to make your cake."

Nancy Gray

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MATH ANXIETY

Friday afternoon math bees were the beginning of the end for me in the world of numbers. Standing in the front of the room, dreading my turn and clutching sweaty hands behind my back, so that no one could tell I still used my fingers, made me ill. I cringed while Miss Reagan shuffled through the deck of flashcards looking for an easy one for me. She thought she was helping, but I wanted the hardest so that I'd have a good reason for missing it. Being bumped was such a physical, visible sign of failure that I was relieved, finally, to make it to the end of the row, where I could be disgraced no further.

In the next few years, I had plenty of other visible signs of failure when it came to math—big red X's and F's. I was better at letters than numbers so I knew what they meant: failure. My best friend, Betsy, was great at math and even seemed to like it, if you can imagine that. Maybe it was in her genes. Her dad came closest to making math fun of any teacher I've ever had—and I've had more than my share along the way. Everybody liked Mr. Ross. He was easy-going and kind and looked a lot like a basset hound, but we all respected him too much to say so out loud. He was cool, and you were cool if he teased you. I was too shy about math to be able to joke with him like the others, but I wanted desperately to be one of his favorites.

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Class was unusually rambunctious one day when Mr. Ross had given papers back with a word problem that could be read two different ways for two different answers. The class was split. I didn't care much about the debate because my grade wouldn't change significantly either way, but I was thrilled to have one of the popular answers. Mr. Ross dismissed the controversy as impossible. "Only bad math teachers write questions with two right answers, and you all know I'm not a bad math teacher." He was enjoying being stubborn and urged us to "ask anyone" to prove that he was right. A troop of us did just that. The math teacher down the hall acknowledged the possibility of two answers. We gloated and planned ways to bring our victory up in class.

By the next day, however, we had moved on to more immediate sixth grade traumas and had forgotten the whole thing. Several days later, in the middle of class, I remembered. I worried if and how I could bring it up. I didn't ever speak in that class except to my friends, but this was too good to waste. I was nervous. I knew we could have fun if I did it right. I could be cool. I raised my hand.

Mr. Ross was busy with someone else and didn't call on me. I went on with my work. A few minutes later, I was startled to hear my name. I had forgotten my hand was up. Think, Meg. What was it? The test. Two answers. Only bad teachers have two answers. Cool.

"Mr. Ross, you are a lousy math teacher."

Silence.

My face drained. I went cold. What had I done? It wasn't funny. No one understood. My mouth couldn't explain.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Meg, but I'm doing the best I can." He made no jokes. I made no defense.

Vernon Patterson, the first in the class to smell of Clearasil a few years later, was the only one who asked me why I had said such a thing. I smiled too brightly.

"Oh, it was a private joke between us. You wouldn't get it, but Mr. Ross knew what I meant." My volume gave me away.

I dreaded math class the rest of the year. Gradually, I moved toward the back of the room, one seat at a time, hoping to avoid attention but sure that everyone enjoyed this visible sign of my failure. I was relieved, finally, to make it to the end of the row, where I prayed I would disgrace myself no further.

Meg Donnelly

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DUST TO DUST

Dazzled by sudden light, the moth leaped at the ceiling, wings slapping and unslapping the swirled paint above the desk lamp whose glare had so maddened it.

I put my bookbag on the floor and briefly watched the moth. The sound it made was at the very least annoying, difficult to sleep through, like a window shade ruffled by a breeze. The moth, small and brown, pressed itself upward, the only way out for all it knew.

I gave it a way out, the one we usually choose for small creatures which disturb us. The rolled-up magazine left a smudge of moth dust on the ceiling and was branded with one itself. The moth dropped, twirling, as moths do, slipping off the edge of the desk to the brown carpet.

The next morning my eye caught a movement on the floor. Tilted to its right, the moth shuddered along for a moment. Then, exhausted or confused, it stopped. One wing was gone and probably a couple of its spindly legs, yet it was crawling, pulling a line of its own clear fluid behind it. What could it possibly be searching for? That elusive escape, still? Food? A nest for its eggs? We are told most insects seek light, but this one had battered itself to get away. Did it wish now, like an old dog, to find a dark recess to flicker and go out?

For the second time in twenty-four hours I made a life and death decision, and for the second time chose death--this time out of mercy, if it is mercy to put to rest that which you have gravely injured.

Bruce Rowe

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GETTING THROUGH

Mike Mead. The name appeared three times on my class roster: English I, period 3; English IV, period 4; English III, period 5. I reread the list. There were only 70 to 80 students in the whole high school. Surely there weren't three Mike Meads. But I was a rookie, so I went to the Guidance Office.

"Oh, Mike. He's a nice enough kid. He won't give you any trouble; he just won't do anything," the counselor told me. "He flunked freshman English and his teacher let him slide by as a sophomore. He flunked again as a junior, and now he has to pass senior English as well if he wants to graduate."

"Oh, wonderful," I thought, putting Mike in a mental file marked "Things I can't do anything about."

My gut sank when I saw him. He was a foot taller and broader than the scrawny freshmen, and he had long brown hair and a mustache. I hoped the guidance counselor was right because if this kid wanted to give me trouble, he could. He sat in the back row, even though the speech therapist told me that he had a hearing problem. I said nothing--I wasn't about to tell this big lug where to sit. He pushed his desk back far enough to stretch his legs, sat down, crossed his arms, and gave me a sleepy-eyed stare. He did, however, manage to stay awake through three consecutive "I am Miss Buckingham and this is English" speeches.

He had a deep, stone-cold voice, and the first words he spoke to me were, "I hate English."

"I kinda gathered that, Mike."

It was October when I finally came out of my first-year frenzy long enough to realize that Mike was handing in his work. He wanted to graduate. That's when I began believing that I could get him through three English classes. We never sat down and discussed it, but I felt we were a team with a common goal.

In November he took a night job thirty miles away, in Cody. His naturally sleepy look took on a zombied dimension, and he was usually absent on Fridays, but at the end of each term he'd be in my room after school, making up tests and assignments or doing extra-credit work until my calculator assured us that he had brought all three grades up to D's. It was a grueling process, but we always made it.

During those after-school marathons, Mike joked about how the custodians said that my room was messy. I cleaned. He clued me in to the fact that the athletic director passed Faculty Lounge gossip on to the kids. I stopped talking in there. He mentioned the rumors downtown. I started parking my car in front of the mercantile store instead of the Cowboy Bar, regardless of which establishment I was visiting.

When the seniors began stealing vocabulary tests, Mike let me know. After one especially chaotic session with the squirrelly freshmen, he approached me between classes. "Miss Buckingham, you know when you tell the freshmen to shut up and get to work? Well, it really ruins it when you smile."

In English III, which was right after lunch, I had a special problem called Ray Maser. He always came in with a fart that he had saved up all day just for my class.

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I had tried ignoring him and sending him to the nurse's office without any results. Mike finally intervened. "Let me sit behind Maser today." I didn't ask any questions. The usual explosion sounded, followed by the usual groans and nose plugging. Mike reached up, grabbed Ray's shoulder, and turned him around. It was a very quiet conversation. There were no more such incidents.

For his English IV final, Mike wrote a paper about John Donne's "The Bait." "I think the women of John Donne's day should have stuffed about twenty of those educated fish up his nose." His English I final was a story about Super Marti with her flapping French braid and her Martimobile (a '68 Chevy Impala). I patted myself on the back. No one had thought Mike Mead would make it.

When I walked through the receiving line at graduation, Mike picked me clear off the floor in a bearhug I can still feel. I returned it with equal enthusiasm. We cried a little bit. He had gotten me through.

Marti Buckingham

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HORICON MARSH

Fay and I left the car in the parking lot and took the hiking trail into the marsh. We followed a low ridge along the edge of several ponds. As we walked, an occasional canvasback or grebe broke our pace. We came to a canal that cut into a stand of birches. We left the trail and followed the canal. On the other side of the trees, our view expanded. Large, shallow pools stretched to the horizon. The pools were surrounded by acres of cattails. We sat beneath a sapling, hidden from the bright sun.

We had disturbed the wildlife as we clumped through the brush, so we sat, hand in hand, our backs to the tree, waiting for the life to return. We whispered, laughed, and recaptured the meaning of our life.

Our words faded with the afternoon sun. We sat in the marsh, trying to absorb everything. The laughter of mallards flew on the breeze. We became quiet; we assumed the language of birders. An hour before sunset, Fay touched my shoulder lightly with her finger and cautioned silence, putting her finger to her lips. She pointed to the canal. A blue heron fished, duck weed sagging around its feet like old, green stockings. The heron stood, watching for fish. We watched the heron. A thin line of clouds appeared to the north. Nothing moved.

The honks of geese pierced the quiet. Our eyes looked to the sound. Huge flocks of geese were upon us, their lines no longer thin. Geese littered the sky. Geese flooded the swamp, wave after wave, wings rowing, necks outstretched. Fragments broke from the main formations, gliding by the dozen into the marsh. Spray broke the surface of the pools, rippling the red sun on the horizon. Everything moved. The sky darkened in the east. Still the geese arrived, calling to each other in the twilight.

We sat until night forced us out and then retraced our path in the moonlight. The marsh roared with the cheers of geese unseen. We returned to our car, closed the doors, and stared into the night.

Jeffrey Maas

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A SENSE OF APPROPRIATENESS

I stopped into our family room to chat with my parents for a few minutes before going out for the evening. There was no way for me to walk out the door without a word, and I was hoping that a few minutes of conversation might make them forget to ask me where I was going. Mom and Dad both put down what they were reading when I came in, always ready to talk. I dropped the keys on the table, sat down on the couch, and began putting on my shoes as we talked about something friendly but mundane. Soon, of course, Dad asked the question I was dreading. "Where are you going tonight?" His completely offhand tone expressed nothing more than congenial curiosity.

I felt dishonest. I began to tie my shoes and answered as casually as possible, "To Peter's."

"You're going to see Peter?...at his house, at night, alone?" My mom could hardly believe my lack of discretion and looked to my dad for support. "Bill, I don't think that's right!" They had never approved of my friendship with Peter. It was beyond them why "a thirty-three-year-old divorced man would want to spend time with high school kids." Me they trusted completely. Him they weren't so sure about. It infuriated me that they mistrusted this man who had become my mentor and one of my best friends. I lied and explained that Jeremy would be going, too, so I wouldn't be there alone with Peter--as if anything were going to happen.

"Well, why can't Jeremy come pick you up so you can go together?"

My lie grew more complex as I improvised a reason why he could not bring me home later. I rarely lied to my parents, but being seventeen made me need to lie: I was old enough to trust my own values but young enough to be subject to parental objections.

"Honey, I just don't think it's a good idea."

Dad agreed, using his authoritative voice: "No. Nan, I don't want you to go alone. You wait until Jeremy is there, let him call you, and then you can go."

"But that's ridiculous! I'd feel like a child! It's not as if Peter's going to attack me or anything...."

"You seem to have no sense of appropriateness whatsoever," Mom said. I hated that word <u>appropriate</u>. It seemed to have divine meaning for my mother. "Your grandmother always used to say, 'It's not good enough just to avoid evil; you must avoid the appearance of evil.' Even if it's completely innocent, it looks bad."

"And just who is going to see?"

"You never know. What would happen, for example, if his house caught fire, and it was in the paper that you two were there alone? You have to think what that would look like. What would Mrs. Miller think, for example?"

"Oh, come on, Mom."

"I know that's far-fetched, but you have to know how things look."

I could not believe the absurdity of this conversation. To get what I wanted, however, I needed to speak their language.

"Okay, look. Jeremy's family is having a big dinner tonight. Not only does he have to wait till they're finished, but he has to take his cousin home before heading over there. If I waited for him to get there, I'd have to leave here really late and get home really late. You don't want that, do you?"

Now I'd blown it. Here I was, back with their original objection of my being <u>there</u>, <u>alone</u> with <u>him</u>.

"Look, Mom, anyone whose opinion I care about knows me well enough not to make up absurd stories based on appearance. That's called circumstantial evidence, and it doesn't hold up in court."

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"Maybe not in court, Nan, but it does in people's minds. Your mother is absolutely right."

God, how I hated these arguments about appropriateness. How could I go to where I felt I needed to be, to the place where my true education took place, without defying my parents? Usually Julie or Jeremy came with me when I visited Peter, so I could deliberately mislead my parents by saying I was "doing something with Julie." Now I found myself telling a blatant lie about Jeremy in an attempt to be more honest. Tonight was a test: how open could I be about seeing Peter without jeopardizing my relationship with him?

I finally asked the pivotal question. There was no challenge in my voice, no defiance—I simply wanted to know what the terms were. "Are you saying I can't go? Are you saying you won't let me?"

They looked at each other. Dad breathed in slowly, looked at me, and said, "We're saying we don't want you to go."

I glanced down at the floor, then out the window. I could barely make out the yellow Honda in the darkness. Turning back to the brightly lit room, I asked, "So it's up to me?"

They looked at me, allowing their silence to answer in the affirmative. I knew what a hard moment this was for them. I also knew they thought I would yield to their wishes.

I stood up, feeling both the freedom and the burden of responsibility. "I'm sorry you don't want me to go," I said finally. "But I can't stay for a reason I don't believe in."

I lifted my keys from the table, turned and walked out the door.

Nan Reed

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A RETROSPECTIVE

I was walking down a narrow county road; I did not recognize the places I passed. Fence posts, weeds, and fields unfamiliar to my housing development upbringing came and went but so did I. I just kept walking, one of my sneakers in front of the other, then the other in front of it. I walked. A steeper place in the road and then down again, the road walked with me; the countryside drew me on. After yet another rise, my feet turned toward a house. Faded white paint, two stories, few windows of any size, it was the first house I'd come to. I left the road and turned left toward the house. No gate, no path, just an open place, mostly dusty, no flowers or grass, and then a wooden door high above two board steps. I was planning to knock, but before I could, the door opened, and my grandfather stood four feet above me.

Grandpa smiled even though he'd been dead for eleven years. I felt a similar smile on my face. Perhaps it was the relief of seeing him again. Small talk seemed out of place. I had no important questions; I just smiled. His wire-rimmed eyes reminded me of a microscope, maybe the one the football player and I had shared in high school biology. I'd never been able to close one eye and see or hold them both open either. The effort had given me headaches.

My head was clear now as I smiled at Grandpa. I knew he was going to talk, but the surprise when he did made me take a step backward. "Do you hear me?" he asked softly.

I nodded and felt my smile deepen. Eleven years of wishing I could see this man just one more time, and now I could only smile.

"I wanted to die," he told me very calmly. "My death had nothing to do with your leaving. When the storm came it sounded like thunder but felt like a heartbeat. Steady, and vital, and necessary, and mine. So I took it."

My feet brought me the step closer to him that I had lost, and I looked up at this old, so very old, man who stood in the doorway. With love, I saw his death. I saw how the past is never really past. Meanwhile, Grandpa kept talking. His words were the blood between us and I felt their flow but didn't notice their tide. They carried us, years past, years ahead, now, then, and to forever, until I gave in to their meanings.

Now the doorway was empty, but I still smiled.

Susan Nelson Wood

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INNER WEATHER

I remember the ravens. How they stood out against the grey skies and circled high over Clifford's head like black kites. Some walked around him making throaty sounds.

Other Navajos gathered outside my door. The wind began to blow. I felt a trace of winter's rawness against the side of my neck.

I unlocked my door and entered. The students drifted in, all except Clifford. The assignment was written on the board: "Free-write 20 minutes on any topic."

No one spoke. All pencils were on hold.

Five minutes later Clifford walked in and took his seat. He sat there looking straight ahead. His blue-black hair fell down in strands from his cowboy hat; there was turqoise around his neck.

Clifford finally pulled his pencil out, and everyone went to work.

> November 14. I don't fell good today I fell I
> crazy inside We were eight day singing for my
> seck brother at black mountain who being seck
> sheep camp not fell well so I singing so hart
> chanting like. I hope everything is working to
> get special corns and build fire just right
> that my job. My brother is my twin. My brother
> I hope he does not die singing hard tonight
> must get special singers from red shirt clan
> Mr. Giffin I can rite no more Clifford.

The bell sounded. Eyes fastened to the floor. Clifford quietly placed his writing beneath the pile that had built up on my desk and walked out last. I followed him to the door. He strolled across the parking lot, where he joined some others and began to joke and laugh.

Gary Griffith

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OTHEMESS

On my first day at Bread Loaf I forgot who I was. Nervous and insecure, I allowed the very greenness of the mountains to intimidate me. Dr. Freedman's Victorian literature class was especially scary; I was overwhelmed by the roomful of youthful, well-educated classmates.

The class Narrative and Desire met prior to ours, and I puzzled over the significance of the blackboard notes while I waited for my class to get underway. Scrawled across the board was a list of vocabulary, including: family, power, othemess, and transgression.

Dr. Freedman entered smiling and confident. He looked at the words on the board and said, going down the list, "This is good. This is good if you have it, but bad if you don't. This is good. This is bad."

The class laughed.

I felt so stupid! How could everyone but me know those words? Othemess was good he said. I wanted it, or at least I wanted to know what it was.

Quietly, I made a note. For the next few days I tried to find out about othemess. Othemess was not in my Webster's nor in any other dictionary. I looked everywhere.

Finally, feeling miserable and stupid, I swallowed my pride and asked my roommate. She didn't know either, and I felt better instantly. When I showed her where I'd written othemess in my notebook, she read, Otherness. "Some teachers," she laughed, "have terrible penmanship, especially when they write on the board."

Susan Nelson Wood

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SOUTH

The two black families in my hometown hadn't prepared me for this. First, the move six-hundred miles south to rural Virginia. Then Frank, the first black I had ever really known. And now I had agreed to play bass with his gospel group.

As we waited outside the small Baptist church, I asked questions I'd already asked ten times that day. Leaning against his car, Frank took slow drags on his cigarette and answered with a low hacking laugh. People streamed from their cars, pausing to look. A little boy, not old enough to know better, kept my gaze all the way into the church. The men loitered, happy to see each other. Two large women walked past, roaring at a delicious secret joke.

Soon it was time. I was led to a small room behind the altar. Robes were brought out for us, heavy robes of red satin with many folds and billowing sleeves into which my hands disappeared. One of my sleeves had to be taped up so I could play. Wide white letters, "S" and "C", sat up high on the chest. The "Soul Consolers." Soaking with worry, I went to sit among old ladies, wearing hats of plastic beads or sparkling foil, who tried their best to ignore me.

The heat became unbearable. Large drops of sweat slid down my sides. Each pew was furnished with frail hand fans printed with Martin Luther King or Jesus on one side, a local garage advertisement on the other. I wanted to take one and hide it, to bring it back with me, but I thought everyone was watching.

Old men filled the two benches set along the right wall. One man was white, the only other I saw. He reclined easily, his eyes nearly shut on his wrinkled face, staring ahead contentedly as if somewhere else. Later he was introduced as someone who had helped the parish through the years. The Civil Rights Movement was mentioned. He slowly half-rose, receiving the applause without acknowledging it.

YEAST

Some names of authors and characters have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves, not for the institution.

Editors for this issue:
Ellie Dwight, Nancy Gray, Nan Reed

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I couldn't tell if he saw me. I spent some time smiling in his direction but he never showed any recognition. Later Frank would tell me the man was as black as he.

The church was celebrating an anniversary and many groups were performing. A collection of ancient men sang unaccompanied. Their voices soared, taking us with them. First came the tapping of the foot, then the clapping. The swaying came the easiest. Everything began to unify, and I realized I was wearing a smile I could not have lifted. No one noticed me.

They ended too soon, but their release was slow. One man continued to strut in front of the altar, flailing his head, praising God, drowning out the preacher.

We were next. I turned on Frank's small tape recorder and set it at my feet. The first song was slow, with many changes, and I concentrated on my playing. I never looked above my music. I felt mechanical, stiff. The next song, simpler, faster, flowed naturally, allowing me to fill spaces. I started tentatively, slowly, playing the changes over and over until they became smooth and easy. I let go, and through half-closed eyes I saw the crowd, not individuals, but an undulating wave of color and sound at frenzied speed.

It would go on for another four hours, but we left after we finished playing. In the parking lot I was shaking more than before. I wanted to go back. Frank laughed at me, his big toothsome grin, the sweat in rings under his arms. His thick hands fumbled the tape from the recorder and it rattled to the ground. He had been caught up in it too.

Michael Strich

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TIDAL WAVE

What is it? my friends ask. I can see them straining, wrinkles on their foreheads, wondering what could be wrong. I try to explain, to put words to the pressure in my head and chest, but I am distracted. Words come out but feel far away. The tear ducts under my eyes are tidal. I have to get to my room.

My door slams behind me, signalling safety. I throw myself onto the bed. It starts in little gasps; I grab a roll of toilet paper to get ready. Then heaving, it comes, sobbing, tears erupting. Lying on my squishy mattress, it feels good to be alone, to let my eyes run red.

I'm crying because I finally can, crying because I need to let out this crazy tension, crying because some days I wave to people and they don't wave back. Have they seen me, I wonder. Don't they like me?

I haven't talked in one of my classes for days. I sit, silent, tortured, the voices in my head berating me. I go too slow. I don't have a creative bone in my body. I can't, I can't, I can't. This teacher is a genius; this stuff is just flying by. Will I ever get there?

I get down on myself for getting down on myself. Coming out of class I feel small, disconnected. I see someone I know walking over by the laundry and wave. No response. My God, what is this? Am I invisible?

It builds all day like this. I sit spaced out at lunch, reading the Crumb. I fake a few smiles and leave early, wanting to drive away, get away from myself.

In my afternoon class, the teacher looks hard at me and I feel like bawling my eyes out. What is this? I wish I could say it was my relationship, my period, my next paper. I want something specific, but it feels bigger. It feels like me.

My writing teacher told someone at the snack bar that she had writerly instincts. Does that mean I don't? I want to give up, never try anything hard again. Last week, after my piece was read, my group sat silent; it was flat, dead. At first I blamed them, but then, days later, I realized they were right. Maybe I just don't have the rhythm; I can barely even spell the word. I try to tell my truth. Well, where's the beat then?

In class, two actors talk about language and rhythms and life. They emote, they stretch, they smile. Each of them is questing inward, putting out incredible shine. Falling on the classroom floor, on their bellies, they are howling, stretching. I want to be down there with them, howling for real.

Finally class is over and I make it back to my room. On the way I confront a friend's worried face, but I tell her I don't know, I don't know what it is. Words get me nowhere. It isn't the same as letting it go and go and go.

And so I do.

Half an hour later I check my face in the mirror: swollen and soggy. I rule out dinner and go for a run. I pound the dirt road, feeling the humidity soaking into my skin, making me sweat even more. Up the hill I climb, proud that I'm going farther than usual, till I turn around and let the hill take my body down, down to the bottom where I turn to make my way back home. I start to glide. My rhythm has found me.

Ellie Dwight

UP

6:35 a.m. is when I open the door to ascend the back stairs. There are forty-three of them. They are worn low on the right side from eighty some years of little kids marching on the right side of the hall. It's one of the first lessons this educational facility offers, the importance of walking on the right.

I come early in the morning, so I'm fresh to look at yesterday's lessons and plan for today. Also I have the building to myself. I've been climbing these steps for some 286 days now.

The last bell rings for early mass, the last stragglers cross the street, and I'm surprised when I recognize this is my last day here.

I don't recall ever even thinking about quitting. I just know that part of me has decided to quit today without talking to any other part of me. I know when I'm on the third step that it's going to be an unusual day.

Part of me is already sitting back in the observer mode: primed to listen, watch people's faces, remember details of the building itself. I'm going to have the information stored, ready to ponder when there's time, somewhere down the road.

Another part of me is going to tell Sister Marie that today is my last day of teaching here. Sorry I couldn't give her longer notice, but I'll be leaving this afternoon.

I'm leaving today, wondering where I'll turn up.

Yesterday I left my class alone. This is not allowed. I came and stood in the main lobby. Pretended to be putting up a bulletin board so I could watch the office. June, our only black student, a fifth grader, had been sent to the office again. Sister Marie called her mother to come down to the school. This always meant a delay while the mother caught the city bus to come across town. June spent the wait shaking and moaning. Sister closed the door and spoke to her quietly. I couldn't catch the words. The secretary, who was asked to leave the office, stood silent, staring at the carpet.

I was in the closet of my classroom two weeks ago when I first heard for myself the muffled sounds coming from Sister's office. I had seen Sister and June's mother come out smiling.

Standing on the steps, I know I can't be a part of it another day. I've gone above her. I've been talking, causing trouble.

Yesterday June's enraged mother came up these stairs, and stormed the office. Sister came out and blocked the door, keeping their privacy. Sister is allowing, maybe encouraging, the mother to beat the child. I saw the belt, I heard the sounds again. I saw the secretary wincing silently.

I saw Sister lick her lips and wink at me.

I step on up the stairs, into the light from Sister's open office door. She's here early today. She's here to deal with me.

DOWN

I came down the mountain too fast, my knees giving out, the rocks too loose. If things went well, I was going to break a leg, fall off a ledge. I bounced into a lodgepole pine and got it into my embrace. I was weaker than I'd realized and wasn't sure how many days I'd been out. If this was the fourth day, Bird Hats would come looking for me, and I'd have a ride to town. Otherwise—well, it didn't really matter. I still had to get down. Nothing to tell for it. Worse than empty.

They said they were ready to give up on me when Chetty spotted me in the ditch. Irma Jane got me up and loaded me in the back end. They had a little mattress there for me. Edward gave me a thermos of very sweet kool-aid, then drove out slow and gentle. The boys kept me drinking and washed my face.

Chetty kept telling me where we were. "Passing the trading post now, going past Smart Enemy's..." Nine-year-old tour guide, he was missing the Lakers on TV to be the one who brought me down.

I entered a house so clean I'd never seen it. They fed me soup and fed themselves better. Fresh venison. Edward had taken its heart to the Little People to pray for me. The horse, it's mine to use whenever I want. Those hills? use them, we own them, stay down, close to us. Anything you want, Candy, it's yours. This family was taking me in.

I was on the receiving end of all these honors, and I was empty, my prayers null. I was uncomfortable and wanted to go home. I wanted to be alone. I didn't understand what was wrong in my life, but clearly something was. I needed to think. I was waiting for an opportunity and strength to walk out of there.

When Spooky came by at dark to say that he was having a sweat, I told them I wanted to go. I'd never used his sweat lodge to pray in, but I had unfinished business, and anyway, Edward trusted him. There's places you just don't go, places where they try to steal your soul.

The sweat lodge is behind Spooky's brand-new commodity house on the banks of Arrow Creek. He has new pieces of plywood making a wind screen around it, carpet scraps cover the ground. There are benches to dress at and a big lodge--room for at least a dozen people. It's the most uptown sweat I've ever seen.

Mary is with me, babysitting me. Women's turn. We stand out under the sky, naked, crawling in the dark. The lodge fills with round, brown bodies, giggling and ready to gossip. Thelma closes the flap and starts with four ladles onto the stones. The sizzling sound is so loud, these stones will last seven rounds, maybe more. I use the switch on the bottoms of my feet and then start on my back. When Thelma opens the door to end the round, she lets in the cool fresh air. She passes a water jug. I drink deeply, praying four.

I tell Mary I'm fine, to leave me alone or I'll flunk her. I listen closely while Thelma pours the seven, and I start to pray, quiet, just to myself.

It's in the middle of the seven round that I know I'm in trouble. I feel like I'm going down. I whisper to Mary that I can't breathe anymore. She's indignant. "Now? We're just getting it hot." She's being loud, telling everyone.

"Yes, now. I have to get out."

We stand outside. The steam rises off us into the November night. She asks if I want to use the buckets of warm water or the creek.

"The creek. I'll follow you down there." I want her ahead of me, so she can't see how poor I'm moving.

"Take the railing," her echoing voice tells me.

"Watch out, it's slippery here." Dizzy, I can't figure where I am.

I'm standing knee-deep in cold water, concentrating, trying to catch my breath and find a landmark in the dark. I inhale deep, slow to center myself.

Taking my bearings, I see clear skies, the dipper straight ahead. I'm holding onto a carved banister, walking into Arrow Creek on carpeted stairs.

Modern Indians--what we've come to after 30,000 years.

It's so absurd! Carpeted steps!

I start laughing. Howling.

Cramps hit my legs and I topple into the icy creek, choking with laughter.

Life! You just never know when.

God! I'm in love!

Head over heels...
in love with the stars.

Candace Ottertail Woman

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DR. JOHN

That April when Dr. John came to our little western town he immediately caused a stir. He was fresh out of his residency at L.A. General, and he was eager. He delivered his first baby to a Navajo family and charged them one cord of piñon, payment to be rendered no later than the arrival of cold weather.

He delivered hundreds of babies during his stay, using similar means of payment for most of them. His generous nature became a matter of public amazement and administrative concern. Merle M. Strom, DIRECTOR, Ph.D., decided to talk to the young doctor about the finer points of making a federally funded clinic hum, that is to say, the nature of fees.

"We are funded by numbers, John," Strom told him as he leaned back in his soft swivel chair and clasped his hands behind his newly permed hair. "You and every doctor in this place. Numbers. Every dollar we take in Uncle Sam matches."

Kanebrook was not ready for the kid from L.A.

During working hours Dr. John made his rounds at Kanebrook's forty-bed hospital, wearing his light green surgeon's smock or at best an old red flannel and a pair of faded jeans. In one back pocket he stored his wadded-up stethoscope, and in the other an Edward Abbey paperback. Sometimes he came in at 3:00 A.M. and hung around the emergency room waiting for some action; he was ready for the most minor injury or serious emergency. At other times he would just go into the kitchen and fix himself a late night snack: a roast beef sandwich or some potato chips.

His wife belonged to a California-based eastern religious sect that was heavily involved with financing Thai refugee camps. She was a strict vegetarian and a gracious woman who tried to keep Dr. John on a spiritually sound regimen. However, he would sometimes waiver during the wee hours of the morning. Spinach casserole was replaced by the immediate pleasure of washing down cheese-coated Doritos with ice-cold Pepsi while he read The New England Journal of Medicine.

In a few months it became apparent that Dr. John had an extra sense about medicine, something that went beyond the textbooks. As a patient you were important, but there was something else too; the disease was no longer just a part of your body but was something separate. He made you distance yourself from it, and then he would place himself between you and it and try to take over. It was as if Dr. John represented you; he was your counsel.

There was the young ten-year-old girl that he helped diagnose with leukemia. The family visited John's trailer every Sunday so he would spend extra time with her, encouraging her through the treatments and helping her to find the remission within. She died shortly after he moved away.

Then there was the time he ran with a baby cradled in his hands, blowing life into its blue face as he strode across the open field between the clinic and the hospital. By the time the helicopter air-evac unit arrived, that baby was pink and happily gurgling.

Surely somewhere it must have been said that behind the brightness of every genius lurks the shadow of a fool. One time Dr. John and I went up on the Pariah Canyon to cut wood. It was after a good rain and the roads were muddy and slick. He was driving up a series of figure-eight type trails, winding our way to the top of the mesa where the juniper was.

"John, I don't think we had better try this road," I said, looking down at the three hundred foot drop to my immediate left.

Wrong thing to say.

We sat there for a moment, pondering the situation, and then it was full steam ahead. We had nearly made it when the truck began to skid to the left on the soft clay. We were going over the edge. I grabbed the door handle and braced myself. Here we go! But then a scrub juniper stopped our fall. We hung there. John had his window open and the gnarly arms of the tree poked in and around him.

I jumped out of the truck, forcing the door open on the upside, against gravity's pull. "Come on, get out!"

John just sat there and I saw that same look of determination come over his face. He opened a beer, took a swig and then cut those wheels to the left, gunning the motor to a loud roar, and he drove that truck down the

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side of the canyon till he reached the dried riverbed at the bottom, where he continued following the natural flow of the bed, till he could finally double back.

I sometimes drive past his old trailer. So much has changed. The plants are gone. A boat is parked out front.

He told me when he left that he would be back someday soon to learn the art of small-mouth bass fishing. Six years have passed and I keep waiting for his call.

Gary Griffith

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GOODBYE

I looked up to see Tommy standing uncertainly at the door. I was reluctant to encourage a visit because I had work to do.

"Hi, Mom!" He said, using the old joke that my other drama students use so easily because they spend more time with me than at home.

"Hi, Tom. You need something—or just want to visit?" Tommy was a handsome kid but a bit shy. I could tell he needed to talk, but he couldn't quite get started.

"What's the matter, Tom?" I asked, putting away the papers I was grading and coming around to meet him on the front side of the desk. He looked at the floor, making no attempt to wipe away the tears. I wanted to put my arms around him but was afraid it would embarrass him. I got a Kleenex from my desk and handed it to him. I waited until he could talk.

"I just can't keep it all inside anymore," he said. "I've got to talk to someone."

"Tommy, I can listen, but I can't promise I'll be any help."

"I just quit the football team, and I'm really scared to go home. I hate football and I'm not very good at it. I didn't want to play last year, but I never got up nerve enough to quit. It should be my decision, right?" He looked at me for approval and then continued. "My stepfather is going to blow up! Last time I talked about quitting, he told me to go buy some dresses until I was man enough to wear pants. He doesn't care that I make really good grades. He told me once that if I spent more time working out and less time on the books I might get off the bench now and then." Tom paused for a moment then continued. "I can't talk to him. For the last three years I've memorized the sports page every day so we'd have something to say at dinner. He has no idea what I think, or who I am."

"Tommy, have you talked to your mom about it?"

"She's worse than he is. She doesn't hear anything that disturbs her picture of our happy little family. She's so afraid of hearing it that she avoids being alone in the room with me."

"I'm sure she just doesn't understand that you're unhappy. I bet if you go home and talk to her about this football thing, it will be all right. Will you try that?" He shook his head and started to leave.

At the door he turned around and said, "I haven't seen my sister in three years. She lives down in Texas near my dad." He stopped and searched for words. I waited. "She's tried to commit suicide twice. She must be really dumb--it can't be very hard." He stood there looking at me.

I moved across the room and put my arms around him. He held on to me, and the tears started again.

When I felt calm enough to speak I said, "Suicide is never an answer, Tom. Your sister isn't dumb because she can't succeed but because she tried it. Things change. Problems that seem impossible right now won't seem that way if you give them time." Finally, I just shut up and stood there holding him, letting him cry.

"I can't believe this--I never cry," he said after awhile.

"Tom, sometimes it takes strength to cry, but it also takes strength to deal with problems instead of avoiding them. Please talk to your mom when you get home."

"Yeah, OK." He turned and walked out.

That night I picked up the phone at least eight times before I dialed his number. I didn't want to betray Tom's trust, but I couldn't quit thinking about him.

His mother answered. "Mrs. Lessing, this is Robin Ellis, Tommy's drama teacher." There was no response. "I had a disturbing talk with Tom today and I was worried about him. He talked to me about your daughter's suicide attempts, and I think maybe he needs some help."

"Mrs. Ellis," the voice said, "I think you must be mistaken. Tommy is fine. You should mind your own business."

The phone clicked, and Tommy's words came back to me. "She doesn't hear anything that disturbs her picture of our happy little family."

I didn't see Tom for the next week except in class. He'd come in smiling and say, "Hi, Mom," but nothing more. It was Thanksgiving, so Wednesday was the last day of school that week. Tommy stayed after class and it gave me a chance to ask how things were.

"Oh, everything's OK. I was just down the other day. Things aren't really so bad." I wanted to believe him.

Saturday, Mrs. Lessing called me. "Mrs. Ellis, do you know where Tommy is?"

My throat got tight. I was having trouble breathing. "No, I haven't seen him since Wednesday at school. What's happened?"

"Tommy went to a friend's house on Thursday and we can't seem to find him. We must have gotten our wires crossed about when he was coming home. I'm sorry to have bothered you."

"You know that's not true! Have you called the police?"

"There is absolutely nothing to get upset about. I shouldn't have called you."

I was helpless. Where was he? Was he alive? Was there something more I could have done for him?

Monday at school, I got a note from the office that said to drop Tommy Alden from classes. I asked about him in the office. All they could tell me was his mother had called and he wouldn't be returning to school.

Three days later, I got a letter with no return address.

> Dear Mom (ha,ha),
>
> I'm OK. I'm down in Texas. I went to see my dad, but he didn't have room for me to stay. I'm living with my sister. Don't worry, I plan to finish school. I just needed to try it down here for a while. Thanks for listening.
>
> Goodbye,
> Tommy

Robin Ellis

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THE ROSE TATTOO

John walked in the room, beaming, and started rolling up his left sleeve. "Well, I did it!"

"Did what?" I asked.

"I got a tattoo."

"Whoa, really?" I ran over to him and grabbed his bare arm. "God, this is so cool!" His bicep was decorated with a skull and crossbones, a joint hanging loosely from its mouth, and a plaid beret on top.

"What's it say?" I asked, running my finger along the yellow letters beneath the skull.

"Laird. It's my mom's maiden name."

"Oh, John. I want one," I said clutching my hands to my chest.

"Well, let's go then." He smiled at me. "This guy Dan, he's a friend of my brother's, and he's really cheap. It can be your birthday present."

"Can we do it today?"

"Anything for you," he said, helping me into my leather jacket.

We pulled up in front of a dilapidated yellow house, the lawn chewed up by a barking pit bull straining ruthlessly on its chain. I cautiously climbed out of the car.

"Yo, John!" A man in a Harley t-shirt and faded jeans yelled from the front porch. He was barefoot and held a baby dressed in a pink sleeper. A boy of three or four with a black smudge down his cheek and messy hair clung to the man's leg.

"Hey, Dan," John called back, ushering me to the steps, "Diane wants a tattoo. Can you do it today?"

"Well, I haven't ever done a girl as young as you," Dan said staring at my chest. "How old are you, honey?" He shifted the baby to one arm so he could rub my shoulder with a grease-stained hand.

"Sixteen," John said, squeezing in between us and pushing me into the living room.

"Yeah, sixteen," I whispered.

A woman carrying a bottle and a diaper came in, taking the baby from Dan.

"Hi John," she said without looking at us. She brushed some potato chips off the tattered easy chair, kicked over a beer bottle and settled down heavily. On her right arm, she had four flowers tattooed in pink and blue. Each flower had a name inside: Jenny, Nick, Steve, Danny. Beneath the flowers in black capital letters: MOM.

"Ya like Sue's tattoo?" Dan asked me. "I did that."

"Cool," I muttered, staring at Sue as she leaned back and closed her eyes.

Dan took my sweaty hand. On each finger he had a star, and his forearms were completely covered with flowers, birds, dragons and naked women. I could imagine what the rest of his body looked like.

"I used to practice on myself," he said, "but then I ran out of space." He guided me to the kitchen. The faucet dripped loudly on the pile of dirty dishes in the sink as tiny black ants nibbled on a slice of half-eaten Boston cream pie. Cases of empty Coke and beer bottles lined the wall next to an overflowing garbage can. I looked to John for reassurance. He smiled eagerly, so I tried to relax.

Dan led me to a chair next to a table packed with needles, dyes, cotton balls, alcohol, and a sterilizing machine. At least I wouldn't get hepatitis. Oh God, what if I got hepatitis?

"Where do you want it?" he asked.

I shot a glance at John. He shrugged, "Get it on your shoulder."

"On my shoulder."

Two barefoot boys in dirty jeans burst into the room. "Daddy, Daddy," they squealed, jumping on Dan's back. "Can we watch?" asked the oldest.

Dan chuckled, pushing them aside, and handed me a cardboard book filled with tattoo designs. I looked at the rainbows and unicorns absently, then put the book on the floor.

"Okay, I want a rose about this big," I explained, making a circle with my index finger and thumb. "A red one, with green leaves, and I want it to say "Peace" in little letters across the top."

"How ya want that spelled?" Dan asked, nudging John in the ribs.

John grinned and said,"P-I-E-C-E?"

I gave him the finger.

Dan sat down and instructed me to straddle the chair and hold on to the back. I took my sweater off, and he whistled at my pink camisole. I turned to John for approval. He gave me the thumb's up and winked. The cold cotton ball drenched in alcohol felt soothing against my sweaty back, but Dan's light touch made me nervous.

"Now, just relax there, Diane," he said, placing a sterilized needle into the pen-shaped electric tattooer. I tried to breathe deeply, but my breath was shallow and my heart pounded. I heard the whir of the machine, and a sharp poke shot into my back, traveling up to my neck. My head became light, my stomach turned, and I clutched the chair, digging my nails into the wood.

"Does it hurt?" John asked.

"No." I pressed my heels into the floor.

John smiled at me, his eyes bright and pleased. When the needle finally whirred to a stop, I took a deep breath and exhaled loudly. Dan washed the blood away and slapped a bandage on my wound. He handed me a pill bottle full of cream. "Rub this in a couple times a day. It'll scab and just flake off, and this cream will keep the colors good."

I stood up, my head spinning, and stumbled back against John. He wrapped his arms around me. "You were great," he whispered into my hair. Slipping back into my sweater, I could still hear the buzz of the electric needle. John handed Dan a ten dollar bill, said goodbye to Sue and the kids, and led me outside.

The sun was blinding in contrast to the dark dinginess of the house. I climbed in the car and laid my head against the seat. Reaching my hand back to touch the bandage, I bit my thumb, and started to laugh.

"My mom's gonna kill me."

Diane Gray

MIRROR IMAGES

When I was nine, Mother worked full time as the Director of Dramatics at Swarthmore College. I had lots of time to think about how my life could be different.

"Mom," I begin, "aren't you embarrassed when Bonnie comes to babysit and gets down on the Oriental rug to play Clue with me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Ruff's white hairs are all over the rug, and when she gets up she's covered with them. Doesn't that embarrass you?"

"Ummmm." She hesitates.

"It's disgusting! I hate it! Margie's mother irons her underwear; you never even iron my dresses. Her mother makes her a new dress for the first day of school every year and for birthday parties; you only buy me a new dress. She's home for lunch every day; you're never home. Margie's mother even takes piano lessons with her!"

"I thought you were talking about the hairs on the rug?"

"Yeah! Her mom sweeps their kitchen floor every night; you never even vacuum the living room. We can lie down and read on the floor anywhere in her house, even the bathroom!"

"Sweetheart, her mother doesn't work. You know that."

"So what?"

"She likes to take care of the house, and iron and sew. I don't enjoy those things. I enjoy working with people, and I think I'm very lucky to have a job I like."

I can't tell if she understands what I am saying. I can feel my next words, but I can't say them. The breath I finally take sounds like the breath before sobbing, like the intake of air in a bellows.

"Darling, what's gotten into you?"

"You never do anything for me except buy me clothes. You're always going to rehearsals. You never read to me. You don't even stay home when I am sick." I want proof that she loves me, that I am important to her.

When my first child was born, I remember thinking, I'm going to make a difference in his life every day. It was important to take him for walks to see the waves, sift sand through his fingers, feel the warm wind lifting his hair. I loved reading to him, even when he requested The Three Little Pigs for the third time and I was totally winded from huffing and puffing to blow the house in. I watched attentively as he created paths with his tiny fingers in his spilled yogurt, wondering if he'd grow up to be an artist.

My husband and I had waited for this baby for four years. Time with him was so precious that we kept him up until he was nodding and ready to sleep. Since I was teaching full time, correcting papers and planning for the next day was pushed to the middle of the night.

That first year I was functioning on nervous energy. Songs like "I'm a Woman, W-O-M-A-N" and "I Can Do Anything Better Than You" played in my brain like 78 rpm records.

When I went to see a doctor after a long illness, he asked me if I was happy. It hadn't occurred to me that I was unhappy. Then I realized I'd been doing a balancing act as though I were a tightrope walker without a safety net. Giving up my job suddenly made sense to me. I wanted to be a mother, M-O-T-H-E-R.

Now, fifteen years later, I can see in my nine-year-old daughter's eyes the mirror of misunderstanding I had about my mother.

"Mom, when are you going to get rid of the cobwebs in the corners up there?" she asks me casually.

"Oh, I don't know. I think I like them now. Charlotte's babies might be living there. Maybe we'll get rid of them when we repaint the room next year."

"I could get them down with a broom I bet. You wouldn't even have to pay me," Heather suggests.

"Do they bother you?"

"Well, when Nicole comes over I'm sort of embarrassed. Their house is so clean. Her mom washes the walls!" She looks at me. "Do you know what I mean, Mom?" I see the cobwebs and wonder if Heather feels neglected because I work full time. Has she learned to bake brownies without my help because she has had to? Does she wish I would go with her to piano lessons? Is she happy?

I give her a big hug. "Yes, Sugarplum. I do know what you mean. Do you know that I love to teach? I think I'm a better mother now than I would be if I didn't teach. I'm proud of what I do. Maybe you won't really understand this until you have a child of your own, until you know how important it is to grow as a person."

I wanted to say it better than that. What was it that my mother had not said that I'd ached to hear?

"I love you!"

Josie Seymour

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SCOTTISH TEA

Number 34 Lockharton Avenue crouched behind its tiny rose garden at the end of a row of attached stone houses. I pushed open the gate with my foot and set the heavy, nylon suitcase on the sidewalk, running my fingers through my hair before I pressed the bell. Inside, I could hear the echo of the chime--once, twice--and then a faint voice urging patience.

"I'm coming, I'm coming." Finally, the shuffling of feet across some unseen carpet. I took a deep breath.

"Hello?" The old man stuck his head out the door, as if he were cheerfully expecting to meet his maker. His heavy, black hornrims slipped further down his nose. His beautiful white hair stood straight on end.

"Mr. Boyd?" I shifted the weight of my backpack from one hip to the other, staring at the worn cuffs of his tweed jacket.

"Yes. Yes, of course. Come in, come in. Set your baggage there for the moment. You must be—"

"David."

"Yes. Welcome. Did you have a good trip?"

"Yes—"

"Well, then. Let's have some tea. You must be tired." He turned and slid back into the dark recesses of the house, leaving me to follow sheepishly. "Would you care for some tea?"

"Uh, sure."

"How do you take it?"

"I don't know. I've never had it."

"Milk is best then, perhaps a bit of sugar."

My first memories of life in Edinburgh are afloat in warm, Scottish tea—properly prepared with scalding hot water and delicately steeped in a warm pot. The milk, too, was preheated. Nothing should be allowed to disturb the brewing process.

That first week with Mr. Boyd, I must have drunk ten or twelve cups of tea a day. Three or four at breakfast, two at lunch, two at teatime, and another three with dinner. The pot sat on the corner of the table, underneath its grimy, pink tea cozy. Everytime I finished off one pot, he would jump up to make another as if there were an endless supply of tea leaves in the kitchen. It became a ritual between us, designed to fill the endless lulls in conversation.

"Let me just get some more tea."

"Thank you."

"Would you care for bisquits or tart?"

"Whichever you have more of." Chocolate digestive bisquits--or chocky didgey bickies, as I discovered--were my favorites. However, he preferred limp, frozen apple tarts and rarely stocked anything else.

"Let's have tart, hmm? We'll save the bisquits for another time."

When I came to stay, I had just gotten off the plane from Boston. His sister was an acquaintance of my mother's in the States and had arranged for me to visit him a day or two while I looked for long-term lodging. The day after I arrived, he told me I should plan to stay the whole year. At no cost. I pushed for some sort of rental charge, but he absolutely refused.

"When I was your age, someone did this for me. Took me in and gave me free room and board while I was at university and couldn't afford to pay. All I ask is that you do the same for someone else when you get the opportunity." He then explained all the ins-and-outs of his routine, suggesting subtly that I should be the one to adapt to his rhythms. "I take my baths on Saturdays. You can take yours whichever day you like."

We began eating all of our meals together. He had a cook who came in twice a week to prepare soups and roasts--traditional Scottish fare. He warmed them up and we sat down promptly at 6:00 every night. Mutton, boiled potatoes, wilted cabbage and brussel sprouts. The teapot sat between us.

"How was your day?" I asked.

"Fine."

"Did you play golf?"

"Yes, nine holes. But I was home by ten-thirty."

"Uh-huh."

"More tea?"

"Sure, thanks."

As soon as I finished my dinner, he jumped up to fix dessert even though he was only halfway through his meal. Then I had to sit awkwardly after I was done,

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watching his single-minded chewing. The silence was endless. We consciously told the same stories twice, going over all the details to fill up the void.

"So you had your class today."

"Yes, Shakespeare."

"Coriolanus did you say?"

"Yes."

I began eating slower and slower, trying to keep pace with his dinner. I discovered that if I cut my brussel sprouts in quarters, they took longer to eat. Smaller chunks of meat, more sips of tea. If we were both chewing, there was no need for conversation.

At breakfast, there was fruit and dry toast, filed neatly in a silver rack. When he left the room to refill the teapot, I shuffled the toast slices, trying to find the one with the least mold growing on it. If I savored my honeydew conscientiously, I could stretch it out to last as long as his.

After dinner I retired to the solitude of my little "maid's bedroom" upstairs at the back of the house. Downstairs Mr. Boyd sat and watched the nine o'clock news on BBC1 as I struggled through the entire canon of Shakespeare's plays. My professor at the university assigned a different work for each class, confident that one lecture was sufficient to unlock the mysteries of each play.

Sitting up late with my Riverside during my first week, my hands began to shake uncontrollably. My heartbeat started racing faster and faster. My breath came in great gulps as I tried to slow my pulse. After several nights of this, I became convinced that it was the onset of epilepsy or diabetes, brought on by too many saccharine apple tarts. Alone in a foreign country with only Richard the Third and Prince Hal for company, I crawled underneath my down comforter to escape the damp chill of the stone house. I couldn't stop worrying about the recurring symptoms of these heart palpitations. Why was it they only came at night and were gone by the next morning? Why couldn't I seem to fall asleep?

I was afraid to tell Mr. Boyd for fear of upsetting him. Perhaps I could be treated by the National Health Insurance without his finding out. Perhaps I would have to go home early. Gradually, I pieced together that these strange attacks came only on the days I didn't have class, when I spent all day at home. I came up with a theory that it all stemmed from the stale air in the house, the funky smell of his old leather slippers and tweed jackets. The downfall of chewing your food too carefully? The sudden development of an uneven heart rate, a murmur?

It wasn't till I went to visit a college friend, who was studying up the coast at St. Andrews, that the subject of tea finally came up.

"Do you believe this tea thing? My bladder is overflowing."

"I'm starting to develop a taste for it. It's all Mr. Boyd serves."

"Doesn't the caffeine bother you?"

"Caffeine?"

"It makes me a nervous wreck."

David Waters

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THE THOMAS JEFFERSON HIGHWAY

Today I am riding down The Thomas Jefferson Highway with my Dad. I can't remember the last time I had a conversation with him without Mom there. We both feel this opportunity as a burden to say something significant. I am an adult about to have a real conversation like I often have with other adults, but never with my dad. I'm in the driver's seat. We are both a bit self-conscious with this change in our roles. Studiously casual, I prop my left elbow on the window ledge, twirl a lock of hair around my finger, and shift into fourth.

"So, Dad, how are things?" I keep my eyes on the road.

"Well, your mother and I have been pretty busy trying to get the porch finished and the new well dug, but both projects are taking more time and money than we expected. I tried to make some cabinets in the tea room but I didn't get them to fit right, so we're trying to decide whether to start over or hire a carpenter." I pass a tractor going 12 mph. "And of course keeping up with the grass is a full time job."

He speaks cautiously, eager to make his life sound full and interesting. I know he feels otherwise. With just a little prodding he opens up.

"Well, I have to admit to being bored with the life of a handyman and I'm so blasted bad at it that it infuriates your mother. I don't look forward to getting up in the morning." My grip on the wheel tightens. I check the rear-view mirror.

I know this is a bone of contention between the two of them. Mom can't understand his boredom. She is happiest with a paintbrush or a hammer in her hand. She spends sleepless nights thinking up projects for the next day, the next week, the next generation. Dad retreats to sleep much of each afternoon, oblivious to the holes in the screen or the ivy that's taken over the front bannister. He does what he is told but gets no joy from it. I downshift and veer dangerously close to the yellow line.

"So what would you like to be doing, Dad? Any ideas? I mean just because Mom enjoys working herself ragged, doesn't mean you have to. Why don't you plan some fun in your day rather than always letting her create your agenda? She's been telling you how to live your life long enough, don't you think?" I take a curve at 40 mph. Dad braces himself against the dash.

"Now just slow down a minute, hon. You've got it absolutely backwards. Your mother put her priorities on hold for the last twenty-five years in order to help me pursue my career. My position shaped every decision in her life for years--what people to pursue, what clubs to join, what political subjects to avoid, and even what direction to steer you children. Your mom was bored with our public life, maybe didn't even approve of it down in her core, but she knew I loved it and believed I was trying to make a difference. So she did her part to help. Now she's finally doing what she loves and can feel proud of. Every day she can look around and see improvements in our home. I think it's time I do my part to help her."

I swallow hard. A few yards down the road I turn on the windshield wipers to make a joke of my tears. I want to trade seats and let my dad drive the rest of the way home.

Ann Weatherby

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MY FATHER'S SECRET WORLD

My earliest memory of being deeply moved by the written word was when, nearly twenty years ago, I opened a book my father had written. I discovered that he had dedicated it to my cousin who had died of leukemia at a young age; following the dedication was a passage from Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet:

...and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he shall make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

I remember standing there on the sunporch of our house, alone and in awe. In that moment I discovered many

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things: that language was not merely a practical means of communication but also a poetic form of art; that the death of my cousin was a profound loss to my father; that my father read Shakespeare; that, in fact, my father was not just a political scientist but also a sensitive man. I had, inadvertently, discovered my father's secret world.

I explored this magical kingdom, often as my father's companion on campus. How I loved those days of sitting in his big red chair in his office, gazing at all those books and papers; days of eating in the student union, where we were joined, invariably, by a student or colleague of my father's; days of sitting on the throne in the marble hallway, gazing at the portraits of former presidents, already wondering why there were no women here and imagining myself as the queen.

There was a mythic quality to those days, embodied in everything from the architecture of the college to my imagination of this world which my father inhabited. A world which he chose to inhabit, not a world he fell into because "those who can't do, teach." My father taught for nearly a decade before he headed to Washington, D.C. in the late fifties and early sixties to participate in a different magical kingdom, J.F.K.'s "Camelot." And yet, when the college where he was to teach for the rest of his life offered him a position at less than half of his salary, he accepted. I began to understand how he was able to accept such a significant pay decrease when I later read in one of his journals that he believed "creditors are the ones who need to worry; not debtors."

I have always admired my father for that decision: for choosing the humble and sincere life of a professor over the seemingly noble and heroic life of a knight in King Arthur's court.

The rest of the Round Table did not understand. My mother recalls that, at my father's farewell party, several incredulous colleagues asked her how her husband could leave a position of power to go back to teaching. She tells me they shook their heads wondering why he hadn't caught the Potomac fever. Nonetheless, our family headed to a simpler life in Maine which was, to the minds' of my father's colleagues, like Siberia: a cold place for political dissenters. With characteristic irreverence, my father dissented. That decision convinced me that my father's world of books and students offered something far more valuable than money and prestige. I learned from his love of learning that teaching is a sustaining profession. True, at its worst, it depletes and exhausts; I witnessed cardboard boxes filled with blue books. Yet at its best, it restores and renews; I think of the many students who later became authors themselves, dedicating books to my father.

What sustained him most as a teacher was his relationships with his students. I knew this from him, but what I learned after he died was that his students, in turn, felt sustained by him. Countless anecdotes about my father from former students, told in letters and conversations, revealed their profound feelings of loss after his unexpected death. A former student from Harlem wrote that my father had spent hours teaching him how to write after he failed his first paper; this student went on to major in government and told me that he loved my father. Another student wrote that what he liked most about my father was that "He was just a regular person. His office door was always open and I often went in just to talk with him about the Red Sox." Another student's condolence letter was almost illegible; he explained, halfway through the letter, that he was having trouble writing because he was crying.

At my father's funeral, one of his colleagues told me how, when my father started experiencing severe chest pains just before his class, several of his students carried him, still in his chair, down the marble stairway to the first floor. His students were crying, but my father, in his typically jovial way, was joking. I learned that my father died, as he lived, heroically: despite the fact that he had been part of the revitalization of the Democratic Party in Maine in the fifties, and had remained a liberal throughout his life, my father was scheduled to deliver a speech to a Republican organization that afternoon. While he was being carried by his students to the car waiting to take him to the Emergency Room, he said, "See, I'll do anything to get out of speaking to those Republicans."

Martha Donovan

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THE DEVILISH GRIN

When Abner Brown grins, you can't tell his front uppers are false unless he wags them at you. He'll push at the back of his bridgework with his tongue and then suck back. The teeth going in and out look like a little cash register drawer. When he did this during class he was careful to include sound effects, slurping and groaning, so that you knew something carnal was going on. Then he would laugh, his round face and slight paunch bobbing in his mirth, slapping his desk or his neighbor's thigh.

I cannot find him repulsive, although everything he does repels me. A cat torturer of some reputation, he has picked up my cats on his visits to my apartment, patted and poked them, saying, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" He can lie without a trace of a smirk—but in a moment he grins, giving the whole thing away. He and I joke about which of us has the worst car. He loses because he keeps going off the road; he won his first set of false teeth from an accident, his second from a fight.

During the year he spent stirring up my 10th grade class: he farted, fell asleep, snapped bras, told dirty jokes, pinched, poked, prodded, and farted some more. I can't recall his ever turning in an assignment, but he was fascinated by <u>One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest</u>. He was locked in an interminable 10th grade and was taking English 9 for the fourth time, although he was supposed to be a senior.

On one occasion he and his best friend, Buck, decided to see how many sheets of notebook paper they could cram into their mouths. Being the scientific sort of person that I am, I let them. Buck, a paper ball expert, chose the crumple-and-stuff method. Abner took a more eclectic approach, folding the paper into little squares. Abner won, 11-10, and looked like David conquering the Philistines. He gagged and slobbered to his next class, pulling out the little paper squares and sticking them to walls or into other students' pockets.

On the first day of school this year, Abner and Buck quit school during homeroom. Legend has it that in the middle of the Pledge of Allegiance, with their hands on their hearts, they looked at each other and said, "Who needs this shit?" and walked out. They paused long enough to smoke cigarettes on the lawn and laughed, pointing at the school. Buck has held a good job since quitting; Abner has had many jobs, most lasting only a month or so.

When we meet in the grocery store or at some school function Abner chooses to grace, he always asks me whether I miss having him in class. I smile, he grins and pops his teeth out at me.

Bruce Rowe

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SINGING EMILY

In the midst of reviewing a lesson on subordinate clauses and waiting for the joke of the day to come on the radio, I caught the announcer saying something about "Emily Dickinson, this day in history." It was December 10th, her birthday.

I remembered my first attempt to teach her poetry to high school students three years before: armed with the story of her life, metrical analysis, rhyme scheme, and critical interpretation, I had failed brilliantly. I hadn't dared try again.

Thinking about Dickinson now, I remembered something about the connection between common and short meter and hymns. Would Christmas carols work as well? The chorus had recently sung "Silent Night" without any complaints about religion in school, so I dumped the subordinate clauses and started humming carols.

When the first class came in, I was still humming, searching for the right song. I told them to put their grammar books away and I wrote "A Narrow Fellow in the Grass" on the board. While they copied it, I found a carol that would do.

Sitting in the center of the room, I told them a story of a strange woman who gifted the world with poetry. I told them poetry used to be sung, and this poet, using only the models of the songs she knew, wrote hundreds of poems that could be sung. Did they know "O Little Town of Bethlehem"? I sang the carol alone, ignoring the titters of laughter, then insisted they sing or hum along.

They had the tune in their heads and the poem in their hands, so I sang it to show them the trick. We tried singing "A Narrow Fellow" to "O Little Town" together and tried it again with "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." We did the same thing with "I'll Tell You How the Sun Rose." Students left class with smiles, still humming.

I dumped lessons in the next class and the next to sing for Emily's birthday and the hum spread through the school. Even my department chair stopped by to chuckle at the trick; he sat in and sang along.

The next day students brought me Emily Dickinson presents: other poems they'd found and other songs they'd set them to.

Margaret Mitchell

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TAKING CARE

My sister drops her fork in the bowl of sesame noodles we have been sharing. "I'm stuffed," she says and burps in exclamation. My fork is hanging between my fingers with a long noodle speared in the tines. Chloe takes it from my hand, eats the noodle, then drops the fork into the bowl. "What time is it, Josie?" she asks.

"Eight thirty," I say, propping my feet on the coffee table. Chloe flicks the TV on with the channel switcher, then flicks it off. "Tickle my arm," I say and hold it out toward her. She tickles her fingers lightly along the inside of my arm. My eyes close and I am relaxed. "This is your life calling," I say. The radiator is bubbling and I know that Chloe has turned the heat up. I don't say anything even though we both promised to keep it down. I look at my sister and feel an overwhelming need to tell her how much I love her. She smiles in return and says she's glad we're living together. We haven't always gotten along. It feels good just to be with her.

"Tickling is the only thing I'm good at." She says this in a funny voice. I look over and see that she is the one who needs the tickle, not me.

"Here, we'll change." I reach for her arm but she pulls away.

"No," she sighs. "What time is it?"

"Eight forty-five. Why, what's up?" I ask, but she doesn't answer. She reaches for a photograph album in the bookshelf next to her. It is one from when we are little. She flips to the first page and there are my brother and I holding hands. I am four and he is six. "You weren't born yet," I say for the hundredth time.

"But I am now," she says turning the page. And there she is, bundled in a carriage with me looking over the edge. "I was such a cute baby," she says and I agree. "Look how fat my cheeks were! Oh God, they still are." Her hands are pulling at her cheeks.

"You were always smiling," I reassure her. She is vulnerable. I didn't used to think so. I used to be jealous. I feel like hugging her but tease instead. "It's babyfat, Chloe."

"Babyfat! I'm twenty-three. God, I can't believe I'm twenty-three. It doesn't feel right, Josie."

"I know, I don't feel like I think I should feel and I'm twenty-seven." We both sit awhile in silence.

"Look at me," Chloe says, moving on to another page. In the picture she is about four, laughing and holding a just-finished plate of spaghetti. Her face is covered with tomato sauce. Dad was always taking pictures of Chloe after she ate spaghetti. She has flipped several pages now. "I remember these dresses!" she says, and there we are at Easter. Mom had made all three of us dresses out of matching material. I remember feeling proud that I was dressed like Mom.

Suddenly Chloe flaps the book shut and reaches for the TV clicker. "Rear Window is on; we've got to watch it," she says with a burst of energy. She runs the noodle bowl into the kitchen and asks if I want anything.

"If you're boiling water, I'll have tea," I say.

"Orange?"

"Yes—and a surprise." I hear her whistling and singing to herself, and I curl up on the couch.

"Is it on yet?" Chloe shouts.

"No, just the credits."

"I'm coming!" She runs in with a tray with tea and a pile of pretzels.

"A feast," I say, grabbing a pile of pretzels and settling back to watch the movie. "I've never seen this before."

"Oh my God! It's the best. Jimmy Stewart and Grace Kelly—she's beautiful. Oh Josie, you'll love it!" She wraps the blanket around her knees.

"What's it about?"

"No way, you're not doing this again. Just watch." She turns her attention to the television. I suck the pretzels clean of salt and concentrate on the movie.

"Why is he in a wheelchair?"

Chloe gives me a look. "He broke his leg."

"But why a wheelchair? Why can't he use crutches?"

"He has to keep it up, now shut up and watch." I smile, we always do this. An ad comes on and we both reach for our mugs. Chloe is having hot cocoa, and the smell reminds me of when we were little.

"This is nice," Chloe says. "Pass me the blanket, I'm cold."

"Chloe, it's a hundred degrees in here."

"I'm cold." I pass her the quilt off the back of the couch. The movie is on again.

"She's in the garden. He buried her in the garden," I say.

"You've seen this before," Chloe accuses.

"No I haven't."

"Then shut up," she says flapping her hand on my arm.

A little later she says, "Hey, Josie, I'm really cold. Will you run and get my socks? I left them by the backdoor, in my boots. Please?" She tilts her head. I know my sister, she will wheedle and say please so earnestly that I will succumb in the end and so I go get her socks. "Hurry up, it's on!" Chloe yells, and I run into the room and jump on the couch.

I throw the socks to Chloe and she has to reach up to catch them. Her arms lift high and the bracelets she wears on each wrist hula-hoop down to her elbows. She is putting on her socks now but I am still seeing the vertical pink welts on the inside of each wrist. Razor blade scars. New ones, pink ones, I say to myself. I am suddenly very cold. She is asking me a question. Her red socks stick out of the blanket. She reaches over and pokes me on the leg with one of those red feet. She sees me looking at her wrists, and her arms disappear under the blanket. I can't be right. I pull one of her arms out and push back the bracelets. I was right, they are pink. Her arm is heavy in my hand; heavy and limp. It is as if it were not attached to the rest of her. Her palm is clammy under my thumb. I used to tease Chloe about her clammy hands. When she would touch me I would leap away and pretend she had cooties and she would wipe her hands frantically on her clothes. Now her palm is wet but she doesn't pull away. I am so scared. Why, I want to ask, but I am afraid of what she will say.

"It was awhile ago, Josie," she says and her hand slides back under the blanket with the other one.

"I didn't know." I cannot say anything more. How long was awhile ago? Her wrists are crisscrossed in new pink scars and she says awhile ago. I didn't know. She is my sister and I didn't even notice. I didn't know. I am crying.

"They don't look so bad now, do they?" she asks, holding her wrists up to the light. "You can barely tell." She is so thin and pale and young. "It's okay, Josie. No one knew." I feel her hand on my shoulder. She presses gently in a circle, around and around.

Josephine MacIntosh

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BROTHERHOOD

The path we walked, down through the trees and along the road, was laid with sawdust. In the warm July rain it smelled again of freshly cut pine. As we crossed the highway, that scent was overwhelmed by the oily smell of creosote on the dirt road up the hill to the main camp. I was ten-years-old and caught in a bizarre world of baseball games and male bonding. Nothing seemed familiar.

Walking up the road, the other boys played tag and chattered about nonsense while I composed my morning's adventures--remembering the details of Biff's lesson in woodshop or what score our group had gotten in that day's tent inspection. Together, we walked that route three meals a day, up from Junior Camp.

As I approached the long, low building at the top of the hill, I looked desperately for Billy on the porch outside the dining hall. Climbing up the steep wooden steps, I left my friends to find their own distractions as I went about my systematic search.

If I didn't see him on the porch rail, I wandered down to his tent in Senior Camp--a large canvas structure built on a deck which slept ten boys in cots. Seeing the familiar red and orange plaid blanket on his bed, which matched my own down in Junior Camp, gave me an oddly reassuring sense of family. If the tent was empty, I could look through his trunk, exploring the objects which I knew so well from our shared room back home. The few letters from Mom, the socks with his name stitched in the top, the snapshot of our dog, Cappy. These things were somehow comforting in a way mine were not.

When I got back to the porch, he was usually sitting up on the railing with the older boys. They were laughing at some private joke or chatting with the girls who came over for meals in a bus from the girls' camp down the road. Thirteen-year-old boys were supremely self-confident and knew how to handle themselves in the presence of young ladies, in a way ten-year-olds never would.

I hung around, standing at their feet, trying to look nonchalant. I stared at the chipped paint on the floorboards or retied my shoelaces, waiting to be acknowledged. If we had been at home, I wouldn't have dared to speak to him around his friends. But here at camp, he tolerated my presence because he knew that he was my only link to family.

"Hey there," he said.

"Hey."

"Did you go to swim class?"

"No, but--"

"I thought you said--"

"I had to work on my lamp. Woodshop's only open in the morning."

"But this afternoon--"

"We got a nine in inspection today. That puts us in the lead--"

The lunch bell rang and we went our separate ways. Billy headed off with his friends to the far side of the dining room where the big kids got to sit, and I wandered over to my table near the kitchen. I thought about swim class, and how he wanted me to learn to dive properly, but I knew secretly that the diving counselor had already given up on me as a competent human being. I dreaded the thought of another baseball game against the rival camp team, and my being stranded out in right field in fear of a lefty hitter. I wanted to go back to visit Biff in the woodshop to listen to his soothing old voice as he explained the finer points of the lathe and sanding block. Or walk down to the log cabin in the woods where they offered lessons in birds, and stars, and trees. Or go on a fishing trip, out by Loon Island. Even riflery class--anything to avoid the strange rituals of baseball.

After lunch, I climbed up on the rail, hoping to see Billy as he came out. Most of my friends wandered off down the hill back to Junior Camp. When he came through the door, he was surrounded by his tent mates. One of his friends pretended to push me over the rail as he passed. Billy stopped briefly and climbed up.

"You got your baseball game today?"

"Uh-huh."

"You playing right field?"

"Probably."

"Billy!" One of his friends was calling him away to the basketball court. He jumped down from the rail and smiled.

"You wanna go to Free Swim after the game? To dive? I'll help you."

"Uh yeah, sure. Sure." He headed off towards the asphalt court. The others were already dribbling and doing lay-ups.

"Right after the game?" I called.

"Yeah. Down on the dock."

David Waters

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A CERTAIN KIND OF GRACE

I lay on the bed looking at the monitor. I could not move my head but from the corner of my eye, I could see the line was straight; there were no blips; the digital display read 000. As far as the machine was concerned, I was dead. I put my palm to my chest and pressed lightly against one of the wires. 47...48...47. I took my hand down. Nothing. I put it up again. 44...48...46.

"Sugar, even when you lying there, you half dead. Nobody in here ever run that low." The nurse was walking towards me with long strides. She wasn't in a hurry;

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she knew it was the wire, not like the mousy white nurse on the last shift who raced over every time it happened, calling for doctors to help her save what looked to her to be a failing heart.

"Good thing, too," she said, putting her hand on my forehead. The skin on her palm was smooth and olive-colored, much lighter than the rest of her. She smelled sweet. "You keep yourself quiet like you've been doing and you'll be out of here before you know it." She paused and took her hand from my forehead and went to work on the wire on my chest. As she bent over me, I watched her and imagined I was standing with my arms outstretched and she was putting something on my hospital gown. Maybe it would be a flower, maybe a pin with my name on it. It looked like that from the way her hands moved.

"After what happened to you," she said, shaking her head. She looked up at the monitor while her fingers moved nimbly on the wire.47...50...47.

"You know what, Sugar?"

"What?"

She stood up but left a hand on my chest. I felt it slide and settle in the hollow just beneath my sternum. "I'm gonna tell you sumpthin. You blessed."

I could tell my face was expressionless. I did not question or believe her. I only listened and looked at her eyes and felt her hand lying warm on my chest.

"It's true, Sugar, you blessed. When you're out walking again, you come in here and ask for me, and I'll tell you how somebody's watching over you. You just come walking right in here." She went to the foot of my bed.

"I'll do that."

"You feel this?" She ran a finger up the bottom of each foot.

"Yup."

"Now you press my hands back." She leaned against my feet, and I flexed my leg muscles.

"What day is it, Sugar?"

"Thursday night."

She came to the side of the bed again and held my right hand. "Follow my finger." She held her other hand in front of me, and my eyes swung wide arcs as her brown finger cut squares in the air. For an instant I believed my head was moving.

"Now squeeze." She held her index fingers out for me, and I squeezed hard as if to choke them.

"Whoa, Sugar, you gonna hurt somebody one of these days." I lay my hands, palms down, against the sheet.

On the 25th of February in 1986, I was mugged and shot. There are more details than I can count but these are some I always think of: I was living in California. The shooting occurred a few minutes before ten. I was wearing shorts. I was with a woman I barely knew. She was not hurt. His eyes were wide and young. I believed he wanted money. He took eight dollars and my keys. There was a blur of motion from his waist, then light, heat, noise and the smell of smoke. The skyline tilted. My face felt as though it had been hit with a hammer. On the ground, my head at the base of a small hedge, I understood that I'd been shot. For an instant I believed the bullet had entered my temple because of where I had seen the light from the gunshot. I remember thinking that in a few seconds I would no longer be alive. I began to bleed from beneath my left eye. My neck began to hurt. I reached behind my neck, expecting a wound and felt nothing. The bullet was still in my head.

In the ambulance the paramedic let me hold a compress to my face to stop the bleeding. I remember he said to the driver, "Fast on straightaways, slow on the curves. It's a neck injury." I gave out phone numbers, told people where my family lived, what kind of health insurance I had. Detectives came to the emergency room with forms and asked me questions. The man had been caught. They had found the gun. He'd had my money and keys in his back pocket. I did not black out till four that morning when a nurse put morphine in my IV. I felt as though I were being lowered into a river by my feet, head downstream so the water rushed over my face. I knew exactly which river it was: a small one, in central New Hampshire, very much like the East Middlebury river with its rocks and small pools. I liked the feeling of looking up through the water.

Three months later, after the halobrace and the trials, when I was in a neck collar with a small spot beneath my left eye, two scars on my temples and a piece of lead still sitting in my first cervical vertebra, I had a conversation with a neurosurgeon. He told me of a man who had gone to his favorite barber for a haircut. But on this day, this person decided to have a shave as well. As he sat in the chair, a workman in the business next door was using a staple gun on the wall. Somehow a staple came through the wall and lodged itself in the man's spinal cord, just beneath his ear. He is now a quadraplegic. If there is a reason for this it is because he decided to have a shave.

The bullet still sits three millimeters from my spinal cord, a distance that a friend called "a space too small to think about." When I think of this and what the neurosurgeon told me, I remember Barbara, the handsome black nurse, and her words to me in the intensive care unit. I remember how she would come over to the bed, fix the contact on my chest and make me feel safe. It was not the words and what they meant that made me feel better, but her hands and the way her voice sounded and the way she looked at me, shaking her head.

I do not know if I am blessed. I do not want to think this way because of what this says about the man in the barber's chair and anyone else who loses something dear for no apparent reason. It seems that the world is full of randomness and the world is full of grace. And sometimes they come together to leave one thankful and confused.

David Cole

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YEAST

Some names of authors and characters have been changed to protect against injury.

The writers speak for themselves, not for the institution.

Editors for this issue:
Meg Donnelly and Ken Macrorie

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I AM NOT!

When we got along we were the greatest couple. I can never recall a couple laughing together and enjoying each other's company more. But then there were the arguments. She certainly had her faults. But I was acutely aware of mine. Anita would say, "Rick, I think you're being a bit defensive." I'd thunder back, "I am not."

I was determined to preserve what was in many ways the most fulfilling relationship I have ever had. I searched for a way to channel the whatever her criticisms aroused in me. I marched down to my local book store and headed straight for the self-help section. I knew exactly where this section was--I had scoffed there plenty of times. But now I could no longer scoff. One paperback blurbed: "Are you asking for a raise and not getting it?" Yes, I guess I was. Its name was Don't Let Your Face Be a Door-Mat. That was the book for me. Another attempted to seduce me with promises of popularity and riches beyond my imagination. There were self-help books for curing poor memory, sexual frustration, over-eating, under-eating--absolutely anything.

I flipped through every book that seemed the least bit relevant. In no time I discovered Chapter 6 of When I Say No, I Feel Guilty: "Assertively Coping With the Great Manipulator: Criticism." The effective strategy I was looking for shot out at me: "fogging." Fogging is answering criticism by agreeing with the bit of truth in that criticism as in this example:

Mother: You stayed out late again, Sally. I was worried sick.

Sally: That's true, Mom, I was out late again.

Beautiful. Just dodge the guilt darts. Simple.

With a surge of confidence I looked forward to some negative comment from her. I knew I wouldn't have to wait long because we had had thrown a party the night before and parties bred criticisms in her. No sooner had I opened our apartment door than she hurled her dart. I was ready.

Anita: Rick, you acted like an ass-hole last night.

Rick: That's true, Anita, I was singing on top of the coffee table at 3:30 in the morning.

She fired again: "Well, that makes you an ass-hole."

Rick Somma

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CAN WE STOP?

When I was eight the game started on a car trip to New Hampshire, just my dad and me. We had been driving in the rain for hours and I was bored.

"Dad, can we stop somewhere? I'm thirsty." He didn't answer. "Dad, I'm thirsty." Sometimes he didn't hear because he was busy thinking. To the rhythm of the windshield wipers whumping across the glass I said, "Da-ad I-I wa-ant to-oo sto-op." He glanced at me then looked back to the road. "Dad, you're ignoring me." Still silence. "I'm never coming on another trip with you." I slouched down in the seat and put my feet against the dashboard.

Without looking over he said, "You are a figment of my imagination and therefore cannot be hungry. Get your feet down."

"I'm not hungry, I'm thirsty. What does figment mean?" I left my feet where they were.

"Something imagined in my mind--like I'm imagining you right now, a fig newton of my imagination."

"I'm not a fig newton. Besides, how can I be imagined if I'm talking to you?"

"You're not. I'm making this conversation up in my head." He drummed his fingers against the steering wheel and his fingernails made a clicking noise. I tried it against the dashboard but didn't have enough fingernails to make a good sound.

"But you're not making this up." I ducked under my seat belt and poked him on the arm.

"I just imagined that you would reach over and do that." I laughed and scratched at a mosquito bite on my leg.

"But I am real. This mosquito bite is real." I scratched at it furiously until there was a spidery line of blood. "I know I'm real."

"How do you know?"

I thought about this for a moment. "I know because I am."

He was still staring straight ahead at the road. He hadn't looked at me since we'd started talking. "That's not very logical. You don't know anything which I haven't already thought out for you to know."

"But I am real," and I dangled my fingers in front of his face. If I did that to him at home he would get mad, now he wouldn't even look at me.

"I am real," I repeated.

"No you are not. I made you up to pass the time away. At any moment I can think of something else and you will be gone forever."

It sounded right the way he said it. But it was just a game, wasn't it? I looked out the window and caught a reflection of myself in the side mirror. I laughed and shouted, "But look, I must be real because I can see myself in the mirror! That's me!" I pulled the rear view mirror and turned it down to face me. "This is me! Look, Dad, if I can see myself then I must be real." I pulled on his arm to make him look in the mirror but he acted like I wasn't there.

"You just think you are seeing yourself," he said readjusting the mirror, "But you don't exist so therefore what you think you see isn't really there."

If he would just look at me then he would see that I was real, I thought. He started singing a rhyme,

Tweedledee and Tweedledum
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

I joined in on the second verse but he stopped when I started and I finished it alone. He shifted in his seat then said, "I am going to think about something else soon, and when that happens you'll be out--bang!--just like a candle! Yes, you're already fading from memory."

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My stomach hurt. My head hurt. I was scared. He wouldn't look at me. If only I could get him to look at me then I'd be real again. "No I'm not! I am real. Dad, look, I'm right here! LOOK AT ME!" I wasn't going to cry. I wasn't going to be a baby. I looked into the side mirror again and saw my reflection; it was me. I stuck my tongue out and wrinkled my nose. I touched my finger to my mouth and tasted blood from the mosquito bite. What if I wasn't real? Just because I could see myself did that mean I was real? I looked out the window through my reflection to the green fields. I could see through my face depending on where I focused my eyes. What does real feel like? Maybe I could see through my reflection because I was fading away. Suddenly I didn't feel real. I couldn't see myself in the window anymore—only the green fields. I was gone.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. My dad was looking at me. "Had you there, didn't I?" and he laughed. "Now," and he clapped his hands together, "Where shall we go for lunch?"

Alexis Kloman

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HE ARRIVED BY LIMOUSINE

Lots of memories were doing cartwheels in my head on the plane. Twenty-three years had passed since I'd graduated. My sister and her husband invited me to visit them in Winnetka.

In the dimming afternoon light of Julie's livingroom, she and I were sitting barefoot talking about her new job. I was surprised when the phone rang and was for me.

"Hi! Paul! I'm fine!" Oh my God, my heart was beating fast. How could I say all I wanted to sitting here in the livingroom? Julie was now pretending she was reading The New York Times. Why is he asking me out to dinner with Julie and her husband too?...too weird...could... all...I... never...said...23 years? "Yes, I heard you. I'm just thinking. Maybe I should call you back after we discuss it."

I haven't seen him since my senior year in college. Does he expect me to be the same? What if he is repulsed by my gray hair? I've gained ten pounds. Certainly he'll notice. Is he going through a mid-life crisis? He must be about 41. Does his wife know he's calling me? How will Dick feel if I have dinner with him alone? What will my kids say? Will I tell them? What will I feel?

I couldn't possibly not see Paul. I had written poetry about him. We had seen the Dylan concert together. He introduced me to Glenn Gould playing "The Goldberg Variations." My copy of e.e. cummings' Collected Poems was a gift from him. That scene in "Peggy Sue Got Married" was about me.

The anticipation felt like my first time on a ferris wheel...looking down...feeling my face flush...lights below dazzling my eyes...my palms sweating...my toes tingling. I felt like a little kid. How would we greet each other? Would it be natural to shake hands and look into each other's eyes? Would we kiss even though we'd never kissed in college?

He arrived by limousine. I bounced down the stairs barefoot in my baggy black pants. He had a ponytail down his back, and a moustache. God he looked different, except for his eyes. He held out his arms and we kissed on the lips. It just happened. We walked to the beach even though he was wearing a suit and baby alligator shoes. We sat on a log and talked. I was all-attentive—aching to know more than we could share in two hours... his sister, his mother, books, Glenn Gould's funeral, Hollywood, his wife, my husband, kids, life in Maine, psychotherapy, skiing, writing, future.

I'll come down sometime from this ferris wheel high.

Josie Seymour

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NOW THERE IS SILENCE

Darkness. Our two pillows propped against the headboard. Long pauses between your words. I stare out the bay window at the bark of the dead elm tree, the purple glow of the fluorescent street light. Not looking at you. I smile at the thought of lovemaking in front of these windows, on this bed without shades or cover. Entertaining the neighbors, redefining their sense of intimacy.

"You still awake?"

"Mmm."

You hem and haw, telling me how difficult this is for you. Reminding me how much I value honesty. I am already tired of your words. What more could you have to say? You have already chosen Virginia over Boston, a job over me.

"Remember that trip—" you ask. My mind jumps to San Francisco, driving cross-country, our vacation in Maine. All the various trips we've shared.

"Which one?"

"Key West."

You tell me about your last business trip, alone. The man in the chaise next to yours, by the pool. And I smile again, trying hard not to react. It sounds like a bad soap opera. No one ever told me it would be like this. So absurd.

"I wanted to tell you—"

"Why?"

"I knew you would want—"

Our naked bodies lie next to each other, almost touching. This was not what I expected as I brushed my teeth, turned out the lights and shut our door. Our last night before you move. I hadn't planned on sleeping alone, without sex—at least not quite so soon.

Now there is silence. You are waiting for me. I know you want my absolution, hoping to be free the moment you tell the details. Perhaps I would have felt the same. You know how much I value honesty.

"Did you go to his room or yours?"

"Mine."

"Did he spend the night?"

Slowly I push you to recount each clinical detail. The sound of his voice in the elevator. Your two bathing suits hanging on the bedpost. Breakfast in the coffee shop downstairs. Runny egg yolks.

For a moment I imagine myself slugging you in the stomach. Pushing you out of bed onto the bare floor. There would be a scene. You would be forced to sleep at a friend's house—satisfied that you had paid up your debts before leaving Boston. But I am smarter than that.

I stare at the light falling across the dusty oak bureau underneath the window. At the teddy bear peeking above your dirty clothes on my rocking chair. Is this what they call "infidelity?" Betrayal tastes salty, like the peanuts we ate before bed.

When I turn to you, I am gone. My mind is far away, like a child hiding until it is safe to come home. I lay my head on your chest and trace circles around your soft nipples. Trying to remember the body I used to know.

"I understand," I say.

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"It didn't really mean a lot. It was just a passing thing." Already your voice has lost its contriteness. The whole thing meant nothing. Nothing to you, and now nothing to me. Two years of nothingness. I slip my hands beneath the covers, trying to find your warmth, grab hold of it. My bare shoulders feel the cold air of January through the open window.

"I understand how it happened," I begin. "And I guess I forgive you—" You start another series of apologies, but I cut you off. "Rationally I guess I understand, accept. But inside. You make me feel so—God. Empty. Lost. Cheated. You can't just forget—" Finally you hear the pain in my words, and you regret having told me. You begin to cry and I can breathe again.

Then I hear myself saying, "Maybe sometime I'll be able to. I hope maybe." Already qualifying my anger. You turn away, letting the pillow muffle your pain. I run my fingers through your hair, along the curve of your neck. Draw funny pictures on your back. Now I am the consoler. It is the role I prefer. Almost immediately, I give in to your tears. Try to take back what I said. As if it might make some difference to the final outcome.

Eventually you turn to me. We whisper in the dark. Make love. We will always be here—now, forever.

But tomorrow is moving day. You'll pack up your truck and drive away. The dirty laundry will be gone and the teddy bear will sit alone in the rocking chair. Sitting silent, in the light of the street lamp.

David Waters

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THE GHOST OF MADELINE HUNTER PAST

Sometimes I have this crazy notion of going back in time with Madeline Hunter to the 1930's; and she once again is beautiful, idealistic and non-dogmatic. We are sitting in a little cantina on the Baja penninsula that overlooks the blue-green waters of Choya Bay. The hottest part of the afternoon is upon us. The smell of seaweed and fish permeates the salty air. Seagulls occasionally pierce the quiet calm. Fishing boats dot the flat line of ocean horizon.

I am anticipating a second round of the special drink of the locals: It is a combination of tequila and fresh-squeezed lime served in freshly cut coconut shells. Wow!

I stand up. It is time for another.

"Where are you going?" she asks.

"More tequila."

"What is the objective?"

"The objective?" I notice that she has not finished her first drink.

"Precisely. What is the objective?"

"Well, they are delicious, and, you know, I just thought, well maybe, you know, that it would be nice to, ah, you know, that it would just sort of be nice to talk or something and get to know each other, I guess, you know, talk about school."

"That is the global objective, but what is the target objective?"

For the first time I notice the lovely shell earrings she is wearing. She must have bought them at the festival last night.

"Nice earrings."

"Don't bird walk."

"Don't bird walk?"

"Yes, don't bird walk. Module twenty-five. Bird walking is when you get off the subject matter of the objective."

I take her drink and put it up to her lips. "Come on, you've got to finish this."

"We will need a sponge activity to..." I gently urge her to drink. She drinks. One gulp, then two. Finished.

"Can I get you another?"

For the first time she looks at the sea. There is a young boy down there throwing a stick out into the waters for his faithful dog to retrieve. The dog eagerly plunges into the emerald waters and swims out forty yards and then cruises back with eager eyes to give the stick to his master.

"You know," she says, "that's what learning is really all about." She nods to the boy and the dog. "Anticipatory set, feeling tone, expectations and reward." I notice that her speech has become a little slower.

"Yes, but I think the boy should sometimes swim out for the dog too, don't you?"

"How profound!"

Like a good dog I go and fetch two more drinks. When I return she is reading a hardbound copy of Effective Classroom Instruction. She has put on a pair of reading glasses, the kind that look like little half-moons. They were very unbecoming to her.

"What are you reading?" I coyly ask.

"It is the most exciting book!"

"Well, I thought we were going to talk about education."

"Yes, we are." She put the book back into her bag.

"Cheers," and I hold my shell up to hers. She is reluctant but I make a face and she finally agrees. We both take a long drink. I finish mine in a long series of gulps. I feel the courage pumping through my veins.

"Well Madeline," I say as I recklessly wipe my mouth with my sleeve, "I have been told that I need to assert myself more in my writing and to stop telling stories."

"I see! How interesting."

I raise my hand. "Please, don't interrupt me." Then I tell her. I tell it all, about my superintendent, about the Madeline Hunter workshops and the evaluations. Twelve years of frustration come pouring out. "You are trying to turn us all into robots, Madeline. Robots!

"Madeline?" I look around. She is gone. Down by the sea an old woman walks alone.

Nick Calhoun

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THE POET IN THE GALLERY

Bob "the bagman" Daeger was the first street person I ever got near enough to smell. His long wool coat absorbed the air of the whole neighborhood. His was not the scent of the gourmet coffee shops, nouvelle cuisine restaurants, or designer malls that dotted the waterfront half a city away; the pores of his coat smelled of fried hamburgers, stale beer and cigarettes, garbage, and exhaust fumes that seemed nightly to settle upon him in the alleys and doorways along Charles Street at the bottom of Beacon Hill.

I met him in 1972 when he walked into the Stone Soup Gallery where I was teaching a night course. He sat at a desk in the back of the room. I could hear him carefully unwrapping the aluminum foil from a mayonnaise sandwich that someone at the sub shop across the street had given him. When he finished, he pulled up a chair, waited his turn, then read us some poems he had written in magic marker on the front of his bag. His poems were strange, apocalyptic rantings about the destruction of the ozone layer, acid rain, and how a cabal of Jews planned to take over the world. "Go out! Go out and meet the enemy of beauty. I am a Jew, a crib for that rider's burgeoning heel." He stopped as suddenly as he had begun, wiped his lips on his sleeve, then stumbled out into the yellow evening.

His life as a bagman began after the Second World War. As a Yale physicist who had refused in a turn of conscience to continue working on the Manhattan Project, he was blacklisted. After years of drinking, he awoke one morning "alone and unable to connect with anything." His wife and son had left, so he traveled north to Boston to "seek God in the subways."

In the city he measured the distances of his life not so much by clocks or miles, but by the number of sidewalk squares he needed to traverse in a day. Sixty-four separated him from breakfast at the dumpster behind the sub shop, eighty from lunch, and about three hundred from the Commons where he'd sit in the afternoons for an hour or so staring and poking into his bag.

The last time I saw him, he was sleeping in the alley under the MBTA station between Buzzy's Roast Beef and the Gallery. It was morning and the small apartments

stacked above him stretched upward for seven floors. The whole neighborhood shook like a fevered child as the daily cycle of rush hour trains on the el rumbled to a halt. The bagman moved, then stood to see the train's suburban cargo pulse out of the bright metallic doors.

Three years ago a plumber found Bob Daeger in the basement of the Stone Soup Gallery huddled in a corner with all the lightbulbs he had unscrewed and arranged neatly in a circle around him. The bagman was wearing a new shirt and pants. He'd been dead for about a week. No one ever found his bag or old clothes. In his day, the bagman lived nowhere or everywhere, I guess, depending how you look at it.

Daniel Sharkovitz

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GETTING IT OUT

When there was a rash of rapes in Madison, I marched with new fervor in the annual "Take Back the Night March." When I didn't like U.S. policy towards Nicaragua, I went there with a brigade to pick cotton side by side with the people. And when my congressman continued to vote for contra aid, I slept in his office to protest. He didn't change his vote but it strengthened our resistance. My anger fueled me: it was pure and clean and directed.

Then I started teaching. In my first year I was overwhelmed. I started saying no to meetings and marches, feeling like I would crumble if I took on one more thing. The most radical thing I did that year was drop my lesson plan on The Pearl to show my 7th graders slides of Nicaragua.

By my third year, the world had shrunk. My memories of the Nicaraguan sun had faded and I could barely remember the faces of the children at the farm. They had climbed in my lap, brown-skinned and round-bellied, laughing at my limited Spanish. Instead I lay in bed at night and heard my students' voices: "Will you write me a college recommendation?" or "One-thousand words! How many pages is that?" On Martin Luther King Day, I seized the rare time to grade papers. Instead of organizing a march, I organized the junior class banquet. The biggest issue in my life became whether or not the school should have candy machines. I had a vague memory of having felt more alive, but I couldn't quite place it.

There is some serious conflict on the Casco Bay island where I live. The local high school kids don't like the "granola-heads" that live out there, and jump on opportunities to harass them about their sandals and earrings. These boys walk in packs, wearing jean jackets with AC/DC written boldly across the back. They lash out randomly; once they beat up a friend of mine who walked by wearing a coat they didn't like.

One day last spring, while I was sitting in my car on the mainland waiting for the ferry, the whole pack of them walked by and started screaming, "Commie!" and giving me the finger. They didn't like my bumper-sticker. My heart started slamming in my chest; I wanted to get out and scream, to wave my fist back at them. But there were a lot of them, so I sat there, letting myself cool off. As my heart rate went down, something clicked in me. Their anger made me angry; I felt defensive and violent. By the time I got on the boat to go home, I was calm and knew I was going to talk to them.

I approached two of them sitting up on deck, smoking their cigarettes and laughing at the world. I crouched by them, right at eye level. Their eyes shifted; they wanted to ignore me.

"Hi. Do you have a minute to talk? I was the one that you just screamed at. The one in the silver Honda."

One of them mumbled a joke to the other and they laughed nervously.

"You might not have been aware of it, but I was sitting in my car when you went by and gave me the finger. I just wanted to tell you what that felt like. For one thing, it shocked me, but then I got really mad. It was unbelievable. I wanted to jump out of the car and give you the finger right back. But I stopped myself because I realized that giving you the finger back wouldn't make anything better. If anything, it would make things worse. So, I just wanted to tell you that. It made me feel really bad. I was just sitting there. I don't know you and you don't know me and there we were fighting in parking lots about our different beliefs."

They looked panicked. My face was inches from theirs.

The bigger one muttered, "Commie."

His friend didn't laugh.

I couldn't stop. "You know, I'm sure we don't agree about a lot of things. But that's okay. It's no reason to scream at each other. There's room enough on this island and in this world for different points of view. It is possible to co-exist without bashing each other's heads in. Do you see what I mean?"

Staring at their knees, they nodded their heads. They wanted me to go away, to stop talking to them softly and looking in their eyes. My heart was pounding but my head felt light. I knew they had heard me.

When I see them around the island now they say "hi." I have to say it first, but at least they answer. Perhaps it was a step towards world peace.

My unconscious tells me that my struggles aren't over. For the past three years I have had a reoccurring dream. I am in a group of people, usually people I don't know very well. Something happens that conflicts with my values and I feel this volcanic force moving through me—a long, slow eruption that starts in my gut and rises up to my throat. I get to my feet and the words pour out, clear and impassioned. Last week in a dream I orated in the Bread Loaf dining hall, lambasting sexist language. "I'm tired of hearing about God the Father and how His will should be done!"

Like fire these dreams purify my spirit, reminding me of the passion that burns silently inside me. They remind me that I need to act on my feelings. Maybe that means talking to kids on boats, and maybe it means marching in the next march that comes my way, but I better do something. Otherwise I might start screaming in the dining hall for real.

Ellie Dwight

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FIRST YEAR TEACHER

I stand vulnerably in front of the school board, as they scrutinize me from behind their conference table. No parents or community members have come to this meeting. None of the other faculty members are present. I wonder why I bothered to show up.

As I speak about the "State of the Alternative Education Program," I look closely at the blank faces in front of me. Mr. Warner, the principal, had told me exactly what information to include in this address. I tell them our numbers went up, test scores improved, absenteeism went down, and grade point averages increased. They don't smile at me; no one nods in agreement, or shakes a head in disbelief.

I wonder if I should tell them that Steve held a job for six months, or that Tom wrote a book of poetry for his grandmother? Would they marvel at the haircuts Monica gave everyone in the class, or be happy that Jamie quit running away from home? Maybe I should tell them that Tracy went to AA meetings twice a week, and Brant completely restored his truck. But they're not interested in learning.

It makes them nervous that I don't use textbooks, and that I teach writing, not grammar. They don't understand how I can teach English and Social Studies at the same time, and never make dittos. When they hear I push the desks aside so my class can lie on the floor, they titter, and they cringe when the kids call me Diane. Many of them have talked about me to the superintendent. None of them have visited my classroom.

After reciting my happy statistics and numbers, I tell them about the grants I wrote. Their eyes brighten. They know my budget will buy a new copy machine and pay for a part-time counselor. I won't get the teacher's aide I so desperately need, but they will leave me alone.

Diane Gregory

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HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME

Jimmy O'Reilly was the coolest and toughest kid in Great Kills. The Jimmy O'Reilly table at Whitman's on a typical night in 1964 was Standing Room Only. There'd always be girls giggling at something he said or guys telling stories just to get his attention. Sometimes I'd go to my bedroom mirror with one of my mother's Kents dangling from my mouth and practice telling a story about one of my drinking escapades or something along those lines. But somehow I knew that—back in real life—Jimmy had seen it, heard it and passed it by. That's why the Rick Somma table always had an available seat. That is, unless someone from the O'Reilly table wanted to borrow the chair or chairs we weren't using. My Whitman days were not a complete shut-out. There was a time the jukebox went quiet and I went up and played a bunch of songs. "I Fought the Law" was the first tune to come out and Jimmy himself shouted "great song."

But he said it to his table. He didn't even know my name.

The next day I bought the 45 (It was by the Bobby Fuller Four). I went to my mirror, with the record blasting, and replayed that scene the right way.

A week or so later, at a Thursday basketball night at P.S. 8, the team of me, Andrew Palmeri and Jack Ellison couldn't lose a game and I couldn't miss a shot. The rules were that Winners kept the court and met a challenger. Within two hours we had beaten everyone worth beating.

And then Jimmy O'Reilly walked in. There were so many "hey Jim's" and hootings that we had to stop our game for a second. It seemed like the whole gym stopped. Jimmy quickly got word that we were the team to beat so he came over. I was energized. I could feel his "who's this?" stare when he said "we've got winners." We trounced the team we were playing something like 11 to 2. Jimmy and his team took a few warm-up shots and by the time the game started, a crowd had gathered. We, as winners, took the ball out first. Jimmy was covering me. He blocked my first shot but I ran as hard as I could to get the loose ball and, with no one defending me, I scored an easy shot. Several people clapped.

That would really be it though. They were just bigger and more agile than we were. We never had a chance under the backboard. We kept missing shots, even lay-ups, and you could be sure that Jimmy would get the rebound. The crowd thinned but we were playing so hard that we didn't even think about being embarrassed. We lost 11 to 3.

As I walked off the court Jimmy patted me on the ass and said, "Good hustling, Rick."

Rick Somma

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POP

As Pop came up the cellar steps one at a time, his hands clutched the rise in front so it would bear some of his weight. Not that there was much to bear; he was old and tired. I almost gasped when I saw how pale he was. It had been a long climb, but he smiled. He was glad to be with us. Rudy came behind him. Carrying an oxygen tank.

While the kids rushed over and hugged their grandfather, I looked at Rudy and shook my head. He ignored me. What could he say? "Sorry, Nance, but he has no place else to go"? I already knew that.

I knew the old man couldn't go home. Sandie had said, "Gerald will nag him into another heart attack, and Barry and I are too busy to watch him until he gets better." But I knew he wasn't going to get better. He was dying. I could see it. I saw the same look in his eyes that I'd seen in Mumum's and Charles'. Some people know, but no one wants to help them face it. We pretend and they let us. So there he was, at home with me. I loved him, but God, I was scared.

We sat down to dinner and the kids chattered while Pop grinned. He'd laugh and his top false teeth would clatter down onto the bottom ones. When he talked, his hands, the only graceful thing about him, fluttered in the air. Driving an open laundry truck had leathered him. And bent him. So had the cigarettes. But nothing soured him. His rheumy blue eyes watched every move the kids made.

Rudy and I had a yelling match later, out of earshot. "He's dying," I said. "I had no idea he'd need an oxygen tank and I don't know how to use one. What if he needs oxygen while all of you are gone? What if he collapses? He's not my father."

I was really screaming. "Please, I'm scared. I can't take another person I love dying in my arms." But civilized people don't say things like that. It would be cruel to let a second husband know that you still mourned the first, while loving them both.

So Rudy taught me how to use an oxygen tank and the next morning everyone went to work and to school, everyone but Pop and me. We ate breakfast together and he watched me clean. He read the paper while I made up the day bed, washed the dishes, dusted every book and surface in the family room twice, and then scrubbed the floors. Those two rooms were cleaner than they'd ever been. I didn't want to be anywhere he wasn't.

After lunch, we sat on the front porch in the sun. I wrapped him in a blanket and brought him juice. While I did some mending, he told me his dad had been shunned from the Mennonite Meeting because he'd gone to WWI, how hard he'd worked on the farm before it had been sold, and how Rudy had won first prize with his homemade racing car. Then he went back to the newspaper while I read a novel for grad school. Leaves, red and yellow, fell around us. We talked about the weather.

Later, while I was on the phone, I saw him lurch across the room for the tank. It only took me a second to reach him but he was on his face near the mask. I lifted him in my arms and put the rubber cup over his nose. "It's all right, Pop. I'm here."

He was limp, but I kept talking while I turned the dial and watched the little needle jiggle to the right number. If he was conscious and trapped in that body, he'd be afraid. I can't stand anyone to be afraid. Not alone and afraid. After I'd strapped the mask into place, made sure the dials were right—Could I blow up the house?—I ran for the phone. The last time I'd had to call for an ambulance my voice hadn't worked. I'd tried to stay calm so the children wouldn't be frightened, but I had overdone it. The operator couldn't hear me. This time I sounded like I was placing a grocery order. Then I ran back to Pop.

"They're coming. Hang on, Pop. You're not alone. They're coming." I held him tight. "Feel me, Old Man. Feel me through your skin. Feel my breath on your face. Hear my voice. Be in there somewhere."

The ambulance came. And went by. I ran to the door and waved them back. I had to leave him alone. God, what would happen if I took my warmth away? He might be conscious of that skinny limp body. And he'd be afraid.

They slid him into the ambulance and we careened off to the hospital. I held his foot while a young man pounded his chest and begged, "Breathe, Old Man." After we got to the hospital they uncurled my fingers and took him away.

The next time I saw him he was on his side, arched into a tight curve and hooked up to machines. I touched him again but the machines were his lifeline now. Their rubber tubes were trying to do what I'd hoped my flesh would do. They didn't.

He's gone. And so are the others. Dad. Charles. Aunt Gert. Jane, just two months ago. No, they're not gone. They're dead. And I'm alive. No sentimental crap about their being with me. They're not. Not in any mystical sense anyway. Because of them I'm more alive. They taught me lots of things while they were living. They also taught me that death is forever, and today isn't. So hello today for Dad and Charles and Aunt Gert and Jane and me. Hello. Hello.

Nancy Rosenberger

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A NON-LEARNING MOMENT

When Bill Gantrey was asked to take three weeks off this spring for roughing up one of his students in the hall, he was the latest in a growing line of teachers who had been disciplined, fired, or had quit because of one group of students, the ninth grade non-regents. Barry Hart had thrown in the towel after only three months with them, and he was replacing Fred Wright, who had quit in the middle of his seventh year of teaching, saying very publicly that he "didn't need this shit." Then there was Madame Leone, a French teacher, who became so flustered one day that she stabbed a student in the arm with a pen. She was let go. There was a pattern developing which no one could miss, and it had everything to do with these ninth graders.

How do I describe this class? I have had these kids now for two years straight, and I will have them again this fall, so I am somewhat an expert on them. Well, there's Ralph, who pulled down his pants one day just to prove that he had pubic hair. Then there's Becky, who dyes her blonde hair white, and who passed a nude picture of herself around, to prove that she had pubic hair. Duane, Becky's boyfriend, wants to know whether or not I am jealous of him. I'm not. Bob laughs at everything that Eric says, whether or not it is funny. Eric loves positive feedback, so he keeps on talking. Hilda talks, too, and too loudly. By about forty decibels. Her father's name is Harvey, and she has two brothers named Harvey also. Then there's Frank who does nothing, Connie who does nothing, Joe who does nothing, Phyllis who does nothing. No homework, no class work, no nude pictures, nothing.

Normally I try to be laid back with these students. What else can I be? They have responded with me better than with other teachers because I don't hassle them over everything. Occasionally they produce work; occasionally, however, we skirmish. As this year progressed the skirmishes came more frequently and were more serious, and when Bill Gantrey took his three week "vacation" for telling Eric that he would "kick his ass," a new era began in my relationship with this class.

For the fourth day in a row I tried to discuss The Old Man and the Sea, pages 1-22, and for the fourth day in a row no one had read the assignment. Not being a person who likes to yell, I bellowed. After I had ranted for a while about how they were going to be tested on this book so they'd better blah! blah! blah!, I calmed down enough to try to find the reason for their reluctance. Was the book too difficult? No. Was it too boring? Every book is too boring. Well, would they rather write compositions for a week? No, they'd rather be home in bed ("Let's have an orgy," Duane added).

Finally, it was Hilda who articulated what the class all felt. "We got rid of Madame Leone, Wright, Hart, and Gantrey, and we're going to get rid of you if you're not careful." As it turned out, being careful meant not assigning homework, ignoring when they were tardy, and not interfering in their private conversations during class.

What I had thought was a pretty good relationship between me and this class had all along had a secret agenda. I was mystified, still am. I tried to make it clear to them that they had not "got rid" of anyone, that this was the work of the administration. But they saw through that smoke screen. The lesson that school had taught them was that they could have new teachers every year, if they worked at it hard enough.

I go back to them this fall for the third year in a row. Whether I walk into the lion's den with a whip and a chair or like St. Francis of Assisi, I have the feeling I will be mauled.

Ernest Lorenzo

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COMPETITION

Most Italians see biking as glamorous. I see Frank throw up on his bike but finish the race. I watch as Scott slides across the road into a curb, half a mile from the finish line. They bring his pretzeled bike to us, they take him away in an ambulance. Two weeks before I arrived someone crashed on a training ride. Descending at 60 m.p.h., he was thrown through the rear window of a parked car. Killed.

We are not good enough for the Dilettante races, where you need a contract. We race on weekends, in the minor leagues, with those fighting for contracts and middle-aged men who never made it. We are intruders, a collection of Americans who don't belong.

The racing is hard. Continuous breaks are attempted. Legs throbbing, crotch numb, no breath, you jump out of your saddle and latch on before they're gone. You have to use the rider in front of you. Hold a wheel or you're left alone, they don't wait. The best time for an attack is when everyone is recovering. With so many riders attacking, there is no recovering.

During the race, riders spit Italian at you, telling you to go, wanting to use you, to suck your wheel. Don't say anything, just watch the wheel in front of you. Everyone rides for different sponsors, but the Italians team against us. Once I feel a rider grab my seat, pull, catapulting himself past, sending me back. Another time I cross wheels and fight from falling only to wrench the handlebars, sending me into a ditch. After the race an Italian comes by, mimicking my actions, laughing.

When not racing there is no time for museums, cities. We see Italy through training rides. Ken, our director sportif, kicks us out of bed by 7:30. We breakfast on fresh bread and take fruit along for the ride. Short rides, forty to fifty miles, start slow--20 m.p.h.--and finish fast. Other rides, for strength, climb for thirty-five miles, never a flat or descent. Start in 80 degree weather, ride until we hit snow. On a 10% gradient I lose sight of the others, end up lost where no one speaks my language. A hundred miles later I weave into the villa.

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Usually back by lunch, we eat and eat and eat, more calories than ever before, but still lose weight. Then back to the villa, put our feet up against the wall to relieve lactic acid buildup, and then into bed. Sleep or read until dinner, too tired for anything else. After dinner hang around playing foosball or ping-pong, then in bed by 9:00.

The weekends approach quickly. I see a teammate punched during a race. Someone wins two primes, is awarded ninth. We all saw him finish fifth. In another race, we build up for the final sprint. At 35 m.p.h. I am pushed toward a wall. As I slow-up, fifteen Italians pass me before the finish line. Finally, one racer refuses to wear our jersey because it marks him an American.

After 6 1/2 weeks I return to the states, but riding at home has changed. I don't watch the scenery. I don't wave to other bikers. I don't allow anyone to pass me on training rides.

Now I don't even ride.

Larry Stack

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GRANDADDY

Grandaddy was not a geezer.

He drove a big old Chevrolet with the gears on the steering column and never went over 50 m.p.h. But he drove it to California, to Canada and even to Alaska—places geezers don't go.

And he didn't have bumper stickers to prove it.

Grandaddy was a football hero, a teacher in a one-room school house, a math teacher, a history teacher, a principal, a Naval officer, an official government inspector, and President of the Rapidan Town Council.

He worked for the railroad and the flour mill after he retired, but when I knew him he was a gentleman farmer.

Actually he was a fiddler mostly.

I don't mean that he played the fiddle. He was just always fiddlin' with things, trying to fix them or tear them apart.

He was always fiddlin' with the way he looked at the world too.

He was happiest when he had complicated a simple chore into a physical or mental challenge.

Sometimes Grandaddy practiced cutting wood with one hand behind his back. He wanted to be in shape in case he ever lost an arm.

When carving the turkey at Christmas he combined elaborate algebraic calculations with geometric proofs to come up with the exact angle the blade should approach the breast to get the most meat.

His slices were perfect; his calculations usually weren't.

He would grin sheepishly and eat the mistakes with his iced tea spoon.

Grandaddy never used the tools that a job required. He liked the challenge of making do with unlikely objects from around the house.

Grandmother wasn't crazy about that habit since it was her knitting needles, spatulas and other stuff that he made do with most often.

Once he used her stockings to tie up the tomatoes and she threatened to tie him up if he didn't stop fiddlin' with her things.

I couldn't tell if she was kidding.

But I guess he could.

Meg Donnelly

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IT'S ONLY A GAME

"You should've seen him! His face was really red!"

"Did you see the hole in the wall?"

"I'm glad he didn't punch me!"

This was my last language arts class on a Friday before a dance. David, who is in my homeroom, is a 5'10" sixth grader who is "awesome" to other kids. Apparently he hit the wall rather than taking a swing at the phys. ed. teacher. I'd only heard about his temper, but now I could see him smoldering.

"David, why don't you go over and open a few windows. Take a couple of good deep breaths while you're there."

Mady and Becky have designed a gown for the doll named Lady Guinevere; their project is supposed to go home today.

"Who wants to take Lady Guinevere home?" Becky announces above chair-pulling and book-dropping. Giggling ripples in front of them. They act like they think I don't know they are trying to waste time. Five hands go up. Becky jots down names of people who want her and then sits down.

"Did you see my hand?" I ask in mock seriousness. "I'll give her a good home and ten dollars a week allowance!" Becky's eyes widen. Other kids who didn't notice my presence look up.

"You will?"

"Sure. And I'll buy her whatever she asks for and let her watch T.V. as long as she wants every night. I actually would like to keep her to show future students that original projects are appreciated. "How will you decide who'll get her?"

"Mady and I have to decide." Becky bends forward to get up, but plops down when she sees me shake my head.

"You'll have to meet after school. We need to begin the Group Challenges for review."

Group 1 was sitting on the right side of the room. David was chosen to be in Group 2; they sat in a wide disarray on the left.

"Remember that if you happen to hear an answer from the other team, you can use it."

"Yeah. Let's get closer together. Whisper," Robb suggested. He seemed to be the self-appointed leader of Group 2.

"Who is the author of <u>The Island of the Blue Dolphins</u>, <u>Zia</u>, and <u>Streams to the River, River to the Sea</u>?"

"Wait a minute; let's talk about it. I'll answer." Mady was taking charge in Group 1. They huddled momentarily. That was what I had hoped to see.

"Scott O'Dell," Mady announced.

"Correct. That's a point for Group 1. You got it, Ben?"

Turning to Group 2, I asked, "What did black represent in <u>The Story of King Arthur</u>?"

"Evil," Robb answered immediately without consulting anyone in his group. I winced. This process was supposed to demonstrate to them that working in a group and listening to each other is valuable.

"Okay. Point for Group 2." The questions were not difficult until we got to the end. The score was tied 24 to 24. The bell would ring in a minute. I raised my voice to ask the final question for Group 2. "What award did Robert C. O'Brien's book receive?"

"The Nobel Peace Prize," Robb answered confidently.

"Robb, no! You jerk. Don't listen to him. I'm giving the answer. We're taking turns. I know it!" Rick screeched at me. "It's the Newberry Award!"

"You guys could have discussed it, you know. You had a minute to decide the answer and who should give it!" My throat was constricting. I needed a glass of water. I was screaming.

"Mrs. Seymour," Becky said calmly, it's okay. It's only a game. Go stand by the window and take a couple of good deep breaths."

The bell rang, and my favorite class sauntered out. As David and I shoved the desks back we looked at each other and laughed.

Josie Seymour

ALL-AMERICAN

I never swam competitively, but I took over the girls' swim team at my high school one year. It was my first year at the school, and I wanted to let the principal know I was a team player. We had an All-American, Bonnie Lawson, so the principal wasn't about to let the swim team fold. "Just show up for practices and meets and make sure no one drowns," he told me. I decided to be the best swim coach I could be.

Most of the girls knew more than I did about swimming, and they quickly discovered how little I knew. Some ignored me at first; others mocked me. But when Bonnie openly deferred to me, they were forced to accept me as a coach. In private, she handed me daily workouts for the team and helped me choose the lineup for each meet. She had a sense of humor and enjoyed surprising me with information after I found I needed it, but she was careful never to embarrass me in front of the team.

By the fourth week of the season I felt I knew what I was doing, and I walked confidently into the Y.M.C.A. one evening for the biggest meet of the year. Bonnie was climbing out of the pool.

"What were you doing in the water?" I asked.

"My coach wanted me to swim a light workout."

"Light?"

"Two hours," she said, and headed for the showers. I was shocked, angry, hurt. I felt betrayed. I had learned enough to know that a swimmer rests for maybe twenty minutes in a two-hour workout. I knew there were more sweat beads than water beads on her body when she left the pool. Bonnie had to swim two gruelling events that night: the butterfly and the 500-yard freestyle. She also had to anchor the freestyle relay to close the meet, and she'd be going head-to-head against their best swimmer, a freestyle specialist. I was certain her workout would cost us the meet.

It came down to the final relay. Bonnie went into the water with a one-foot lead. She didn't gain an inch during the first three laps. Spectators roared and stamped. The bleachers rocked. Swimmers crowded along the sides of the pool. I focused on the water separating two heads.

Bonnie won by a foot and a half.

The girls pushed me into the water and jumped in on top of me, eighteen of them. I bobbed up in time to see the two swimmers shake hands across the lane divider, climb out of the pool, and walk to the bleachers together. Bonnie wasn't excited; her opponent wasn't discouraged. I was dumbfounded.

Sometime during the race I must have screamed, because I could only croak to the team to meet me for pizza after they showered. Parents walked over, shook my hand, and left the pool area. I stared at the water, trying to reconcile the pandemonium of the crowd and my own emotional turmoil with the equanimity of the two swimmers.

Bonnie had stayed behind. She looked at me quizzically and asked, "What's up?" Somehow I managed to question her without screaming.

"Bonnie, was it wise to practice for two hours before such a big meet?"

"I don't even get a workout swimming in one of these meets, Mr. Sowder."

"But what if she'd caught you? You told me she could win the hundred freestyle at the counties."

She smiled, put an arm around my neck, and spoke to me like a mother soothing a child out of a nightmare. "Nobody passes me in the water, Mr. Sowder. She knows that. I thought you understood."

Bonnie walked to the showers. I sat down and pondered the words "All-American."

Bill Sowder

WEST

I like to walk, sometimes fast for exercise, but often just wandering around, emptying myself with each step. One of the other ones taught me how to walk and watched my steps.

When I found home, in this valley, they wondered at me. I walked all wrong. Needed to start over. I wanted to start over, find a new road for myself.

I was too old though—I mean, they weren't my first steps on the ground, and I had no family, so there was no feast when I finally stood upright, and started laughing. They told me with their eyes they were glad.

Mostly I walk with the kids. I'm always surrounded with a mosquito cloud of kids. They run and dance in Celtic patterns around my Anglo straight line way of traveling.

Sometimes I walk alone.
I have permission from my brother Grant (who we call Johnny) to walk alone on the vision peaks. He is one of the older ones, very traditional. He isn't pleased when I go up. I have to sit with him before. The prayers, he offers them. The cedars, he burns them and washes in the smoke. The days I'm gone, he waits and counts. He shakes his head at me.

My skin is too Irish. Most every year they wait and watch for one of my now legendary sunburns. My heart, they have seen, is red and good, so I walk in peace. Even though I'm a woman. It's not usual, but Johnny's mother went up.

The first time I went to him, he tried to talk me into staying down. Too cold, too dangerous, bears and ghosts, I'd be too weak to get back off the cliffs...it's like that. He came at me with one of the sacred numbers and I refused to back down all four times...So... he had to help me.

He got down the leather bag with the tobacco society designs on it. He keeps 4 or 7 bags on the wall where Linda, his wife and my sister, keeps all of her Catholic paraphernalia interspersed with the school photos of the kids. A sort of holy wall I guess. This bag is a kind of parfleche, laced with leather strips. He keeps bundles in all of the bags, this one contains some things from his mother.

He gave me his mother's otter skin. It was a gift to her from her time on the peaks. One of the Little People gave the skin to her. I was told exactly what to say if one of them should come to see me. He told me how to hang the skin on a limberpine branch. He took me out along the creek where we tore up some sweet sage and I carried it up with me. When I got there I arranged the herbs in a circle and always stayed inside of it. I also carried some tobacco to use when praying. My fourth item was the rattlesnake rattle my dad gave me years ago.

I'm just a modern walker. I carried my bundle in a back-pack, and had a bottle of water. It was late in the day...too late really to be heading out. One of those life crisis kind of days when I am certain only of needing to walk. Up high. Right now. In the end Johnny let Ben give me a ride up the gap.

When Ben dropped me off I stood there wondering about it all. Starting to hear what they had said. I had been spending my energy getting permission to go. What if they were right? What would come next? This growing soil I was standing on, I might never do again.

I walked toward the east, all uphill. First through the cattle pasture, cactus and sagebrush; then into the brush and pines. The sun was hot on my back, but setting quickly. The sun was near the halfway place on the horizon, the chokecherries were gone already. I looked to the north country where my brother would be out in a pickup, slurping beer, cruising the backroads, while blasting at sage hens. I paused only to send out good wishes for him.

It's my favorite time of the year, the still warm fall days. I like the sharp smells that make the air pungent. I like the nights being cold enough to use a blanket, but warm enough to still sleep outdoors. I like having the school cycle beginning—in this time when the outside things are all ending. Some substitute will guard my class tomorrow. I told Ben, "Hell—I'm sick. Let me catch a ride up the gap with you." Ben is our principal this year. It's ok. He knows how things are. In real life it's hard to schedule things and have Mondays.

In real life it's a necessity to go up high, to walk. In real life I can only see the path when I'm not walking it. In real life, up high and alone, I can check my steps and see how I'm touching the ground. Up high my fireplace is only mine, and time falls away. Up high, even to me—a breed, the Little People might speak.

I walk alone. My steps are strong.

I go up, with each step planting my fears on the ground behind me. Breathing hard, and moving fast I struggle to get a prayer song into the air in front of me.

I step into the shadows, moving onto stone. Walking I go on, forward into darkness.

If I get back down, dry meat soup they will have waiting for me.

I walk alone sometimes.

Candace Ottertail Woman

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SITTING BENEATH THE IMPATIENS

It is almost time to say goodbye. A few more lunches, a few more words. I'll pack up my computer, my books, my dirty laundry, and carry them downstairs. My car will sit with its bumper pressed up to the lip of Cherry's porch, next to Josh's, and Stu's, and David's. A pile of unused postcards will get thrown on the front seat, representing all the people I never wrote back home.

"Let's get together in New York."

"Yeah, definitely."

"Where are you off to?"

"Now? My parents'. For a day or two."

"Mmm."

"Hey, listen. Send me your work, okay? We can set up some kind of a workshop long distance."

"Great, yeah." Then we'll each get in our cars and turn east towards Hancock or west towards Ripton—honking one last farewell.

For most of us, we will work right up until the last moment editing that final paper, polishing a performance. The actors and crew rehearse ten, twelve hours a day for six weeks—leading up to four nights of theatre. The next day they will be gone, having packed up their tents in the night like circus performers. Bob's only final is Thursday morning. He's anxious to get home to his wife, so he'll probably split before lunch. Ellen has no finals, so she'll leave as soon as her last paper is finished. She and some friends are going to Boston on their way south.

I won't be in any particular hurry, so I'll probably stop to sit in one of the rockers on the front porch of the inn. I'll look at the red impatiens hanging from the eaves and think about all the people I forgot to say good-bye to. I'll make a mental list of names I need to write notes to, expressing my thanks for another great summer. Another list for all those I want to send Christmas cards. But both groups will probably never hear from me. I'll forget, or get too busy, or lose their addresses. The world of Bread Loaf exists only on the Mountain.

So I'll never get the chance to thank Elizabeth for editing my last story, or David for that chat we had in the barn at two o'clock in the morning. Or Nan for her encouragement at the Waybury the other night. Or all the faculty I've had. I still haven't thanked Lucy for the course she taught three years ago. Or David Huddle for the recommendation he wrote for me one winter. Or Paul, for pushing me to finish the degree.

Sitting underneath those impatiens, I'll probably think about the ceremony in the Little Theatre the night before. The emotions of marching in with the faculty, smiling at the waiters who all sit in one corner together. The tech crew up in the control booth, calling the show without me on headset. My palms will get sweaty again at the memory of climbing the steps to receive my diploma, the embarassment of shaking President Robison's left hand instead of his right. Hugging friends in the dark on the lawn, wondering when I have to return my gown to the Blue Parlor. Hoping my aunt and uncle weren't bored by the speeches that meant so much to me.

Sunday morning, I'll rock back and forth in my favorite green chair, hearing the voices of other students on the porch over the summer. All the people I never got to know, because I was too busy with rehearsals and course-work. Meals in the dining hall when I ate with old friends, rather than interesting strangers because I didn't have the energy to talk.

When I first came to Bread Loaf five summers ago, I was skeptical of the way people spoke of the Mountain with a capital "M." Like it had some religious connotation. And Paul's image as grand master, conjuring up the mythological world of Bread Loaf? He was my Shakespeare professor in college; we called him Cubes—not Prospero.

Now I am a product of that myth. I've wandered through the meadow at midnight trying to sort out the plot of my next story. Sat at breakfast discussing impotence in Pinter before I've even had my morning coffee. Done the intense experience of theatre at Bread Loaf. Life on the Mountain has changed me.

But it's time to say good-bye. Climb in my car and drive away. The parking lot is already empty and the staff is wondering what I am waiting for. Didn't I read the notice in the last Crumb that said we must vacate our rooms by 10:00 a.m.? As I get up to go, I can hear the maids vacuuming in the lobby in preparation for the Writers' Conference tomorrow. I stop to smell the sweetness of the impatiens one more time and pick a red blossom as souvenir. By the time I reach Hancock, it has wilted from the heat.

David Waters

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For their generosity and expert help in the design and production of the 1988 Yeast, the editors thank Jane Steiner and Elaine Hall of the Bread Loaf School of English and Norma Rollett, Mary Cauchon and Cathy Swinton Collins of Middlebury College.

OXFORD CORRESPONDENCE

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

February, 1988

Dear Bread Loafer soon to be at Oxford:

This is a first effort to help you make your travel plans for a great summer at Lincoln. A letter of "useful" details will be sent you in May.

The School is now full and we have a waiting list. If your plans change, please call the Bread Loaf School of English Office collect (802-388-3711, Ext. 5418), so that some other Bread Loafer can have the advantage you have to postpone.

You should secure a valid passport at once, a task that can take several weeks. You may obtain a passport application from your travel agent or town clerk. If you already have a passport, make sure it is valid until at least September 15, 1988.

You should make your flight reservations just as soon as possible. Be sure to shop around if you can. There are incredible ranges of rates and plans. If you are departing directly from the States, would you please let me know the following: 1) date of departure; 2) point of departure from the U.S.; 3) airline and flight no.; 4) time of departure and arrival. This information will assist John Fleming if you don't turn up when you should.

Plan to arrive in Oxford no later than Monday, June 27, so that you will be almost over jet lag by Registration Day at Lincoln on June 28. Many seminars last year met on Tuesday. Lunch at 1:00 p.m. Monday is the first meal served. Your room will be available at Lincoln on June 27. If you have trouble booking lodging at Oxford before then, write Miss Joy Makin, The Steward, Lincoln College, Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom. Here is a good bet at Oxford for bed and board, not too expensive: Walton Guest House, 169 Walton Street, Oxford (011-45-865-52137).

Tutorials conclude by Friday, August 5, but you're welcome to stay for the final Banquet and Commencement on Saturday evening, August 6. We'll have a great ceremony for about twenty graduates. You should plan to leave Lincoln by Sunday morning, August 7, but you can make reservations during the summer to stay on at the Mitre, a nice bed and breakfast hotel run by Lincoln and across the street from the College. Rates are about L12 a day for bed and breakfast. You may not be able to stay on in your room at Lincoln.

Most flights to London from the States leave either early in the morning or late at night. Because of the five-hour time differential from the East Coast, night flights usually arrive in London early the next morning, so that you will have no trouble making direct connections to Oxford. Early morning departures, on the the other hand, arrive in London around 10:00 p.m., too late to make connections to Oxford. If you arrive in London at night, hotel accommodations are highly desirable, even essential, but expensive. Details on how

to proceed to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick airports will be sent out in my next letter. Heathrow is vastly more convenient than Gatwick because of its proximity to Oxford. Beware of standby air tickets and charter flights, which may encounter delays with rerouting to Stansted in Essex, a long and complicated commute to Oxford. Be sure to have a reservation for your return flight.

Students in Writing, Learning and Culture should bring manual typewriters, if possible. Oxford tutors, however, do not insist that you type your papers. Typewriters and computers (expensive and scarce) can be rented in Oxford. Electric typewriters will set you back about L50 for the summer. Remember that electric typewriters and all electrical appliances must be fitted with an adapter (purchased here since they are not available in Oxford). British current is 220v, not 110v, as in the States.

Airlines allow two suitcases - any weight - and one piece of luggage to go under the seat. Since surface shipping takes at least two months (or never), and air freight is expensive, it's better not to send books or clothes on in advance. If you must mail ahead, please address the label as follows:

(Your Name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR,
United Kingdom

HOLD FOR ARRIVAL:
June 27

Neither Middlebury nor Lincoln College assumes any responsibility for items lost either in transit or after arrival at Lincoln College.

Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan in order to expedite payment to our Oxford doctors, should you need their services.

You can purchase your books at Blackwell's, one of the world's great bookstores, or at several fine paperback bookstores, all just a block away from Lincoln on Broad Street. You must, however, read as many of the main texts as possible prior to the session. Books published in the U.S. are less expensive, but are cumbersome to carry over.

We have booked tickets for all students for a performance of Twelfth Night at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, and Macbeth at the Barbican in London.

I know that it will be a summer worth waiting for. Beth and I look forward to joining you for the final weeks and Commencement. Then we have to rush back to Vermont to greet our Oxford graduates for Commencement II (not a degree requirement).

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:ees

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1988

Dear Bread Loafer at Lincoln College:

Your international travel agent reporting in once more with the last set of details. I hope that they make your trip easier and your arrival at Lincoln pleasanter.

Enclosures:

1. Medical Information Form. Please return in sealed envelope with your name on the outside to Hugh Coyle for transmittal to Lincoln.
2. Insurance Information.
3. Information Sheet re: Passport Number/Next of Kin.
4. Lincoln College Floor Plan.
5. List of Bread Loafers at Oxford, enclosed for your delectation, curiosity, anticipation.
6. Bus schedules from Heathrow and Gatwick to Oxford and Gatwick/London.

Your bill has been sent to you. It is due and payable upon receipt prior to your leaving for England.

Money: It's best to take your money in traveler's checks (American Express, Barclay, Visa) in £'s - since the pound will probably not fall sharply this summer. Banks charge 55-75p or more for an international exchange transaction. Traveler's checks in £'s eliminate the uncertainty of currency fluctuations. The best plastic money is VISA. Be sure to convert enough money into British currency at the airport to get you through the first weekend. There isn't time to open summer checking accounts at Oxford. Even certified cashier's checks will take two weeks to clear. Personal checks (yours, or those made out to you) are uncashable. You should take about $1,000, or their £ equivalent, in traveler's checks for spending money while at Lincoln. Students in Messrs. Smallwood and Jackson's course should expect to spend another $300. Seniors will also encounter some graduation week extras including, but not limited to, a charge of $12.75 for the rental of the hoods which are a part of the graduation ceremony.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport - Commercial Flights - Concourse C

1. Go through Immigration, present passport, explain nature and length of stay.
2. Collect luggage downstairs.
3. If you have nothing to declare (no one does), go through customs exit GREEN AISLE.
4. Get $ converted to £ at Barclay's Exchange near customs exit.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport (Continued)

5. You can take a direct bus to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick (X70). Joy Makin and Dennis Kay strongly recommend the bus. There is frequent service and it's cheaper.
6. Or you can buy a British Rail (Air-Rail link) ticket to Oxford at the window next to Barclay's. Follow coach signs outside and get Brit Rail coach (bus) direct to Reading Station. Board express train north to Oxford. Outside Oxford Station, get a cab to Lincoln College (tip 5p per 25p charge). At main entrance to Lincoln, give your name to the Porter, who will give you your room assignment.
7. You should be met by a Bread Loaf Green Ribbon Greeter.
8. Get over jet lag.

Instructions on Arrival at Gatwick Airport - Charter Flights

1. After you go through Immigration and pick up your luggage, you can get to Oxford by bus (a 2-hour trip) or a bus-train link. There are two direct trains per day via Reading. There are many more trains with a change at Reading.
2. You can get a convenient direct bus to Gloucester Green, Oxford, a ten-minute walk or short taxi ride to Lincoln (see schedule).
3. There is also a train from Gatwick to Victoria Station, London. At Victoria Station, take the 'Circle Line' Underground (subway) West to Paddington Station. Get express to Oxford (1 hour). Or you can catch the X190 bus from Victoria Coach Station to Oxford.

Advanced Arrival: Lincoln cannot accommodate earlycomers, nor will the Mitre be available. You must make your own arrangements with hotels or guest houses. If necessary, ask Joy Makin, Steward of Lincoln College, for her help. The following guest houses in Oxford have been recommended by Bread Loafers:

Walton Guest House, 169 Walton Street (865-52137)
Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Flanakin, 103 and 105 Woodstock Road
Old Parsonage Hotel, 3 Banbury Road

All of these places are in the £10-14 range for bed and breakfast.

Monday, June 27: We need your expected time of arrival so that we can give the Steward an accurate meal count. Lunch is at 1:00 and dinner at 7:00. Your room in Lincoln will be ready on Monday. It will be either a living room with attached bedroom, or a single. There are shared bathrooms in most entries. Most bedrooms have hot water. The number of rooms in each entry vary from two to twenty-five. Some rooms are directly across the Turl (a medieval street not so wide as the road to the Barn at Bread Loaf). It is not possible to accommodate all Bread Loafers in College quadrangles.

Registration Day, June 28: If you did not register on Monday in the Bread Loaf Office (Entry VIII, Room 1), do so after breakfast. You can spend the day going to Blackwell's, checking out the location of the tutor's College where your seminar will be held (many of your first seminars will be held on Wednesday, June 29), or getting acquainted with Oxford. Mr. Fleming will be in the Bread Loaf office during the day for registration and will have maps of Oxford

Registration Day, June 28 (Continued)

for you. He will be assisted by Van Townsend and Brad Blanchette, Bread Loafers East and West. They will be in residence at Lincoln and are ready to help you adjust to Oxford, socially and academically. Mr. Kay will take you over in groups to sign in at the Bodleian, if you promise not to burn it down. You will need two passport-sized photographs for your Bodley registration. You can either bring over extra passport pictures or obtain them from a coin-operated machine in St. Aldate's Street or in the Covered Market, a block from Lincoln. There will be an introductory meeting at 5:00 in the Oakeshott Room, a reception at 6:15 in the Beckington Room before dinner at 7:00. A short ceremony of welcome will follow afterwards in Hall.

Tutorials: You should be ready to read your papers before your seminar group or in tutorial, since that is part of the Oxford system. Do try to get as much reading done in advance as you possibly can. You'll be happier in July since substantial secondary reading will be assigned.

Mailing Address: Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

Phones: The main phone at the Porter's Lodge of Lincoln College can be direct dialed from the States 011-44-865-279800, (for person-to-person calls stateside: 01-44-865-279800). If necessary, the Porter will take an incoming message and leave it on the Bread Loaf bulletin board outside the Main Entry. Should you wish to make or receive international calls between 1:30 and 2:30 P.M. Oxford time, the Bread Loaf office phone is 011-44-865-279818.

Dress: Casual clothes for travel and daily wear (corduroys, slacks, jeans, sweaters, informal dresses or skirts and blouses). Since the British like to dress for an occasion, suits and ties are more common in London than in New York, or at Bread Loaf. One or two dressy outfits for our formal evenings, opening night, our evenings in Stratford and London, and Commencement would be appropriate. Don't forget your raincoat. Try to underpack; there are a wide variety of stores in Oxford, if you forget anything. Good walking shoes are a must. The Laura Ashley dress sale takes place in July.

Medical: Our doctors (McPherson, Fowler, McLennon and Lloyd) do not treat visiting students on the National Health Service. There are reasonable rates (a minimum of £10) for an office consultation or for a visit in College (£15 minimum in day time; £20 between 11 P.M. and 8 A.M.).

Laundry: Lincoln has washers and driers for your use. The College provides blankets, linens and towels, but not face cloths.

Computers: There are no computers available, but there is electricity (British voltage). I do not recommend your bringing your own word processors.

Sports: Bring your own squash and tennis rackets if you want to play. Lincoln has squash courts, and tennis courts. Although the latter are not always available, other tennis courts in the City are available for about £5 for six weeks. There is a 20-minute walk to the courts. Bicycles may be hired on a daily or weekly basis.

Reading About Great Britain: Bread Loafers recommend a good student guide like Let's Go. You'll be given a map of Oxford and a copy of Vade Mecum, a handy guide around Oxford.

Please don't bring radios, or stereos, except maybe pocket transistors, because quad noises carry badly.

Weather: (As unpredictable as Vermont's, only more frequently.) Days can be warm (80°), although the average Oxford temperature in July is 60°. It does rain in Oxford, even on sunny days.

Time: Oxford is five hours ahead of Eastern Daylight Time. (It's daylight until 9:30 P.M. or so.)

Guests: Student guests can be accommodated at meals in Hall if responsible warning is given at the Bread Loaf office. You will be asked to sign up and to purchase a meal chit the day before. If you plan to have overnight guests, make reservations for them to stay in the Mitre, a nice bed-and-breakfast hotel across the Turl from Lincoln and operated under the auspices of Lincoln. If you'd like to stay in Oxford after the School, you can book a room at the Mitre. During the summer your guests can be accommodated there for £9.75 per diem for bed and continental breakfast. The cost of meals for your guests in Hall will be £2.10 for English breakfast, £3.50 for lunch and £5.35 for dinner. Your guests are not permitted to reside in College. Violations of Lincoln's regulations could create an embarrassing hassle. You will be billed by the College, and your guest will be asked to leave. We are guests of Lincoln College and are expected to abide by the Rules of Lincoln College.

Plays: We will make picnic excursions to the Barbican Theatre in London to see Twelfth Night on July 6 and to Stratford for Macbeth on July 20. Tickets have been purchased for you.

It's been great sharing all this planning with you. I so hope that the trip will not be an anxious one for you because the summer holds every promise of being a memorable one at Oxford. Beth and I look forward to being with you on July 23.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

BREAD LOAF — MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MEDICAL INFORMATION FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: In order to attend Bread Loaf, you must complete this form.
Except where otherwise noted, we require that you provide all the information requested.

WHERE NECESSARY, ATTACH ADDITIONAL SHEETS OF INFORMATION.

NOTE: *Do not use the reverse side of this form; it is reserved for use by the College physician.*

TYPE OR PRINT — Send the completed form to the Bread Loaf Office,
Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753

If you put your name on the envelope and mark it "Medical Information - Confidential," it will be opened only by the Bread Loaf Medical Staff.

Name ..... Campus Address .....

Address if living off-campus (include telephone number) .....

.....

1. Do you have any physical disabilities or health problems? ..... If so, please describe: .....

.....

2. Do you have any allergies? ..... Please describe: .....

3. If you are currently under the care of a physician, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

.....

4. Recent surgery or medical illness for which you are no longer under the care of a physician: .....

.....

5. Have you had any emotional problems for which you have received treatment within the past three years? .....

Please describe: .....

.....

6. If you are currently under the care of a psychiatrist or psychologist, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

7. Please list any medications which you are currently taking: .....

.....

8. Are you allergic to any medicines? ..... Which ones? .....

9. Other pertinent information: .....

.....

10. In case of emergency, please notify:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

Alternate:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

11. Your church affiliation (optional) .....

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of $1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, 40 Broad Street, Boston MA 02109, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	28 June - 13 August, 1988
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	28 June - 6 August, 1988

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

INFORMATION SHEET

Please Print or Type

NAME: _____
Last First Middle

PASSPORT NO. _____ DATE OF ISSUE _____

PLACE OF ISSUE _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON PASSPORT _____

PERSONAL SICKNESS & ACCIDENT INSURANCE (if any)

Name of Company _____

Policy No. _____

_____ _____
Father's Name Address

_____ _____
Mother's Name Address

_____ _____
Spouse's Name Address

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER (with area code) OF PARENTS OR NEXT OF KIN (Please give relationship.)

_____

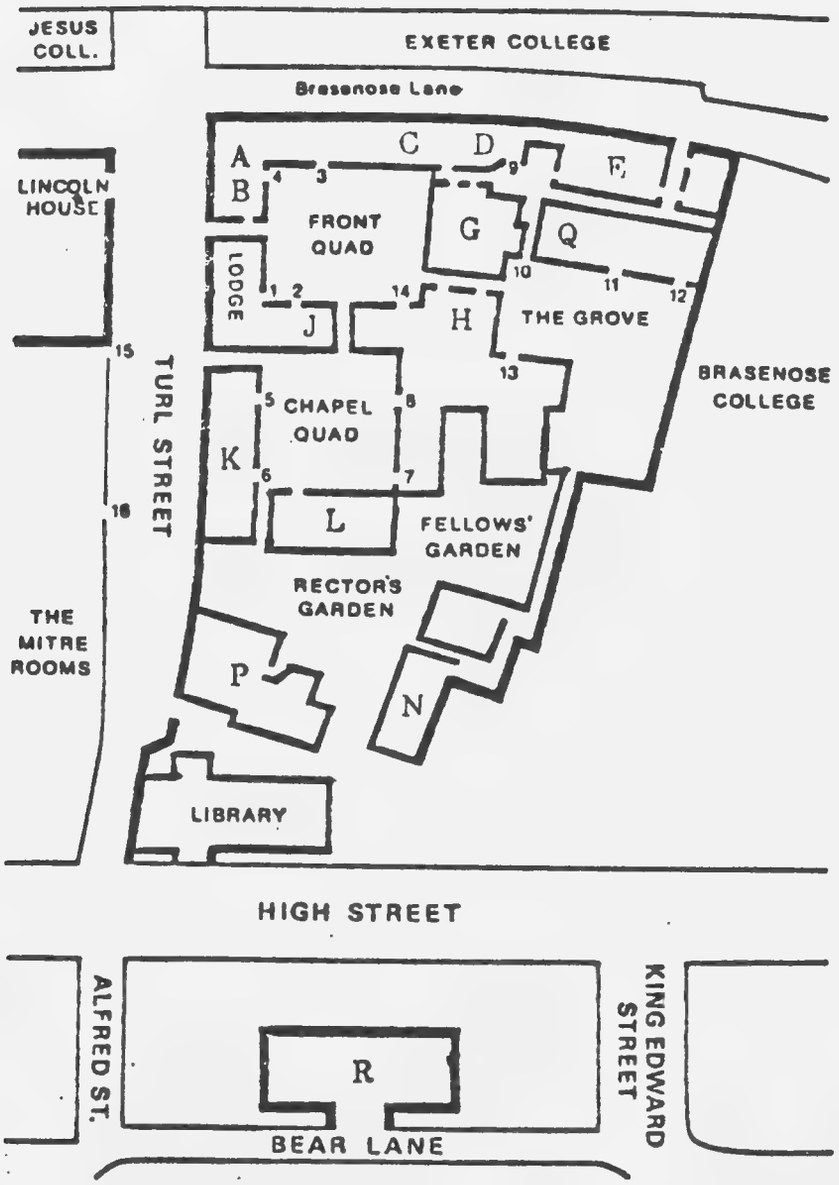
_____

Signature _____ Date _____

LINCOLN COLLEGE

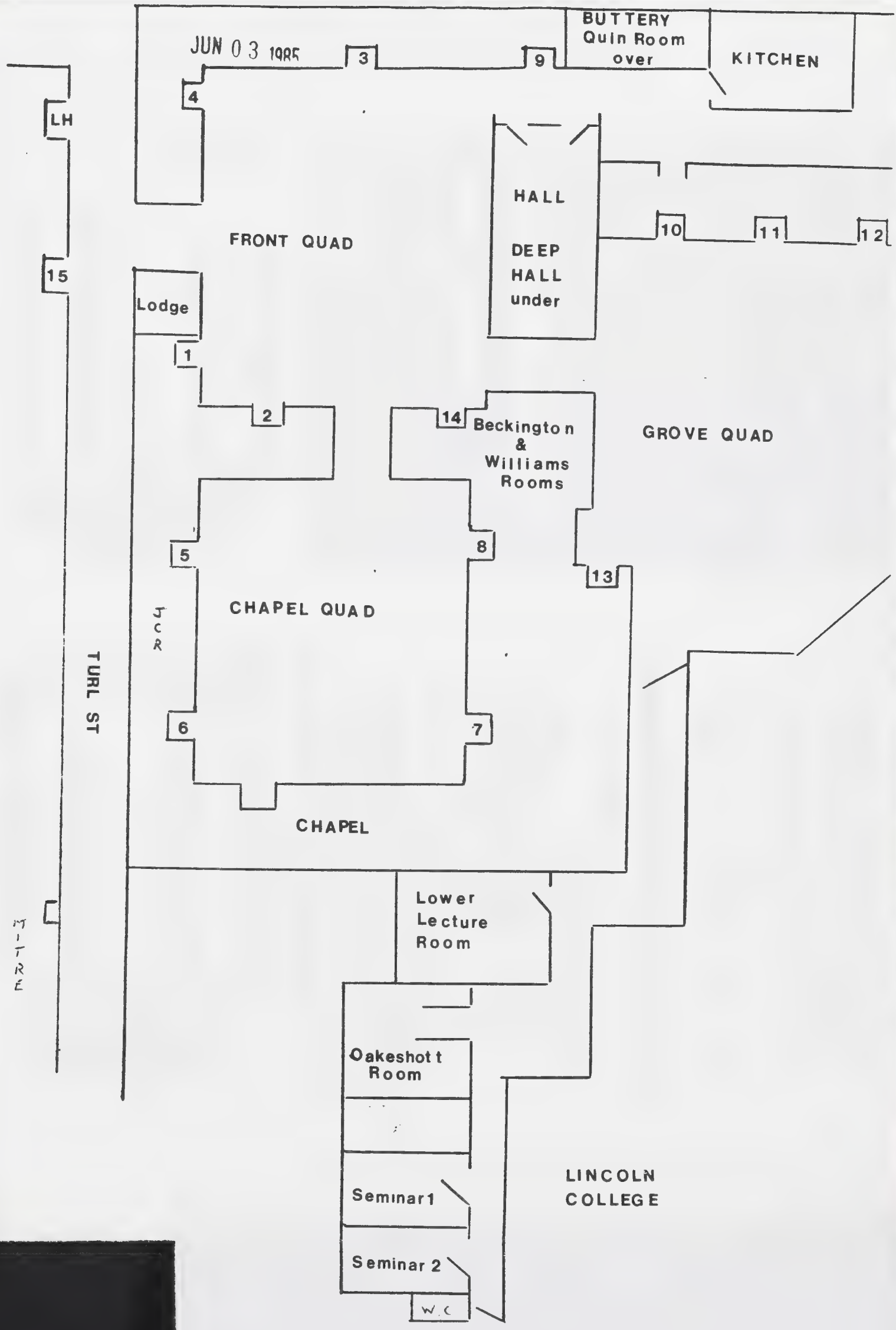
Sketch Map

GROUND FLOOR PLAN



A Bursar's Office
B Steward's Office, Rector's Office & College Secretary's Office above
C Senior Common Room
D Buttery. Quin Room above
E Kitchen
G Hall. 'Deep Hall' under
H Beckington Room. Williams' Room
J John Wesley Room, over: War Memorial facing Chapel Quad
K Junior Common Room
L Chapel
N Lecture Room
P Rector's Lodgings
Q Middle Common Room
R New Bear Lane Building

NB Numerals indicate staircase numbers


JUN 03 1985
BUTTERY
Quin Room
over
KITCHEN
LH
FRONT QUAD
HALL
DEEP
HALL
under
Lodge
GROVE QUAD
Beckington
&
Williams
Rooms
CHAPEL QUAD
TCR
TURL ST
CHAPEL
Lower
Lecture
Room
MITRE
Oakeshott
Room
Seminar 1
Seminar 2
W.C
LINCOLN
COLLEGE
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190

OXFORD LONDON

Commencing Sunday 28 October 1984

OXFORD

For Further Information Telephone Oxford 711312

* **CITYLINK 190** — the non-stop Motorway Express coach service between Oxford and London. The only way to travel to work, shop or just visit the sights.
* Connections at Victoria Coach Station with National Express services to the rest of the country.
* Journey time **just 100 minutes**
* Half hourly service—more frequent during commuter peaks

* **CHEAP FARES**

	ADULT	STUDENT/OAP
SINGLE	**£3.80**	**£2.80**
DAY RETURN	**£4.20**	**£3.20**
THREE DAY RETURN	**£4.50**	**£4.30**
PERIOD RETURN	**£6.50**	**£4.30**

(Fares correct from 25/11/84—subject to revision)

* Student and OAP fares only available on production of suitable identity—Pension Book—Senior Citizens Railcard —Pension Form BR464—Any valid OAP Concessionary Fares Pass—ISIC Card—National Express Student Coachcard.

CITYLINK 190
OXFORD TO LONDON
Journey Time: 100 minutes
Depart Oxford Gloucester Green

Mondays to Saturdays		Sundays	
0500	1020	1820	0550	1450
0550	1050	1850	0620	1505
0620	1120	1920	0650	1520
0630 SO	1150	1950	0720	1550
0640 NS	1220	2020	0735	1605
0650	1250	2220	0750	1620
0710 NS	1320		0820	1650
0720 SO	1350		0850	1705
0740	1420		0920	1720
0800	1450		0950	1750
0830	1520		1020	1805
0850	1535 NS		1050	1820
0900	1550		1120	1850
0920	1620		1150	1905
0940	1650		1220	1920
0950	1720		1250	1950
	1750		1320	2005
			1350	2020
			1420	2220

NS—Not Saturdays
SO—Saturdays Only

CITYLINK 190
LONDON TO OXFORD
Journey Time: 100 minutes
Depart London Victoria

Mondays to Saturdays		Sundays	
0715	1545	0815	1645
0815	1615	0845	1715
0845	1645	0915	1730
0915	1700	0935	1745
0935	1715	0945	1815
0945	1730 NS	1015	1830
1015	1745	1045	1845
1045	1800 NS	1115	1915
1115	1815	1145	1930
1145	1845	1215	1945
1200	1915	1245	2015
1215	1945	1315	2030
1245	2015	1345	2045
1315	2045	1415	2115
1345	2115	1445	2130
1415	2145	1515	2145
1445	2215	1545	2215
1515	2315	1615	2230
	0030		2315
			0030

NS—Not Saturdays

Note: Due to road congestion in London occasional journeys may take slightly over 100 minutes.

X70

OXFORD HEATHROW GATWICK

Commencing Sunday 28 October 1984

OXFORD

For Further Information Telephone Oxford 711312

X70 OXFORD TO HEATHROW AND GATWICK — DAILY

Oxford Gloucester Green depart	Heathrow Airport arrive	Gatwick Airport arrive
0400	0510	0630
NSU 0500	0610	↓
0630	0740	↓
0800	0910	1030
0900	1010	↓
1000	1110	↓
1100	1210	1330
1230	1340	↓
1400	1510	1630
1530	1640	↓
1700	1810	1930
1830	1940	↓
2000	2110	2230

NSU — Not Sundays

Note: Passengers are advised to allow sufficient time to check-in for flights on which they are travelling.

- **X70** — Oxford's direct Airport service to Heathrow and Gatwick
- Also stops on request at Queen's Lane, St Clements, Gipsy Lane (for the Polytechnic), Headington Post Office and Green Road roundabout
- **HEATHROW** — Frequent departures from 0400—2000 every day
  Journey time just 70 minutes
  Connections at Heathrow with Green Line services to Kingston-upon Thames, Croydon and Windsor
- **GATWICK** — 6 journeys per day, timed to connect with most charter flights
  Journey time just 150 minutes
  Connection at Gatwick with Southdown service to Brighton

OXFORD TO	HEATHROW	GATWICK
SINGLE	£3.80	£6.00
DAY RETURN	£4.20	£7.00
PERIOD RETURN	£6.50	£10.00

(Fares correct at 28/10/84 — subject to revision)

- When flying out, seeing friends off or welcoming them back, or just watching one of the world's busiest airports at work, travel by X70. A lot cheaper than leaving your car at any airport car park.

X70 GATWICK AND HEATHROW TO OXFORD — DAILY

Gatwick Airport depart	Heathrow Airport depart Bay J	Oxford Gloucester Green arrive
0800	0750	0900
↓	0920	1030
↓	1020	1130
1110	1120	1230
↓	1220	1340
↓	1350	1500
1410	1520	1640
↓	1650	1800
1700	1820	1930
↓	1950	2100
2000	2120	2230
↓	↓	↓
2300	↓	0115

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 2, 1988

Mr. Ronald S. Somers
1725 Montgomery Street
Ground Floor
San Franciso CA 94111

Dear Ron:

As a returning Lincolnite, would you be willing to serve as a Bread Loaf Green Ribbon Greeter this summer? I appreciate your helping to welcome Bread Loafers when they arrive at the Porter's Lodge on Monday, June 27 (late morning and afternoon).

Van Townsend and Brad Blanchette, this summer's Assistants, will set up strategies, but all it should amount to is helping bewildered, jet-lagged Bread Loafers as they stagger in by taking them to their rooms and coping with any immediate problems.

I should be pleased to extend you an honorarium of L5 for your much appreciated help. Please let Hugh know if this request will be possible.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

cc: Van Townsend
Brad Blanchette
✓John Fleming

This letter was sent to Ronald Somers
Robert Broad yes
Pamela Grady
Julie Hile yes
William R. MacMullen

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711
Bread Loaf School of English

December 17, 1987

Dear

We have a problem. Eleven of you nice people admitted to Oxford have asked for housing on Museum Road. Unfortunately we have only eight apartments available. What to do? If a couple of families would share the cost of an apartment (last year $920), we'd be set. Otherwise, I'm afraid I'm going to have to resort to a lottery. Those who didn't get choosen could, of course, call on Joy Makin, who would find you housing. It just might not be so conveniently located and would probably be more expensive.

I'm attaching a rooming plan of the apartments and your addresses.

Any other ideas?

Please advise me of how you prefer I proceed in your case.

Here's hoping,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

MUSEUM ROAD

FOUR LEVELS

Courtyard in back

Basement: Kitchen, everything supplied: dishes, cups, glasses, wash cloths, pans, can openers, silver ware, tables, chairs, teapots, kettles, stove, refrigerator (small) - extra small freezer

First floor: Sitting room, usually (may be on second floor): chairs, desk, dresser, sink

Study: desk, chairs, wardrobe, book shelves, sink (sometimes a bed - can be used as a couch)

Second floor: Bedroom(s): beds, sheets and blankets supplied - changed every Wednesday; chairs, desk, wardrobe, dresser, sink

Third floor: Bedroom(s)

Bathroom - tub, sink, toilet - no showers; clean towels once a week

Scout comes Monday - Friday - empties trash cans, vacuums once a week; general cleaning, makes beds, spoils us.

Laundromat - basement of flat #9; ironing board and iron

Telephone - back part of flat #23

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

July 1988

Dear Colleague:

All grades of students at Bread Loaf are reported by letter. More important than the grade on the transcripts are the brief comments I'll ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are most helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and in my preparing letters of recommendation. I attach a statement on School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

I should like to suggest the following scale, but please remember Middlebury's computer has not been programmed to take Oxford grades:

Description	Oxford	Bread Loaf
A superlative achievement	A+ A	A+
An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are probably received by no more than 10% of all students	A- A-- AB	A
A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work	BA B++	A-
Very good work. (About half of Bread Loaf grades are B+ or A-)	B+?+ B+	B+
Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in the lower range of your class.	B?+ B B?-	B
Passing, but undistinguished work.	B- B-- BC	B-
A failure. No credit awarded.		C

If you have concerns about any of this, let me know.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 1988

Dear Bread Loafer at Oxford:

As I begin planning our twelfth summer, I would appreciate your help, as will Larry Danson, the Director at Lincoln in 1989. These questions are meant merely to be illustrative of my concerns, so please add anything you believe will help make next summer even better.

1. The Academic Program

Your comments on your course, its structure and demands, etc. What was your judgment of your tutor, his (her) interest in you, the class? What was your assessment of the papers (amount of work required for them), your tutor's criticisms?

2. Lincoln College

Your comments on your room, the food, the personnel of Lincoln, etc.

3. The Extracurricular Program

Your comments on lecturers, trips to the theatre, etc.

4. Improvements

How could I improve the program? What was your happiest surprise? Your most serious disappointment? What would you recommend I tell next summer's students?

5. Your further suggestions or comments. (Please use reverse, if needed.)

You may submit this assessment anonymously, but it will be more helpful if I knew who was advising me. Thank you for the time you've taken in filling out this form. It will help me help Bread Loafers at Lincoln in 1989.

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Lincoln College, Oxford

July 31, 1988

Dear Bread Loafer in the Proram in Writing:

Even though I've already imposed on you for your help in evaluating this summer at Lincoln College, I would be immensely grateful if you could give me your assessment of the Program in Writing so that we can improve the Program in 1989.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

1. Your writing course--methods, demands, instructor

2. The value of your experience for yourself and your school

Name _____

(optional)

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1988

Dear Professor:

As the final requirement for earning the Master of Letters degree at Bread Loaf, a student must undertake a three-hour written and a one-hour oral exam in the area of his or her concentration. I am requesting that you serve as one of the two members of the M. Litt. examination board for Student.

The exams will be held in early August, and there will be ample time for us to discuss arrangements at Bread Loaf. I just did not want to spring any surprises on you once the summer got under way. I hope that this task will not be a burdensome one for you.

I will be sending you Student's reading list. Early in the summer, Other Examiner and you can meet with Student to discuss her preliminary statements so that by the time of the exam, you will have a better sense of what its dimensions are.

The purpose of these exams is to draw together authors, works, themes, genres, etc., which a student has been thinking about in the selected field of concentration. The exams are not meant to be all-inclusive in coverage, but they should give the candidate a chance to discuss in writing and in conversation his or her work for this degree.

The student is expected to be prepared in depth to write on those works which may be used for exploration during the oral exam.

The exam as a whole must be passed as a degree requirement. It is graded simply Pass/Fail. Pass is the equivalent of a grade of B-.

I would very much appreciate your assistance in undertaking this additional academic chore.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/jad

cc: Brad Blanchette
Van Townsend

OXFORD STATISTICS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1988

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS (11)

Philip Conner
Charles Davis
Emily Hall
Dorothea Herrey
Jan Lowman
William Maxwell
Christopher O'Brien
Paul Rosa
Kisten Rutsala
Jeffrey Smith
Kathryn Wardell

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1988

SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

The John M. Kirk, Jr., Chair in Medieval Literature - John Fleming

The Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholar - Ned Bradford
John Ranahan
Ron Dodge

The Mark Wilson Memorial Scholar - Brenna Wardell

The Lillian Becker Scholar - Anne Coen

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholar - John Krpicak
John Kasel

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholar - Denis Wadley

The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholar - Cara Elmore

The Charlie Orr Memorial Scholar - Skip Saunders
David Terry

The Pauline Eeicht Decker Memorial Scholarship - Pamela Grady
Victoria Fineman

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Lincoln College, Oxford
1988

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states:
(according to address list)

Alaska	2
California	2
Colorado	2
Connecticut	6
Delaware	1
Florida	3
Georgia	1
Indiana	1
Iowa	2
Kansas	1
Kentucky	1
Maine	2
Maryland	2
Massachusetts	6
Minnesota	1
New Jersey	2
New York	3
North Carolina	2
North Dakota	1
Ohio	3
Oklahoma	1
Oregon	1
Pennsylvania	3
Rhode Island	1
South Carolina	3
South Dakota	2
Tennessee	1
Texas	2
Vermont	6
Virginia	2
Wyoming	1
Washington	1
Washington DC	3
Ecquador	1
Guam	1
Indonesia	1
Israel	1
Switzerland	1
United Kingdom	2

Total student enrollment		78
Men students		37
Women students		41
Former students		67
New students		11
Cancellations		28
Number of courses		15
Number of faculty		13
Number teaching 1 course		9
1988 M.A. degree candidates		14
1988 M.Litt. degree candidates		4
Scholarship students		47
Candidates for Midd. M.A.		58
Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.		7
Candidates for Midd. M.M.L.		0
Undergraduates		6
Continuing Education		1
Undesignated		6
Average age of students		34
Median age of students		46
Under 21	0	
21-25	10	
26-30	23	
31-35	13	
36-40	17	
41-50	12	
51 & over	3	
Private school teachers		18
Public School teachers		36
College and Jr. College teachers		8
Other:		
Undergraduates		6
Graduate students		3
Ph.D. students		0
Unemployed		3
Other occupations		4
Pre-1982 B.A. or B.S. degree		47

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1988

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1978 - 59

1979 - 53

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1981 - 64

1982 - 64

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1984 - 72

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1988 - 78

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1988

FACULTY LOAD

Bednarowska, Dorothy	4	(4)
Burgess, Tony	13	(13)
Cunningham, Valentine	4	(4)
Fleming, John	3	(3)
Gill, Stephen	9	(4 + 5)
Gray, Douglas	1	(1)
Kay, Dennis	7	(5 + 2)
Jackson, Russell	9	(9) (shared with Smallwood)
Park, Roy	5	(5)
Pitcher, John	6	(6)
Smallwood, Robert	9	(9) (shared with Jackson)
Shrimpton, Nicholas	6	(6)
Wilders, John	9	(3 + 6)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1988

COURSE ENROLLMENT

125A	Independent Summer Reading Program		2
504.	Seventeenth-Century Poetry	(Wilders)	3
505.	Wordsworth and Coleridge	(Gill)	5
516.	Tragedy and Religion	(Park)	5
518.	Shakespeare: On the Page and On the Stage	(Smallwood/Jackson)	9
519.	Sidney and Spenser	(Kay)	2
522.	Dickens and Eliot	(Gill)	4
524.	Chaucer	(Gray)	1
526.	Shakespeare's History Plays	(Wilders)	6
528.	Shakespeare and Jacobean Drama	(Kay)	5
533.	Writing, Discourse and Culture	(Burgess)	13
541.	The Victorian Novel: Hardy and James	(Bednarowska)	4
543.	The Making of Modern Drama	(Shrimpton)	6
546.	Classical Tradition	(Fleming)	3
551.	The Epic: From Homer to Joyce	(Pitcher)	6
556.	Robinson, Lemuel, Pamela, Tristram, and Emma: Fiction from Defoe to Austen	(Cunningham)	4

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
1988

GRADUATE CONTINUING EDUCATION (1)

Ann Marshall

UNDERGRADUATES (6)

Philip Conner	Middlebury College
Charles Davis	Middlebury College
Emily Hall	Middlebury College
Dorothea Herrey	Middlebury College
Christopher O'Brien	Middlebury College
William Maxwell	Middlebury College

INDEPENDENT WINTER READING PROJECTS
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

1988

Kathleen Potier:	Lower-Class Women in Shakespeare	Smallwood/Wilders

OXFORD

Declined to Waive Rights to Inspect File

1988

John Ranahan

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

1988

M.LITT. CANDIDATES/AREAS OF CONCENTRATION

David Dougherty	Renaissance
Mark Godfrey	Theatre Arts and Dramatic Literature
Marilyn Taylor	Drama
Denis Wadley	Renaissance

OXFORD COMMENCEMENT

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English
at
Lincoln College, Oxford

ELEVENTH SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony

THE LINCOLN COLLEGE CHAPEL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1988

9:00 P.M.

1988

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

BENJAMIN LEE BOLTÉ
EDWARD STANDISH BRADFORD III
ROBERT LAVERY BROAD
KARL PORTER CHRISTIANSEN
STEFANIE CRAVEDI
ANDREA DOMINIQUE HOHLWEIN
JOHN PAUL KRPICAK
MARGARET ELAINE LESTER
MARSHA ROBINSON LOOYSEN
LESLIE BROOKS MCDONELL
JOHN PAUL RANAHAN
RONALD S. SOMERS
ROBERT A. STERN
TERRY ALLEN TIERNAN

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

DAVID RANDALL DOUGHERTY
MARK GODFREY
MARILYN WARREN TAYLOR
(awarded posthumously)
DENIS JOHN WADLEY

Processional

Introductory Remarks

PAUL M. CUBETA, B.A., Ph.D.
Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

ROBERT SMALLWOOD, M.A., Ph.D
Fellow of the Shakespeare Institute
University of Birmingham

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts and Master of Letters

JOHN V. FLEMING, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.
Louis W. Fairchild Professor of English and
Comparative Literature, Princeton University
Director of the Bread Loaf School of English,
Lincoln College, 1988

PAUL M. CUBETA

CHARLES MARTIN
Head Scout. Lincoln College

Concluding Remarks

ROBERT LAVERY BROAD

MARGARET ELAINE LESTER

DENIS JOHN WADLEY

Recessional

PANICULUM

Volume II, No. 1 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 28 June 1988

PANICULUM

Hallo, Hallo

Cheers to all arriving for the eleventh session of OXBREAD. Brad, Van, and Papa John wish you the best summer of your life. Reading, reflection, and romance are at the tips of our toenails.

Typo Terror

Please pardon the slovenly appearance of this publication. Mr. Dennis Kay has been kind enough to loan us his secretary's IBM high-powered road machine; unfortunately, and embarrassingly, your esteemed editors cannot make ribbons or tails out of this monster. Boy George, we envy you lucky students, squeezing by with handscripting your weekly papers.

Culinary Consideration

Please help out our talented Chef by planning ahead, a virtue many of us find lacking in our students. Ahem! If you are planning on missing a meal during a day, you must sign out by 10:00 a.m. on a sheet at the Porter's Lodge.

Remember that hour, 10:00 a.m.! If you would like to sign up a guest for any meal, you must sign up and pay in the office by 10:00 a.m. of that very day. Rates are listed on your registration sheets.

Bodley Bozos

For all latecomers, we will provide three, and only three, registration tours to the Bodleian Library. Please sign up, in, out, under or above inside the Loaf office immediately after the breaking of fast today, Wednesday. Be there or read not this summer. The remaining students must register during normal admissions hours, carrying over a letter from Prof. Fleming

Goodbye, Goodbye

Departing Loafers, a.k.a. seniors (how does one label a sophomore at B.L.?), remember your free pint in Deep Hall today at 6:00p.m. Mandatory.

Panticulum

Volume II, No. 2 Bread Loaf School of English at Angling College 30 June

More Bodley Bumblers

For those miscreants that skipped Wednesday's registration hours: you must stop by the office to pick up a letter of introduction from John Fleming; you then may register at the Bodleian office during normal admittance hours.

Sunday Snoozers

In acquiescence to Ben Bolte's sleeping habits, the kitchen staff has kindly agreed to offer Sunday's breakfast between the hours of 8:45 and 9:30. You may want to change the appropriate information on your fact sheets, or you may want to thank or curse Nocturnal Ben.

To Compute or not to Compute, that is the Meeting

This message from Bob Broad: If you might like to type your papers this summer, or if you are an enthusiast of word-processing, please come to our informational meeting on Thursday, June 30th at 6:00p.m. in Deep Hall. Even the mildly curious are welcome; there will be no pressure tactics.

Crawling toward Pubdom

Scout extraordinaire, Pip, will offer a true English Pub Crawl for interested tasters. Meet at the Porter' Lodge after Friday's dinner. The trip has received rave reviews in past years. Rave-on!

Supermarketing

You don't need an MBA to figure out that basic grocery and housekeeping staples are difficult to track down in Oxford. The clever Englishmen have deduced a way to trick you; they have placed their largest supermarket underground! If you turn right on Turl, take first left, then look for blue CO-OP doorway sign on your right, you will discover a city-block size supermarket. Some Harvard MBA probably designed the location.

When You Have Nothing Much Ado

We believe we will have something on the order of twenty-one extra tickets for Friday's Shakespeare play alluded to above. If you have deciphered the allusion and would like to attend said allusion, then please stop by the Loaf HQ immediately following lunch today. We will scalp the tickets to you for the regular price. Sadly, the price is anything but regular: twenty pounds apiece! There's very much ado for you.

Row Your Henley Boat

I have several tickets to the Steward's Enclosure at the Royal Henley Regatta for today's elimination rounds and Sunday's finals. Talk to me, the Van Man, if you want to watch the world's best and worst oarsmen compete in this most snobbish of events. You can get in the Plebian Enclosure for a mere two pounds or so, instead of the ten pound fee for the strawberries and cream crowd. Here's your chance to sip Pimms with the British public (very private- register at birth or even preconception) school old boys. Henley is about a forty minute bus trip. Get Royal!

olume 11, No. 3 The Bread Loafer School of Weekendish 1 July 1988

age and Stage and Bus

ll Page and Stage students must purchase their tickets for tonight's play, uch Ado About Nothing (henceforth known as MAAN -- no kinship to MADD) at he BL office today. No pay, no play.

he bus will depart from Trinity Gates at 5:00 p.m. Bring Dramamine, for ritish buses (an OED approved spelling) make one throw up on occasion.

lease pick up your box suppers (a British "dinner" is actually a lunch ppellation) atthe Porter's Lodge. The porters have promised not to eat our suppers.

eekenders

f you will be missing meals on Saturday or Sunday, please sign out on the heet by 10:00 am Saturday mornings. The Chef will boil you for our next eal if you forget this courtesy.

Wadley Salad

his message from our resident, and vintage, theater critic, Denis Wadley: small group is going to the musical "Salad Days" at the Apollo Theatre ere in Oxford on Monday night. It's an airy comedy written by members of he Old Vic Shakespeare Troupe in 1954 as light summer entertainment. Our xtra ticket is £3.75. All first night tickets are half price. See Sir ley if interested.

ored with the Board?

f the editors' selection of newspaper tidbits puts you to sleep, then une in to the list we will post for upcoming Shakespeare plays, including ates and prices.

ell-Bent for Henley

any Loafers seem to be interested in attending the world's largest preppy ene pool, The Royal Henley Regatta. Let those interested meet after lunch oday to decide on transportation. Saturday or Sunday could be quite yummy arling.

alf of Twelfth Night equals sixth night of July

ur first All-School theater trip surprises us next Wednesday, 6 July. Once aga gain, you must interpret the above allusion to discover the play. We will ell you that the play plays at the Barbican in London, a small hamlet (not n allusion) to our south. We have also decided to let you know that the us to this secret play departs at 4:30 pm from Trinity Gate.

e do have extra tickets for sale. Take your spouse or spices.

octurnal Ned

ed Bradford tells us he has difficulty sleeping at night; he seems to ike to sleep during the day. He requests that any persons with suggestions ase contact him in his room after midnight.

aurigalists Make Sweet Moan

All those Keatsian songbirds interested in humming a tune please contact Geraldine Gutwein and husband. Note the Porter's board for details. We would all be uplifted by some talented serenading this summer term. The program over at St. John's even expressed a keen interest in hooking up with our tonalists. Sing out!

[illegible] write in ink

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 4 The Bread Loaf School of Independence 4 July 1988

Food Fumble

Despite the weekend meal times listed in what we generously call the "Housekeeping Fact Sheet," Saturday and Sunday dinners will be served at 6:30 P.M., and Sunday breakfasts can be had between 8:45 and 9:~~50~~ 15 A.M.

You Are What You Don't Eat

For reasons that need be known only to us, your earnest Administration, it is important to list your meal code after your name when signing out for meals. For cryptographic assistance, consult the notice board.

2 x 6 Evening

Come and claim your FREE (in a manner of speaking, as long as we don't speak about the tuition) ticket to Twelfth Night during office hours Monday morning. Sometimes between then and later than then (probably Tuesday) we will sell leftover seats. Avoid the embarrassment of having your seat mistaken for a leftover by picking up a ticket promptly.

Play Pow - Wow (or How Can We Make This Fair With the Least Amount of Hassle?)

We are working on a timetable for ticket sales to the rest of plays. Stay tuned.

Mudley

Several Loafers oggled at several thousand muddy loafers yesterday at the Henley Royal Regatta. The rain and slime did not deter the preppy, and drunky, old and young boys from sporting their whitest and brightest schoolboy outfits. Many a Laura Ashley dress turned to paisley mud. Oh, and we saw some powerful rowing, too: Photo finish between the Olympic Austalian and British crews. Not a good day for American squads; many of Reagan's subjects got their dogs walked, as the Brits are wont to say. Paying us back for the shot heard 'round the world?

Belated Birthday Blues

Superannuated Brad Blanchette was saddened last Friday when we passed over his thirty-ninth womb-bobsled anniversary. I kid you not, he is that ancient. He probably would like us to light a firecracker for him tonight. We decided to grant Brad the honor of composing today's Paniculum as recompense, but we rescinded the honor after realizing the damage that thirty-nine years had wreaked on his wit.

Jocks, Pump Up!

Posted on the board is a list of times and facilities of the Iffley Sports Centre, the Universities athletic complex. Escape the grind and unwind.

Paniculum

.ol. 11, No. 5 The Bread Loaf School of Embarrassed Americans 5 July 88

Available Anagnorisis for the Asking

We still have a decent amount of Twelfth Night tickets in the office. Your tuition has already covered your price, but for a mere £16 you may and can take a friend, lover, or pet. Bus departs from Trinity Gate at 4:30 pm.

Ricks Rockets Like an Oakshott Heard Around the Godot

The informed and energetic lecturer, Christopher (call me Chipper) Ricks, will regale us with a talk on "Beckett and Death" this afternoon at 5pm in the Oakshott Room. We will not follow the lecture with a High Table dinner. Seniors pay heed to your invitation placed upon that raised table.

Rock Hall and Rock Deep

Our ever-potted Seniors are throwing a bash on Friday night in Deep Hall. Snacks and music provided by these kind near-graduates, but they do want to offer you the chance to pitch in: donations to be solicited during lunches this week. Rock on!

outing Castles

Super-Scout Charles Martin will conduct another trip tp Broughton Castle, the 13th Century home outside of Banbury, if eleven interested people notify Denis Wadley almost immediately so he can book a van. Cost should be about £6, depending on van charges, and should take about three hours. One sage sums, "Good opportunity to get out into the country as well as to see one of England's great buildings."

Mid-Afternoon Madrigal Training Session

Madrigals will practice today at 4 pm. in Oakshott Room. Perhaps you might save us a song before Chipper Ricks' lecture?

Ticket Smoke Signals from Pow-Wow

Tickets for each single upcoming play will go on sale in the office on a first-come-first-served basis the morning after the previous play. In the unforgivable case that you could not understand those simple prepositional directions, we will give you an example: Julius Caesar tickets will go on sale the morning after we are scheduled to see Twelfth Night. Simple?

Wine Walk

Lincolnites will conduct a tour of the Wine Cellars and Kitchen on Friday afternoon at 2:00 pm. The cellar has to be seen to be drunk,oops -sorry - I mean, seen. The kitchen has many whiffs of historical aromas as well.

Temporal Gradient

Pam (call me Spam) Grady desperately wants to know why the Oxford college chapel bells ring in unsynchronized disarray. As Pam grew up with digital watches, she has a hard time with Roman numerals anyway...

Paniculum

lume 11, No. 6 The Breadbeam Loaf of Sunshine School 6 July 1988

Action Talks, Tours Walk
Looking Glass Tours (The Only Tour Of Oxford Given By Students) stopped by our office yesterday to inquire if any of our graduate students would be interested in their eccentric and informative tours of the spired city. He needs at least ten of us to sign up in order to warrant a separate tour. We will post a sign-up list on the Porter's Board, and the fellow will stop by next week to arrange a date. Walk on!

"What! You Egg, Young Fry of Treachery!"
No this is not a breakfast announcement. After viewing Macbeth, you'll catch the sympathetic allusion to dramatic children. Yes, parents, we have now posted an information sheet of childish things to do when you dare put down your adolescent books to join the real world of parental responsibilities. As Tom Robbins once said, "It's never too late to have a happy childhood."

When It Suns It Parks
Out Cowley Road rest two spacious and splendid parks, South Park and Headington Park. South Park is particularly well-groomed and offers an inspiring view of Oxford's spires. Spire on!

Sign Out Properly Or Resign Promptly
Please help out our ever-accomodating Chef by listing your meal plan designation when signing out for meals. If Ned Bradford muffs this procedure once more, we will require that he wear preppy clothes for the rest of the session.

Leisurely Lunch
As your Assistants lean towards loquacious lunch-time lounging, in addition to loping late into lunch, we will open the Lounging, Loquacious, Loping Loaf Office at 1:45 pm. Our stomachs thank you...

Willy Will Widen Your Wisdom
William MacMullen announced that he wished to pay cuttingly close attention to yesterday's lecture on Beckett. He swore he would not skip for the wide world, nay, even for a soccer match. So if Sir Ricks baffled you on Beckett, feel free to ask for sagely summation from Wily Willy.

Stay Home and Eat
If you are one of those who cannot stomach watching Twelfth Night for the-- I won't say Twelfth -- seventeen-hundred-ninety-fourth-and-and-five-twelfted (I could not restraineth myselfeth) time, THEN you may pick up your box dinner from the Porter's Lodge. No Bread Loafers will, or should, be served in Hall.

Wakefield Wanderers
Towards the end of July there is a well-reputed production of the Mystery Plays up in Wakefield. The day-long performance takes place in Pontefract Castle. We have posted a billing up on the larger board across from the Porter's Lodge. You may want to untack the sheet and read the additional information on the backside. Should we get a group up to make the three hour trek? Todd Van (great middle name!) Amburgh may have some ideas.

Bitter Greetings To Those On The Mountain, Bread Loaf West
For all you bookslaves in Vermont, you should know that all we do over here is throw back pints of bitter during lunch, dinner, and tutorials. We still doubt that all seventy-five of us combined drink more than Lee Davis, Danny Paul, Doug Teague, and Firkins Reid manage in one hour at the Chipman.

Volume 11, No. 7 The Bread Soak Pool Of Wetfish 7 July 1988

Culinary Cricket Challenge

Pat and the Kitchen Staff have thrown down the gauntlet; They wish to engage the Bread Loaf students in a game of cricket on a sunny (wait five years) weekend afternoon. The Staff will teach us how to play, then crush us. Chef will offer a picnic delight of tea, booze, and supper. Let's decide on a weekend for this grand cultural opportunity. Perhaps we will learn the origin of the phrase, " that's not cricket."

Expecting Erudition?

Upcoming School Lecture dates are as follows:

13 July -- Jeremy Treglownn on "The Times Literary Supplement and English English Literary Life"

19 July -- Marilyn Butler on "Byron and the Empire of the East"

2 August --Stanley Wells on "Tales from Shakespeare"

Castle Crusaders

--- FLASH --- The date will be July 17th, a Sunday

Those intersted in touring Broughton Castle need to pick a Sunday when they can spare the hours between 2 pm -- 5pm. Chief Scout Charles Martin needs a maximum of eleven, or a multiple thereof, to register for the tours. Cost will be £3.00 per head, inclusive of travel and admission. Bring money to pay Charles in advance

Kitchen/Wine Cellar Tour Change

Chef (Jim) and Head Butler (Kevin) have requested that we move the tour date to Monday at 2:00pm. Both places hold some of the more fascinating Lincoln lore.

Open Lecture Opening Our Eyes To Children

Michael Armstrong will be talking about recent work on children's narratives today in the Lower Lecture Room at 5:00 pm. All wecome!

Pib Pupping to Pubs with Pip

Warning: Pub crawling will make you slur your words.
Pip offers round two of his notorious pub crawls. This knowledgable fellow can instruct you on the best real ales in the land. The date for this second offering is Saturday night after dinner. The fifteen folks who went on the first jaunt will share with you their remembrances if they remember anything.

Madrigal Afternoon Delight

Madrigals will practice at 5:00 pm today in the Oakshott Room.
Don't get mad, just be there.

Donner Ron's Late Night Dining

Dangerous Ron suggests that we all sample the tasty Donner Kebabs that are nocturnally sold on High Street for those hungry grinds. Ron argues that the aromatic cuisine beats McDonalds' burgers with a greasy fry. (*)

Caesar tickets on sale today!

(*) Question: Which is uglier: incorrect punctuation

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 8 The Deaf Loaf School of Non-Readers 8 July 1988

Dramatic Daftness

Past Assistants warned us, but we didn't believe them. They told us that graduate students were no more heedful of directions than secondary school students. We said "Naaahhh, these Loafers represent a cross-section of the best schoolmasters in the nation." We eat our words. After last night's bus-loading question and answer session, we realize that English teachers do not read. We admit the unfortunate difference between Oxford and Vermont: The American Crumb is distributed to each and every person at lunch; The British Paniculum stands alone on the bulletin board. To reproduce even eighty copies here would send the Lincoln secretaries into apoplexy, in addition to costing Middlebury a medium-sized fortune. Alas, we must urge you to read this poorly written, dull daily missive. If you do read and follow our sometimes didactic instructions, then we may avoid potential discomforts such as last night's starving vegetarians and surprise guests on the bus.

In short, to be brief, or that is to say, please pick up your theater tickets and your proper box suppers.

Are you reading, Charles Davis, Ron Dodge, and Patricia Kmieciak ???

Bringing Breaders Up-To-Book On Broughton

Charles Martin, Head Scout, gives us this update: Mini-bus to Broughton Castle departs on Sunday, 17 July, at 1:25 pm and returns at 6:00 pm. Cost, if you can round up eleven people, will be £7.

Walk on the Wild Life Side

Chief Charles just bounded into our office to offer yet another outing! We have the option of two visits to Burford Wild Life Park: Bengal Tigers, Spider Monkeys, Zebras, and --bet you've never seen these -- Meerkats. Sounds like a great trip on which to take Tykes (does "tyke" actually mean "low or objectionable fellow" ??).

Visit number 1: Saturday 16 July - depart after lunch; return by 6:30 pm.

Visit number 2: Sunday 17 July - depart after breakfast; return by 12:45 pm.

Cost of travel and admissions comes to £3.50.

Roar on!

Educating Errant and Ersatz Editors

In answer to yesterday's "Armchair Proofreader," the correct placement of the possessive apostrophe for hamburgers produced, therefore owned, by McDonalds is to follow the final "s" with an apostrophe. The name of the food chain is not, as the bumbling knave would presume, "McDonald." The character "Ronald McDonald" was invented well after the chain started. If this by-now-chagrined scribbler wishes to crawl to our office and beg our forgiveness, we will treat him/her to a Big Mac on Cornmarket Street.

Avoid the Ultimate Oxford Sin

To quote from the Oxford Handbook (written by students for students), "Boringness , if you haven't realized it already, is the ultimate sin at Oxford. Like the sin against the Holy Ghost, nothing will redeem it: all else will be forgiven you, but not being boring."

The moral? Attend the Deep Hall Bash, bashed by the Seniors, tonight or stand unforgiven.

N.B. Seniors ask that you bring your own drink-money.

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 9 The Dumb Loaf School of Ignorant Editors 11 July 1988

How about the Goddess of Punctuation?

Assistants Feeling Like the First Three Letters of their Title

Boy, do we feel stupid! In our puerile arrogance, we assumed we knew all there was to know about McDonald's, that multinational Fatchain that we so very rarely frequent. Imagine our humiliating surprise when our "mole" (Stefanie doesn't look like a mole!) informed us at the Deep Hall Disco that we were in grave error. Our party was quashed; we crept back to our rooms and wept, hoping for forgiveness from theGOD OF GRAMMAR. Submitting our humble apologies to the person who took delight in correcting us, we meekly beg them to come by the office so we can kill them.

Does "them" refer to "the person?" Is "the person" singular or plural?

Women and Men Listening to Woman Talk about Women

Jane Miller, author of "Women Writing about Men" Virago Press) will give a talk in the Lower Lecture Room at 5:00 pm Tues. The title of her talk is: "Black Women Writers and Teaching Black Literature." All welcome.

Veggies Voice Violations, Vow Vegeance

Please remember to leave the vegetarian lunches for the vegetarians. The Chef makes only enough for those who have signed up, during registration, for the vegetarian meal plan. It's disappointing for the plant-eaters to be faced with either blood or nothing.

Need Not, We Want You Not

Persons who attend plays need not sign out for meals. In other words, Chef does not want you to confuse his kitchen.

Buy Not, Eat Not

We have six tickets left for tonight's performance of Julius Caesar; but if you do not buy your ticket before 10:00 am this morning, we cannot provide a box lunch for you, as Chef needs to prepare the boxes before lunch. Eat Tu Brute?

Summoning Seniors

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE:

Seniors will meet Tuesday, 12 July, at ~~5:30pm-6:30pm~~ 6:00 pm - 7:00 pm in the Lower Lecture Room to discuss class photograph, class gift, and classy graduation. Bring money to buy Mark Godfrey a pint.

Phil Fills Us in for Felicitous Facts about Fat Factory

Philip Conner informs us that the original Ronald McDonald was created by Willard Scott of Today Show fame. Did Mr. Scott apostrophize the inanimate Ronald?

Ticket Merchants

Tomorrow morning, Tuesday 12 July, we will start selling tickets to Thursday's performance of the play to which I've alluded above. It's a Sher thing!

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 10 The Busy Loaf School of Lectures and Plays 12 July 1988

Senior Business

Bob Broad told Maggie Lester, "Hey, have your girl call my girl, and we'll do lunch sometime."
Maggie snapped back, "Don't feed me this 'girl' soup; I'll have you know that my servants are called by their proper labels,'Seniors!'"
Yes, Seniors, stand up for your secretarial rights. The revolution will begin when all seniors meet at 6:00 pm today in the Lower Lecture Room.

Please note the change from 5:30 to 6:00 pm.

The Business of Teaching Black Literature

Jane Miller's talk on "Black Women Writers and Black Literature" will take place today at 5:00 pm in the Lower lecture Room. All welcome.

Mechandising Ticket Business

This morning the greedy capitalist Assistants start ripping you off for tickets to the alluded-to play. The fleshy play pounds out on Thursday evening. For several pounds,you are Sher to enjoy yourself.

Flattery Business

Skip, call-me-Hulk, Saunders wants you all to know that "of all the graduate students I have known, y'all are some of them."

The Business of Feeding Those Whom Business Refuses to Feed

Every year for the past five, Oxford Breadloafers have taken up a collection for the Oxfam famine relief agency. They specialize in critical areas such as sub-Saharan Africa. For the next two weeks, off and on, at lunch and dinner, the basket will be passed, and everyone will have the opportunity to contribute. In the past we have usually managed about £200 from the group, which averages a little under £3 per head. If you can give more, please do. No one will be approached individually, but you can give donations to Denis Wadley or to the office, which will maintain an envelope for the purpose. Regular reports on progress will be noted here.

The Business of Marketing Types

You may have noticed the change in type in the Paniculum over the past few days. One of our editors finds himself beyond enthusiasm with this new modern typeset look; the other editor, much more of an admitted elitist, prefers the former elite-type. The latter fellow even enjoyed the idiosyncratic spacing errata of the original Paniculum. This more interesting chap is blonde and younger than the old fart who likes this new-fangled computer-age type.

But we want Caesar's (or Paul's) people to be happy: so, you choose. Let these two brawling editors know of your choices. May the most refined win!

we have anything

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 11 The High Table School of Aristocracy 13 July 1988

Swallow Literary Supplements Before Dining High

The Surgeon General's Assistants warn all bookish sorts that they should precede their dangerous ducks (meal to be served at High Table tonight) with a dosage of Times Literary Supplement erudition. Yes, in the interest of your health, we are providing J. Treglowen to lecture upon his magazines relation to our literary lives. Time: 5:15, Oakeshott Room. Along with a slug of pre-dinner sherry, you should be able to safely digest and defowl your dinner duck.

Forgotten apostrophe once again.

Hot Tickets and Burnt Loafs

Two hot plays are coming up after next week's scorching Macbeth : Titus Andronicus and a little known play, Hamlet. There, I didn't even disguise them in allusions. Because these two little numbers are following hard on one another next Friday, 22 July, and Saturday, 23 July, we will start selling tickets for both performances on Thursday morning at 9:00 am (21 July). If you've read the papers, you know that Titus has garnered much critical praise, so much so that the entire run until Christmas is sold out. Aha! Don't even think about scalping tickets at The Barbican!!

Bread Lines and Starving Drama Fanatics

We've got a moral problem just waiting to happen. Some of you are purchasing tickets for other loafers who are not standing in line with you. The poor squeak standing in line seventeen places behind you feels a tad cheated. Please don't cheat the squeak.

Loafers Feed the Famished

Please continue your kind contributions to the OXFAM basket at our meals . As you've probably noticed, the English take their charity work more dutifully than our average American yuppie treats his tithes. Yup, those yuppies are going to have to send their yiddies (yuppie tykes) to us soon, and we shall surely corrupt their minds with notions of idealism and service. Yippie! We already have raised £45.

Aristocratic Safari

Please see notice board to sign up for Charles Martin's trip to Burford Wild Life Park. Note that there are two trips: one on Saturday, one on Sunday. Take your tutor and feed him or her to the lions.

Saturday Clubbing

Super-tripper Pip has generously invited us to accompany him up Cowley Road to his private club where we can dance, drink, and socialize. It's a family spot. It's a good chance to meet native Englishmen and Englishwomen. We'll leave after dinner on Saturday evening.

Woodward Would Have Her Way

is this an error or a reference to the idiosyncracy of the type?

Pat Woodward wishes us to return to the this idiosyncatic type. Woodward would, for she is the charming type. She likes her type charming, and she likes the charming types

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 12 The Venetian School of Usury 14 July 1988

A Pound of Sweat

Sir Cubeta must have reneged on a debt to the Rain Reys, for Bread Loaf Vermont currently suffers under 103° temperatures. Classes flood with sweat. Volleyball gamers risk heat stroke. Lunchers pass out. Library hounds bark madly. Lawn chair sitters melt and turn green or yellow. Paper composers write in blood and your editor is getting carried away.

The message? Revel in our rain while it lasts, jor King Cubeta will soon be exiled to Oxford for his sins. The Rain Fates may wreak their vengeance upon him here on this normally damp isle.

Save a Portion for Portia

Remember to pick up your proper box supper for tonight's play. The Veggie bags are marked "V," the Fish 'n Fowl sups labeled "F & F," and the regular Regulars left blank. Please consider your Loafmates' dietary needs.

Whet Not Thine Knives, But Shine Thine Soles
(bastardized from Act IV, Scene 1)

This Saturday Pip will regally lead us up to his private club, The Crown House. There, we only have to chip in 10 pence at the door and anothe 50 pence if we want to enter the dancing room. Our tickets earn us the chance to win some good raffle prizes and money. Departure for this non-tourist adventure will be right after Saturday's dinner.

Bootless Jacks (Editors) Throwing Gratuitous Quotations to Ground-Loafers

"I hold the world but as the world ...
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one." --somewhere in Merchant of Venice

Whoever can cite the speaker and source of this near-famous blurb will win a drink of his/her choice at the King's Arms Pub before tonight's play. Only those Loafers not in Page and Stage are eligible.

Hint: Jaques is not even in tonight's drama.

Dessert Wine, Cornish Pasties, and Midnight Cigarettes

Peter Sturtevant gave lessons late last night and well into this morning on how to try and make oneself sick late at night and well into the morning. Willy, Pam and one of your now-hungover editors (hint: the one with a high VO_2 Max) passed "Stick's" course.

Open Thy Purse and Heart

Don't forget to bring pounds of coin flesh to meals for OXFAM.

Volume 11, No. 13 The Dead Tired School of Fatigue 15 July 1988

Leather Rocker Rocks Scholarly Contest

Pattie, call me Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, Kmieciak aced yesterday's line quiz. She correctly named Antonio as the speaker of those pouting lines. Pattie jammed on the answer in record time, a mere ten minutes after the Panic Posting.

Walk on the Wilde Side

Every now and then, for your enjoyment or your ire, we will quote a bit from Oscar Wilde's "Maxims For The Instruction Of The Over-Educated."

"Education is an admirable thing. But it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught."

Makes you feel good about your job doesn't it? Underpaid and overworked, and then some fop whips a quip like the above at you. Geesh, you get no respect...

Free Friday Piano Festival

Tonight at 8:00 pm is a free Piano recital by Paul Roberts at the Holywell Music Room. ctions will include Debussy, Beethoven, and Chopin. You may reserve free seats by calling (931) 812547. Voluntary contributions accepted for UNICEF.

Breaking Fast From Breakfast

Do you find yourself fast-breaking down the breakfast court of life? If so, you should know that breakfast will be cheerfully served between 8:00 am and 8:45 am. We may have given you the impression that the meal was served until 9:00 am. Nay, we are told, not so; however, we will not be full-court pressed out of Hall anymore.

Senior Vanity

Picture will be at 5:00 sharp P.S. lecture 5:15 hmm

Change in appointment time for seniors to bust camera lenses: new time is 5:15 pm on Tuesday 19 July. Please make arrangements or see Robert Stern - can you schedule earlier if do people have tutorials until 5?

Cheers for OXFAM

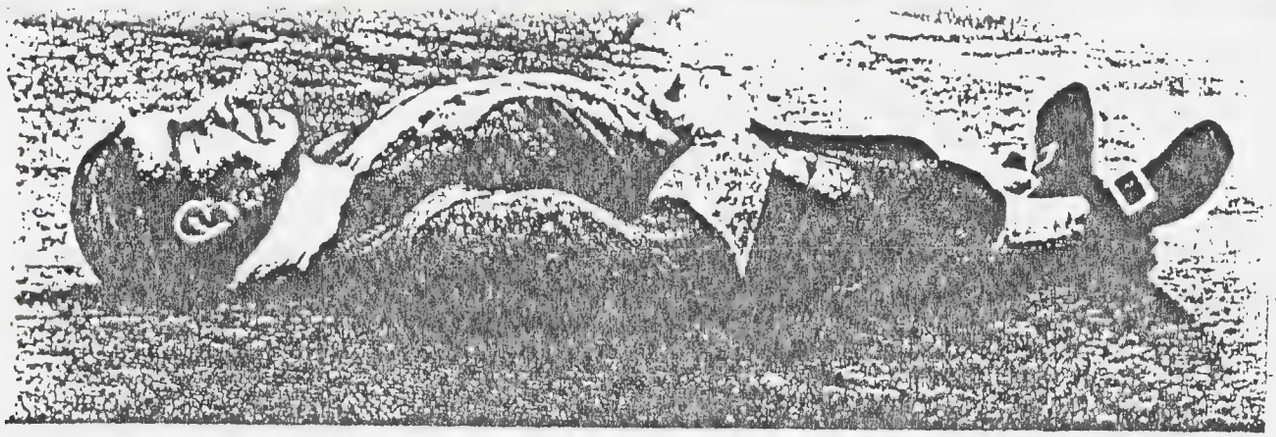
We have raised a hefty £70 towards our goal of £200. Keep up the kind work!

Come to a Garden Party

The Lords of Misrule, a local acting company, presents A Midsummer Night's Dream in New College Gardens (entrance on Holywell Street) through 23 July (except Sundays). Main at 7:00 pm. You can pick up tickets at the New College Porter's Lodge or from "Tickets in Oxford."

Wondering where Alice is Landing

Alice in Wonderland comes to dramatic life in Lady Margaret's Hall Fellows' Garden until 8:00 pm. Now runs until 31 July, except Mondays. Tickets £3.50-£3.00 from "Tickets in Oxford."



The giant lying on the beach is not Gulliver in Lilliput but Gulliver in Dollymount strand, Dublin. The 70-foot-long model of Jonathan Swift's hero was created from fibre-glass, plywood and aluminium by the Macnas theatre group for a production on Dublin beach yesterday of scenes loosely based on Gulliver's Travels

Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 14 The Satirical School of Lilliputian 18 July 1988

Swift Weekend for Director

The Bread Loaf Office was burdened with strange enquiries this weekend. It seems that Lilliputian police, journalists, and spinsters mistook the beached figure (pictured above) for John Fleming. We quickly corrected their error by informing them that John is, in actuality, much larger than this meager giant and that, beyond a doubt, John does not tire himself anywhere as neatly as this dapper fellow. The police huffed, then went looking for Ron Dodge. The journalists just went ahead and wrote lies anyway. Alas, the spinsters went home heartbroken.

Byronic Babble at Bread Loaf

Senior Pic at 5:00 on Porter's Quad

Tomorrow, 19 July, Marilyn Butler will treat us to a lecture on "Byron and the Empire in the East." In order that the vain seniors may pose vainly for their vanity pictures, we will start the lecture at 5:15 pm. During the Sherry-Guzzle afterwards, Den Latham will give a spontaneous babble on "Paul Cubeta and the Empire of Bread Loaf West."

High Table after Babble

Following Ms. Butler's scholarship and Mr. Latham's sherryship, we will sit down to a merry, romantic, daemonic feast: High Table. Remember, Byron's friend, Shelley, was a vegetarian who always brought his meal identity card to Univ. Hall -- well, at least before they booted him out ("sent him down" as the gods of Oxford like to say).

Southern Belle Buck Dances on Low Table

Little did we know what a treat was in club for us as we marched behind Pied Piper Pip out to his private club, The Crown House, on Saturday night. On top of meeting many sweet ladies and generous fellows, we saw a new and talented side of our resident Tennessee volunteer, Geraldine: turns out, she has a penchant for naked dancing. "Gery" jumped on top our table on a dare from Pip and entertained us with a spirited buck-dance to the tune of "Dueling Banjos." Amazing grace! Talk to Gery about a repeat rendition for tomorrow's High Table. I tell ya, she'll wake some of those sleepy dons up!

The Scone

.olume 11, No. 15 The Theoretical Loaf Fool of Semiotics for Simpletons 19 July, 1988

Theorists Rename "Paniculum"

Although Terry Eagleton was not even in the room and Jacques Derrida was off giving a confusing lecture at Yale, our own reticent scholar, Pam Grady, suggested that we break the Deconstructionist School wide open, that we sink the New Criticism Boat, that we shatter the Hermenuetic Spelling Bee, that we deflate the Marxist Machine, and that we devour the Great Loaf of Bread School by renaming this most powerful of Literary Journals: the outdated "Paniculum" transforms into the enlightened "Scone !!!"

Romantic Critics Fight Back

The by-now ego-inflated Pam Grady probably won't stoop to attend (I'm washing my erudite hair,' said she), the learned Marilyn Butler will teach us about "Byron and the Empire of the East" this afternoon at 5:15 pm in the Oakshott Room.

herry School Convenes Before High Table

Sherry samplers will gather after Marilyn Butler's lecture and before tonight's High Dinner.

Senior School of Photography Debates this Afternoon

Seniors meet at 5:00 pm for critical class photograph today.

School of OXFAM Increases Endowment

Funds are now sitting at £93.43. Let's make the funds run to £200 !.

Driving School Returns Safely from Lake District

Stephen Gill's class followed the leech-gatherer's advice of "Stay Left to Live" and survived their Dance with Death on the British Motorways. "Patticakes" Woodward giggled tha entire trip whilst hiding her fear in the backseat of the Willy-powered and Brad-gossiped mobile.

aduation School Prepares to Board Boat of No Return

you are smart enough to party with the seniors, please purchase your tickets for £8 at he Bread Loaf Office.

The Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 16 The Return to Olde Loafish School Titles 20 July 1988

Mob œracy Crushed by King Cubeta

Telecies from the Vermont Monarchy arrived, calling out the Literary Guard to squelch the "horde devoid of judgement" that had so crassly changed the Paniculum title. "Make them disappear" was the curt message. Loafers are advised to avoid conversing with any subversive types such as Pam Grady. Heed the warning or risk having your door kicked in during the middle of the night by Loaf-Troopers who will then drag you off and force you to read Deconstructionalist non-books.

Madrigals Junta Meet Overtly

Singers will be gathering for a very important rehearsal of madrigals on Thursday afternoon at 4:30 pm in the Oakeshott Room. All who still have a voice please attend.

Wilde Stirrings Abroad

Oscar creeps out of exile to tell us:
To be really mediaeval one should have no body. To be really modern one should have no soul. To be really Greek one should have no clothes."

Dictator Flown in to Put Down Putsch

The Breaded Tyrant Cubeta storms down upon us on Saturday, 23 July. He has agreed to grant amnesty to all Paniculum editors who renounce any association with Literary Criticism or the Lincoln Heretics. The rest, and that means virtually all of you, he will sentence to Italian Youth Tours for the rest of the summer.

IfYou are not a Senior, Read This Read This Read This !

If you are planning to stay on through graduation dinner, you must let us know at the Bread Loaf Office by this Friday, 22 July. Otherwise, Lincoln College will evict you from your room. Not to worry, after Cruel Cubes arrives, most of you will be chained to Italian Street Packs anyway.

Seniors Provide Escape for Dissidents

For all those living under threat of exile or Italian-Packing, the Subversive Seniors have offered to spirit you away from Pauline Torture Troops by offering you a Boat Ride to Freedom! Yes, for only £8, paid at the Loaf Office, they will help you to actually enjoy yourself this summer.

Paniculum

olume 11, No. 17 The Hungover School of Bacchus 21 July 1988

Willy's-Winsome Wremarks

These words from a recent Lake-Tripper:
Patty " 'Cuda-Cakes"Woodward, having returned from her weekend tour of the red light district of the Lake District, admits, not without a reddening of her own, that she brought back the hotel room key. Certainly a red herring, but something is, er, fishy, and you should contact her if you are interested in Grasmere Revisited and its accompanying Evilyn Woe.

In case you didn't get the concluding pun above, please see Willy MacMullen and ask him to explain the origin of Evilyn Waugh's name. The explanation is very clever and interesting but has not the slightest bit of veracity.

Pay Up or Swim

Deadline for tickets to Senior Boat Trip is next Wednesday. £8 in our hands or you spend the night alone.

e Must Know If You Want To Be Fed

If you want to eat Commencement Supper, please let us know by this Friday, 22 July. We must plan ahead for space. If we don't have your name down, you eat at Donner Kebab.

Debtors to Denis

Some people still owe Denis Wadley for the Library Gift Books that he paid for out of his own sweater pocket. The time has come to Pay the Wadler.

Threads of a Hostage Crisis

News broke today that Denis Wadley's sweater has been kidnapped. No political or terrorist group has claimed responsiblity as of yet. President John Fleming issued a statement this morning, saying "I don't know how a barbarous act such as this could take place within our medieval society." Our Iron-Skillet President sometimes gets his centuries mixed up.

We will do our utmost to keep you posted regarding this tragical terrorist comedy.

k Up Lost Key or Risk Robbery

key, bearing the initials DR, was turned in to the Loaf Office. The informant told s that she found the key on staircase 12. Is this the key to the Wadley case?

Volume 11, No. 18 The Shakeful-Head School of Queuing 22 July 1988

The Ungrateful Living

A wonderful role reversal took place yesterday at Lincoln. As secondary school teachers, we all have to put up with that flakey species known as the "Dead-Head." Well, scoff we may, but Thursday we had to eat our diatribes against this devoted cult as we watched in horror at ourselves camping out, commune-style, outside the Head-Loaf Office for Shakespeare tickets. I can just hear the hip voices now* " Like wow, sirrah, get into the chain-mail-dye look, man." Or, Fie on it, Maid, let us make merry with the time."

Paul "Call-me-Jerry-Garcia" Cubeta Avoids Queue

Not deigning himself fit to stand in line, Rocker Cube jets in on the Concorde tomorrow just in time to pick up tickets for Skinhead Hamlet. The famous Prof-Star will roll to the scene with his Babe Beth. Hearing of the abject Loafers who stood hours in waiting for the coveted tickets, Cuber quipped, "Let them eat scones ! "

Media Mumblings

British rock magazine, Melody Maker (the equivalent of our Rolling Stone) had this to say about a recent "non-interview with The Grateful Dead":
"Much to our chagrin the Dead didn't relly feel quite together enough to bung in a round of interviews the last time they got some product together. But the interview tape they circulated, in which they appeared to have difficulty remembering their own names, was something of a hoot."

Thank goodness, the Paniculum editors don't write as miserably as that fanzine. Do we stoop to use puerile words such as "bung?" Do we? Do we?

Titus Concert-goers Feint in Horror

Warning: Tonight's play Titus Andronicus shocks the squeamish and wimpy of Stomach with its gratuitous violence. Not to worry, the Stage Managers have been medically trained to distinguish between the feint-hearted and the feeble-hearted. The former throws up, the latter just lies there dead.

Shake and Bake and Get your Head to the Office

If you are planning to stay on campus through Commencement Dinner on 6 August, you must let us know at the Loaffice by TODAY. Inform us or go eat elsewhere.

Temp Work for EST lovers

Tickets for the alluded-to play will go on sale Monday morning at 9:00 pm.
If you're the sort that goes in for Ariel delights or Prosperous Islands, you will Drown Your Book to see this show.

/olume 11, No. 19 The Director's School of Obsequiousness 25 July 1988

\ttempted Coup Squashed

\fter four weeks in power, the revolutionary cabal, led by Papa John Fleming, crumbled his weekend. King Cubeta restored his monarchy and flunked all rebels. If you wish to seek amnesty, or if you just want to meet with Trendy Paul and admire his new sweater, hen stop by the office and make an appointment. There, an SAS bomb squad will frisk /ou and x-ray you before admitting you to the Royal Study where General Jubeta sits.

Iave Talent Will Share

Ve've got a special Bread Loaf evening planned for Thursday. Here's the plan: we start vith a Talent Show at 5:15 pm, then Drinks (even the untalented can manage this skill), ollowed by High Table Dinner (where our Director will entertain us), topped off with a songfest by the Madrigalists. Thanks go out to Jeff Smith for cooking up this potentially ong-living Loafincoln tradition. Thanks go out to the Paniculum editor for writing this clever advertisement.

Tempers Boil as Stranded Prosper

those smart enough to catch the shipwrecked allusion above, tickets will go on sale s morning for Wednesday's play. If it so happens that a queue is necessary, Don beta will pose several true/false questions regarding the play in order to eliminate ny stupid people from attending.

Iint: the play was Banned in California.

Refugee Boat Tickets:Last Chance Sale

f you feel your head or grade may roll under the Pol Cu Regime, then you still have chance to jump aboard the Senior Escape Boat for Thursday, 4 August. Sneak over o the office whilst we distract the Paulitical Tyranta and we will sell you your ticket to reedom for £8.

Soccer, No, No, That's Football, Match Today

Meet at 3:15 pm at the Pporter's Lodge if you'd like to play a friendly match against the kitchen staff. These games are good fun and bad laughs. The staff has promised not to ace your lunch with Ex-Lax today.

Joan of Arched Telegraph

' everyone see "Miss" Joan Fleming's picture in Saturday's paper? We had no idea that hailed from Indiana or that she emigrated to America in 1986. And you thought this le journalistic medium told lies ??!!!

N.B. Senior Meeting today at 6pm in Oakeshott Room

/olume 11, No. 20 De Drab Doof School of Briar Rabbit 26 July 1988

.earn How the English Write English

:ve Bearne will talk about the work of the U.K. National Program today at 5:00 pm in .he Lower Lecture Room. Eve has been project officer for the programme for the past .hree years. All welcome; none shall be denied.

)on't you love the way the Brits spell "programme/" But when it comes to pronouncing .he word "dynasty" you have to wonder. Come now, D-ĭ-nasty? Just ask them what Sir Nobel invented: doubt that they will reply "D-ĭ-namite."

Jncle Remus Recommends Boat Trip

Yes, to escape Br'er Fox you can hop aboard the Senior Boat a week from Thursday night. Tar Baby Brad will sell youse dem tickets in de Loaf Office.

Bread Fox Cubeta Named as Prime Suspect in Wadleian Sweater Case

.iterary Police revealed that they suspect The Bread Fox Director in the Sweater-Napping :ase. They immediately noticed that Paul was wearing his first new sweater in at least seven rs (the time period in which the Editors, er, Police, have been associated with the program). Sir Wadley graduates this year, after thirty-nine years in the program (is the sweater .at old?), Police surmise that the Director flew over for his first-ever Lincoln Commencement specifically to heist the prized sweater. It all adds up does it not? Police-Editors surmise hat their Director may have altruistic motives: perhaps he will mold the sweater into a Bread Loaf Lincoln sign similar to the famous Inn sign on the Vermont mountain.

Iountain Briar Patch Addresses

Anyone who has any friends on the Bread Patch Mountain can pick up an address list from ur Office, here. If you don't have any friends, we will give you Joel Chandler Harris' ddress.

Patch Up your Talent and Display Your Tail

Iere is a happening you don't want to miss! Jeff Smith has organized aTalent Show for Thursday at 5:00 pm in the Oakeshott Room. Madrigalists are in the throes of indecision ver the question of whether to sing before or after High Dinner. The gluttons wonder f they will be able to sing well on stuffed stomachs. Hey, we don't mind belching between iotes...

Armchair Editors Whine No More

you thought that this publication confused and outwitted you...
have just perused several of the VermontCrumbs, and let us tell you that not only were bored to demise, but we thought the literary allusions as obscure as a talk by J. Hillis Miller. We will leave the copies on the Upper Table in Hall. Better than NiQuil (sp?).

Volume 11, No. 21 The Boring School of Administration 26 July 1988

Excellent! Well written Clear A

Theater Departures

Stage and Page Mini-Bus departs at 10:30 am from Trinity Gates.

Regular Tempest coach leaves at 5:00 pm from Trinity Gates.

Thursday's Talent Show

The Talent Show starts at 5:00 pm tomorrow in the Oakeshott Room.

Thursday's Jazz Concert

Professor Valentine Cunningham, David Terry, and Jeff Smith will perform a bit of jazz for us in the Oakeshott Room after the Talent Show.

Thursday's High Table

Director Paul Cubeta will address us tomorrow night at dinner.

nior Boat Trip Tickets

Please pay for your Boat ticket at the Bread Loaf Office.

Thursday's Madrigalists' Concert

The Madrigalists will sing for us in the Grove Quad. The concert will follow the Talent and Jazz shows.

Conferences With The Director

There are two ways that you might talk with the Director: you may catch him at meals or around College; or, you may stop by the office on the day you wish to see him and sign up on the posted schedule for that day.

Administrative Tone

In case you haven't noticed, we have gone to great lengths to write this Paniculum in as straightforward a style as some have requested. Everyone should be able to read and understand this issue. We hope you are as bored as we.

For many of us, Bread Loaf is the only retreat we get from the world of prosaic prose. Abandon this un-style!

Return of
Paniculum

Volume 11, No. 22 The Comeback School of Gonzo Journalism 28 July 1988

Lace Collar Crime

One of the Hamlet theatergoers told us they were picking up Gini Parker's dinner reimbursement. They obviously prevaricated, for impoverished Gini has crawled abjectly into our office begging for her money. Sadly, we had to tell her that a psuedo-friend robbed her of her due. If the scoundrel wishes to atone for this sin, they may buy Gini seven pints of Guiness in Deep Hall.

Sex, Drugs, and Talent

The Breadloafmobile was seven stairs away from the Oakeshott Room when the drugs began to take hold. Were we hallucinating or were Loafers actually displaying talents outside of the literary field? Even Doctor Gonzo himself, Hunter S. Thompson, has flown in for the occasion.

Don't miss this trip: poetry, music, song and ether. Today --5:00 pm Oakeshott.

emish Scholars on Exhibit

John Fleming has been kind enough to reprint and bind copies of exemplary papers by Karl Christiansen, John Mullen, and Roger Smith. These student essays from the "Classical Traditions" course will be available in the Lincoln All Saints' Library. Thanks go out to Papa John and his three Middle Aged Bears.

High-Falutin Table

This afternoon's Bread Loaf Celebration continues through tonight's special dinner, Our Director, Uncle Paul, will honor students with the Annual Award Announcements. This occasion is a good time to read your friends' countenances to see if they think they deserve honors. We call this sport "Low Blow Table."

I Love You Baby, But I've Changed My Address

If you have moved, relocated, or been fired since you last gave Middlebury your address, please stop by the office and correct our misinformation.

Need a Job? Get a Job!

you have been fired recently, or even if you just bolted from your job, you might be interested in the services offered by Carney , Sandoe, and Associates, an educational consulting firm located in Boston, serving independent schools nationwide. We have a supply of information folders in the Loaf Office. Please stop by and pick one up if you are interested. You might also want to talk to Ben Bolte who is rapidly climbing up the executive ladder at Sandoe.

Volume 11, No. 23 The Matron School of Scolding 29, July 1988

Eat Your Vittles Properly or Suffer Our Vitriol

To protect our picky culinary pedagogues, we bark loudly at you, demanding that you bring your designated meal cards to lunch as well as dinner. This practice enables the kitchen staff to dish out the proper meals to the proper people.

Inform Us or Infuriate Us

Get in here right now and tell us if you will be staying for Commencement Dinner. We will send you to bed without your supper and with someone ugly if you fail to fulfill this order.

Boat It or Beat It

Sign up and pay up for the end-of-the-summer Boat Bash or drown in your own whirlpool of boredom.

Unless Aphatos, Make Appointment

If you have nothing to say for yourself, then remain silent, but if you do have something to say for, about, behind, underneath, or against yourself, then come by the Office and make an appointment with Paul. He promises to listen to any nonsense that comes out of your mouth.

Ask Your Parents if You Can Spend the Night With Lincoln

Now that you are old enough to study in graduate school, even though you still have someone make your bed, we will give in and allow you to stay a few extra nights in Lincoln. The fee is £11.50 per night. You must make reservations and payments at the Loaf Office by Friday, August 5, deadline 10:00 am. The fee entitles you to a cooked breakfast in Hall.

Mail It or Muff It

If you have any correspondence that you wish to send, via Director Cubeta, back to Bread Loaf Vermont, then drop said mail by our Office.

Wash Your Mouth Out With Soap

Victoria Fineman! Get upstairs, young lady, and wash those filthy stories out of your formerly chaste mouth! We have fielded complaints from as far removed as the Grove Quad concerning your concupiscent tales. Even Chaucer blushed, and Wallace Stevens filed suit from his grave.

Get Out of Town, Bub

Please make reservations and payments at our Office this week, before 10:00 am on Wednesday August, if you wish to stay past our closing date, 6 August. To be more clear: you must move out of here next Sunday morning, fast, if you don't pay us for an extended stay. Rate is £11.50 per night, inclusive of VAT.

Get out of Hall, Babe

If you haven't let us know about your plans for Commencement Dinner, you may as well make arrangements to chow down on a Donner Kebab that night; for we are booked, filled, and stuffed for dinner. Sorry Babe.

Jump on the Boat, Jack

We only have room for about twenty more Loafers on the Senior Boat Party Cruise. Please come by the Office and buy your ticket if you wish to join the celebration. Don John Fleming promises to send up a Latin prayer to stave off the Rain gods.

Us Your Crafts, Charles

Head Scout, Charles Martin, will display some of his beautifully-turned woodwork pieces in the Williams Room tomorrow from 3:00 pm onwards. Come spend your last pounds on this crafty stuff.

Tell Us A Tale, Stan

Tomorrow at 5:00 pm Stanley Wells, the world-respected Shakespeare editor and critic, will deliver a lecture on "Tales from Shakespeare" in the Oakeshott Room. We will follow this entertaining scholarship with the usual Sherry Gulp and High Table. So, bag those papers and join your friends in postponing pain.

Stand Up for England, Bastard

Today's mystery play, King Director, unfolds in Stratford. Here is a helpful quotation clue:

"This Bread Loaf School never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a bus driver...
Come the three meal plans of the box lunch world in arms
And we shall eat them!"

Departure times: 10:30 am for Pagers and Stagers
5:00 pm for other histrionic hooligans

Give Us Some Quid, Mates

We will close the OXFAM Collection on Tuesday. Currently we sit at £157.46. Let's do our best to reach the £200 goal! Only £42.54 to go.

/olume 11, No. 25 The SAS School of Terrorist INvestigation 2August 1988

Thursday Night's Dinner

f you are not going on the Boat Trip, but would like to eat in Hall, please sign up on his bulletin board. You will be served a buffet-style cold meal that night.

Departure Date Notification

Please correctly fill in the departure sheet on this board. You simply place a check down for he day on which you plan to depart, not your final night in residence. Lincoln must have his information, for they will begin cleaning and defumigating rooms immediately after your absence.

Sweater-Nap Update

Britain's Special Armed Services unit, the dreaded SAS, made headway yesterday in he Wadley Cardigan Scandal. We cannot reveal specific details of their progress, for obvious security reasons; however, if you suspect yourself, you should know that the SAS unit s are trained to kill on sight, no questions asked: just ask the IRA terrorists n Gilbraltar -- on second thought, don't ask them; they're dead.

ards Listing and Our Congratulations

ohn M. Kirk Chair in Medieval Literature -- John Fleming
Mark Wilson Memorial Scholarship -- Brenna Wardell
Lillian Becker Scholarship --Anne Coen
Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship -- Denis Wadley
Pauline Feicht Decker Memorial Scholarship -- Pam Grady, ~~Vicki~~ Fineman VICTORIA
Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship ---- John Krpicak, John Kasel
Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship -- Cara Elmore
Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholarship -- John Ranahan, Ron Dodge
Charlie Orr Memorial Scholarship -- Skip Saunders, David Terry
$500 Teacher-Researchers Lottery Winners --Sue Jones, Pam May, Donna Niday, Charlie Osewalt, Maggie Villarreal

Seniors' Commencement Dinner Fees

Seniors, please stop by the Office and pay for your dinner guests, spouses, etc. We need your pounds now!

OXFAM Collection

Let's make our £200 goal today! The SAS believes that the successful culmination of this fund-raising campaign may help to flush out the Sweater-terrorists. Once flushed, the bswool Zealots will be ripe for shooting. And that makes the SAS very happy.

Volume 11, No. 26 The Business School of Taking Care of Business 3 August '89

Graduation Rehearsal

Very important Commencement Exercise Rehearsal tonight at 7:45 pm in the Chapel. The run-through will probably last until 8:30 pm. We will accept no excuses for seniors failing to attend. Be there, or don't plan on graduating.

Extra Nights in College Rooms

Today at 10:00 am we take down the sign up list and start billing you for the extra nights that you wish to stay over. If you are not on our list, Lincoln College will assume that you are leaving and will start cleaning out your room.

Museum Roaders Staying On

Because Lincoln was a bit slow moving you in, they would like to allow you to stay on for a few extra nights, free of charge. You must make arrangements with Head Steward, Joy Maiken concerning your plans.

People Wishing to Stay in Museum Road Housing Next Year

We have posted a tentative sign-up list with instructions on this board. Read and put proper information in the proper place. (See Van for more info — he has the list)

Applications for Next Summer

As you probably know, you must reapply to Bread Loaf every year. We will place the necessary materials on the High Table in the Dining Hall. You are responsible for picking your own materials up, filling them out, and turning them in to our Office here at Lincoln. Don't forget, please.

Leftover and Left-Out Bradford

We made a greivous error in leaving out Ned Bradford's Award from yesterday's list. Actually, those of us that know Ned well, found ourselves incredulous that the scoundrel could possibly win an award. Anyway, the award's name is the Laurence B. Holland Memorial scholarship.

Shipping Books Home

If you are interested in shipping books home (any books), please check the opposite bulletin board for shipping prices and procedures of a service offered by Blackwell'S.

Mail to Mountain

If you want to send direct mail back with Paul, drop stuff by our Office

BREADNET Connects!

Yesterday history was made as Breadnet finally connected from Oxford to the Mountain. What is Breadnet? Talk to Terry Tiernan.

Volume 11, No. 27 The Party School of Boat-Tripping 4 August 1988

low to Trip to the Boat Trip

'he Party Boat leaves at 8:00 pm tonight from Folly Bridge. To walk there, you head down ast Christ Church on St. Aldate's Street until you cross Folly Bridge and see Salter's Boat lire down to your left. If walking there alone intimidates you, you may want to meet other ovial-Loafers at the Porter's Lodge at 7:30 pm to walk down together. If you think you mell too bad to walk with friends, then you could call a cab.

ox Those Books

heck the opposite bulletin board for info,prices, and procedures offered by Blackwell's hipping Division.

read Loaf Re-admission: Do you Feel Lucky Punk?

laces are tight next year at Bread Loaf, so if you hope to gain re-admission for next summer, ou must fill in the forms left for you, by name, on the High Table in Hall. Middlebury does ot send any of this info to you during the year, so apply now and hope that we let re-admit ou. Honestly now, have you ever known anyone to get rejected from Bread Loaf? Face it, ny slug can matriculate in this program.

ters Gloat, Diners Whine

you are Loaf-Boating tonight, then eat on the Booze Cruise, not in Hall. But if you plan remain on shore tonight, you must sign the yellow card on this board by 10:00 am this orning so that the kitchen can lay out the proper amount of buffet food. As many of the itchen crew plan to ride the waters with us, they won't be serving a regular formal dinner.

eed Checks Cashed?

ecause many broke Loafers continue to badger Billion-Bucks Fleming, we are saving the ugar Daddy by offering one time slot, and one time slot only, to meet with Wall Street Flem nd go over to his bank to cash your checks. Time 10:00 am Friday morning. This hour equires you to drag your hangover out of bed and hang it over to the office or stay destitute.

ubeta-Post

lying-Tiger Paul offers you the cheapest mail service available: free postage! All you ave to do to take advantage of this incredible price-undercutting is to stop by the Office nd give us your Mountain Mail. Two catches: first, the mail only concerns those on the ountain; and, second, we get to read your mail. Then we call your wives, husbands, oyfriends and girlfriends and tell them about your Bread Loaf affairs.

eads of Sweater-Heist

ve people were hit with stun -grenades last night and then shot in the head at close range efore the SAS discovered that they had the wrong suspects. These poor sods were merely lmiring Willy MacMullen's "Control-Sweater." The SAS apologizes for the mess.

Volume 11, No. 28 The Graveyard School of Paniculum Burial 5 August 1988

Senior Instructions

We have placed specific Commencement instructions for seniors, by name, on the High Table in Hall. Please pick them up, read them, memorize them, and follow them to a tee or be shot.

Keep Your Toasting to Yourself

Orders from the King: only those officially appointed may offer Commencement Toasts. The Director wishes to prevent the Dinner from degenerating into drunken, maudlin, and tearful blubbering. So, chew on your toast quietly.

Tips for Tipping

Traditionally, Bread Loafers offer tips to the Lincoln Scouts to express our gratitude for this rare care provided so kindly by these devoted, loyal, and tireless men and women.
Here's the plan:
Dining Scout, kitchen staff tips: general coffer provided at the Loaf Office
Persinal Room Scout tips: you take care of on your own in whatever fashion you see fit.

XFAM Hurrah!!!

Thanks to Denis Wadley, all Loafers, and John Fleming, we have reached the sought-after goal of £201.46. We thank you, and many hungry people throughout the world thank you.

Commencement Schedule

Peruse the following and don't bother us with redundant questions:

6:00 pm Grove Quad Reception, Madrigalists Mini-Concert ---all invited.

7:00 pm Commencement Dinner --invitees in Hall; overflow diners in Quinn Room (upstairs)

Immediately Following Dinner Graduation in Chapel -- only invitees

IMPORTANT IMPORTANT IMPORTANT
(very, very big deal!)

********** To enter the Chapel for Graduation, you must present your Dining Hall Placecard. We are not trying to sound harshly elitist, but we simply cannot fit all of you in the Chapel, and we don't want to have to bounce out someone's aged aunt from Nebraska who flew, for the first time in her life, in an airplane all the way over here, and who will beat us senseless with her cane if we tell her some rude boor has stolen her seat. So, please save our pates from Auntie's cane ! **********